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The Union 1766

The Oxford Sausage 1777

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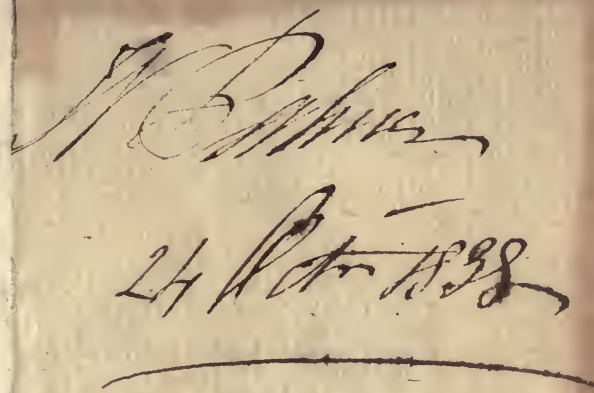

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THE UNION:

OR,

SELECT SCOTS and ENGLISH POEMS.

THE THIRD EDITION.

—— *Dubiam facientia carmina palmam.* Juv.

LONDON:

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PREFACE.

AS the mind of man is ever fond of variety, nothing ſeems better calculated to entertain, than a judicious collection of the ſmaller, though not on that account leſs laboured, productions of eminent poets: an entertainment, not unlike that which we receive from ſurveying a finiſhed land-ſchape, or well diſpoſed piece of ſhell-work: where each particular object, tho' ſingly beautiful, and ſufficiently ſtriking by itſelf, receives an additional charm, thus, as Milton expreſſes it, SWEETLY INTERCHANGED.

The firſt miſcellaneous collection of poems, that ever appeared in Great-Britain with any reputation, is that publiſhed by Dryden: which was afterwards continued by Tonſon. There are many pieces of the higheſt merit in this collection, by Dryden, Denham, Creech, Drayton, Garth, Marvell, and many others; yet the compilers, it is evident, were not always ſufficiently ſcrupulous and cautious in their choice, as ſeveral pieces are admitted, among the reſt, which would otherwiſe utterly have periſhed, and which had no other recommendation, than that they ſerved to ſwell the volume. Since this, many miſcellanies have been publiſhed both in Scotland and England: to enumerate which

would be no leſs tedious than uſeleſs. It will be ſufficient to remark, that through want of care or judgment in their reſpective editors, they are all forgotten or neglected. From theſe the miſcellany known by the name of Mr. Pope perhaps ought to be excepted; tho' that, indeed, cannot properly be ſtyled a collection of poems by different hands, which is ſuch a one as we are ſpeaking of at preſent, the greater part conſiſting of pieces by Mr. Pope only. The beſt miſcellany at this day extant in our langnage, and the firſt complete one of the kind which we have ſeen, is that lately publiſhed by R. Dodſley, which boaſts the greateſt names of the preſent age among its contributors.

As to the poetical collection here exhibited to the public, we apprehend it challenges no ſmall degree of regard, as it was made under the immediate inſpection and conduct of ſeveral very ingenious gentlemen, whoſe names it would do us the higheſt honour to mention; and as it contains a variety not to be found even in the admirable collection laſt ſpoken of; I mean the Intermixture of poems both Scotch and Engliſh. Nor is this variety leſs agreeable than uſeful; as from it we have an opportunity of forming a compariſon and eſtimate of the taſte and genius of the two different nations, in their poetical compoſitions.

It

It will be neceſſary to take notice, that our chief care has been to furniſh out the following miſcellany with thoſe pieces, regard being firſt had to real merit, which have laid unknown and unobſerved from their MANNER of publication; ſeveral of them having been printed by themſelves, and ſo periſhed as it were for want of bulk, and others loſt amid the rubbiſh of collections injudiciouſly made, and perhaps not eaſily to be met with. Nor will it be improper to mention, that in order to render our volume ſtill more compleat, we have had the favour of ſome original poems, written by a late member of the univerſity of Aberdeen, whoſe modeſty would not permit us to prefix his name: one of which in this edition is printed with many improvements, from a corrected copy. And from theſe ingenious eſſays, the public may be enabled to form ſome judgment beforehand of a poem of a nobler and more important nature, which he is now preparing. Nor muſt we forget to return our public thanks to this gentleman, for the ſervice he has been to us, not only in making this collection more excellent by his own contributions, but in ſelecting ſuch pieces of others as were ſuitable to our deſign.

It is hoped that the ancient Scottiſh poems (amongſt which THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE, and HARDYKNUTE are more particularly diſtinguiſhed)

will make no disagreeable figure amongst those of modern date; and that they will produce the same effect here, as Mr. Pope observes a moderate use of old words may have in a poem; which, adds he, is like working old abbey-stones into a modern building, and which I have sometimes seen practised with good success.

Upon the whole, as we have been favoured with the best assistance in compiling this volume, no further apology is necessary; and as the approbation of the public has been already secured to these poems separately, we hope they have no less reason to claim it, when thus published together.

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A POEM IN HONOUR OF

MARGARET

DAUGHTER TO

HENRY VII. OF ENGLAND,

QUEEN TO

JAMES IV. KING OF SCOTS.

BY WILLIAM DUNBAR.

The THISTLE and the ROSE,
O'er flowers and herbage green,
By Lady Nature chose,
Brave King and lovely Queen.

I.

WHEN March with varying winds was overpaſt;
And ſweet April had with his ſilver ſhowers
Ta'n leave of Nature with an orient blaſt,
And luſty May, that mother is of flowers,
Had made the birds begin by tymous hours;
Among the tender odours red and white,
Whoſe harmony to her was great delight.

II.

In bed at morrow, ſleeping as I lay,
Methought Aurora with her ruby eyne,
In at my window looked by the day,
And halſit me with viſage pale and green;
Upon her hand a lark ſang frae the ſpleen,
" Lovers, awake out of your ſlumbering,
" See how the luſty morning does upſpring."

III.

Methought freſh May before my bed upſtood,
In weed depainted of ilk diverſe hue,
Sober, benign, and full of manſuetude,
In bright attire of flowers, all forged new,
Of heavenly colour, white, red, brown and blue,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus' beams,
While all the houſe illumin'd with her leams.

IV.

Sluggard, ſhe ſaid, awake anon for ſhame,
And in mine honour ſomething thou go write;
The lark has done, the merry day proclaim,
Lovers to raiſe with comfort and delight;
Will nought increaſe thy courage to indite,
Whoſe heart ſometime has glad and bliſsful been,
Songs oft to make, under the branches green?

V.

Whereto, quoth I, ſhall I upriſe at morrow,
For in thy month few birds have I heard ſing,
They have mare cauſe to weep and plain their ſorrow:

Thy air it is not wholeſome nor benign,
Lord Eolus does in thy ſeaſon ring,
So bouſteous are the blaſts of his ſhrill horn,
Among thy boughs to walk I have forborn.

VI.

With that the Lady ſoberly did ſmile,
And ſaid, upriſe and do thy obſervance!
Thou did promiſe in May's luſty while,
Then to deſcribe the ROSE of moſt pleaſance.
Go ſee the birdis how they ſing and dance,
And how the ſkies illumined are bright,
Enamell'd richly with new azure light.

VII.

When this was ſaid, away then went the Queen,
And enter'd in a luſty garden gent;
And them methought, full haſtily beſeen,
In ſark and mantle after her I went,
Into this garth moſt dulce and redolent,
Of herb and flower, and tender plants moſt ſweet,
And the green leaves doing of dew down fleit.

VIII.

The purple ſun, with tender rayis red,
In orient bright as angel did appear,
Through golden ſkies advancing up his head,
Whoſe gilded treſſes ſhone ſo wondrous clear,
That all the world took comfort far and near,
To look upon his freſh and bliſsful face,
Doing all ſable frae the Heavens chace.

IX.

And as the blisful sun drove up the sky,
All nature sang through comfort of the light,
The minstrels wing'd, with open voices cry,
" O Lovers now is fled the dully night,
" Come welcome day, that comforts ev'ry wight;
" Hail May! hail Flora! hail Aurora sheen,
" Hail Princess Nature! hail love's hartsome Queen!

X.

Dame Nature gave an inhibition there,
To Neptune fierce, and Eolus the bold,
Not to perturb the water or the air,
That neither blashy shower, nor blasts more cold
Should flowers affray nor fowls upon the fold.
She bade eke Juno, Goddess of the sky,
That she the heaven should keep amene and dry.

XI.

Also ordain'd that every bird and beast
Before her Highness should anon compear;
And every flower of virtue most and least,
And every herb of fair field far and near,
As they had wont in May from year to year;
To her their Queen to make obedience,
Full low inclining with due reverence.

XII.

With that anon she sent the swift foot Roe,
To bring in alkind beast from dale and down;
The restless swallow ordered she to go,

And fetch all fowl of great and ſmall renown,
And to gar flowers appear of all faſſoun:
Full craftily conjured ſhe the Yarrow,
Which did forth ſwirk as ſwift as any arrow.

XIII.

All brought in were in twinkling of an eye,
Both beaſt and bird and flower before the Queen;
And firſt the Lion, greateſt of degree,
Was ſummon'd there; and he, fair to be ſeen,
With a full hardy countenance and keen,
Before dame Nature came, and did incline,
With viſage bold, and courage leonine.

XIV.

This awful beaſt was terrible of chear,
Piercing of look and ſtout of countenance,
Right ſtrong of corps, of faſhion fair, but fear,
Luſty of ſhape, light of deliverance,
Red of his colour, as the ruby glance:
In field of gold he ſtood full rampantly,
With flower-de-lyces circled pleaſantly.

XV.

This Lady lifted up his claws ſo clear,
And lute him liſtly lean upon her knee,
And crowned him with diadem full dear,
Of radious ſtones moſt royal there to ſee,
Saying the King of all beaſts make I thee;
And the protector chief in woods and ſhaws,
Go forth, and to thy lieges keep the laws.

XVI.

Juſtice exerce, with mercy and conſcience,
And let no ſmall beaſt ſuffer ſkaith or ſcorns
Of greater beaſts that been of more puiſſance;
Do law alike to Apes and Unicorns,
And let no Bugle with his bouſteous horns
Oppreſs the meek plough Ox, for all his pride,
But in the yoke go quietly him beſide.

XVII.

When this was ſaid, with noiſe and ſound of joy,
All kind of Quadrupeds in their degree,
At once cry'd LAUD, and then VIVE LE ROY;
Then at his feet fell with humility;
To him they all paid homage and fealty;
And he did them receive with princely laits,
Whoſe noble ire his greatneſs mitigates.

XVIII.

Then crowned ſhe the Eagle King of fowls;
And ſharp as darts of ſteel ſhe made his pens,
And bade him be as juſt to Whawps and Owls,
As unto Peacocks, Papingoes, or Cranes,
And make one law for Wicht Fowls, and for Wrens,
And let no fowl of rapine do affray,
Nor birds devour, but his own proper prey.

XIX.

Then called ſhe all flowers grew in the field,
Deſcribing all their faſhions and effeirs,
Upon the awful THISTLE ſhe beheld,

And saw him guarded with a bush of spears,
Considering him so able for the wars,
A radiant crown of rubies she him gafe,
And said, in field go forth, and fend the laif.

XX.

And since thou art a King, be thou discreet,
Herb without value hold not of such price,
As herb of virtue and of odour sweet;
And let no nettle vile, and full of vice,
Her fellow with the goodly Flower-de-lyce;
Nor let no wild weed full of churlishness,
Compare her to the Lilly's nobleness.

XXI.

Nor hold none other flower in such dainty
As the fresh ROSE, of colour red and white;
For if thou dost, hurt is thine honesty,
Considering that no flower is so perfyte,
So full of pleasaunce, virtue and delight;
So full of blissful angelic beauty,
Imperial birth, honour and dignity.

XXII.

Then to the ROSE she did her visage turn,
And said, O lusty daughter most benign,
Above the Lilly thou art illustrious born,
From royal lineage rising fresh and young,
But any spot, or macul doing sprung;
Come bloom of joy, with richest gems be crown'd,
For o'er the laif thy beauty is renown'd.

XXIII.

A coſtly crown with ſtones clarified bright,
This comely Queen did in her head incloſe,
While all the land illumined of light;
Wherefore methought, the flowers did all rejoyce,
Crying at once, Hail to the fragrant ROSE!
Hail Empreſs of the herbs! freſh Queen of flowers!
To thee be glore and honour at all hours.

XXIV.

Then all the birds they ſang with voice on height,
Whoſe mirthful ſound was marvellous to hear:
The Mavys ſang, Hail ROSE moſt rich and bright,
That does upflouriſh under Phebus' ſphere,
Hail plant of youth, hail Prince's daughter dear,
Hail bloſſom breaking out of blood royal,
Whoſe precious virtue is imperial.

XXV.

The Merle ſhe ſang, Hail ROSE of moſt delight,
Hail of all flowers the ſweet and ſovereign Queen:
The lark ſhe ſang, hail ROSE both red and white,
Moſt pleaſant flower of mighty colours * twain:
Nightingals ſang, hail Nature's ſuffragan,
In beauty, nurture, and each nobleneſs,
In rich array, renown, and gentleneſs.

* Alluding to the Houſes of YORK and LANCASTER, which were diſtinguiſhed by the WHITE and RED ROSE, and united in the perſon of Queen MARGARET.

XXVI.

The common voice uproſe of warblers ſmall,
Upon this wiſe, " O bleſſed be the hour
" That thou waſt choſe to be our principal,
" Welcome to be our Princeſs crown'd with pow'r,
" Our pearl, our pleaſance, and our paramour,
" Our peace, our play, our plain felicity:
" Chriſt thee conſerve from all adverſity."

XXVII.

Then all the concert ſang with ſuch a ſhout,
Then I anon awaken'd where I lay,
And with a braid I turned me about
To ſee this court, but all were gone away;
Then up I lean'd me, halflings in affray,
Call'd to my Muſe, and for my ſubject choſe
To ſing the royal THISTLE and the ROSE.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN CAROLINE.

BY MR. SHIPLEY.

OBlivion wraps not in her ſilent ſhade
All human labours. Virtue blooms a flower,
That Time's rough hand ſhall never violate.
Still CAROLINE ſhall live in faithful verſe,
Sweet nurſe of Memory, and in the voice
Of grateful Britain. Theſe ſhall teſtify
How well her calm impartial rule ſupplied
A monarch's abſence; theſe commemorate
Her ſoul contemplative of peaceful Truth
And nature; mindful midſt the pomp of Courts
Of wiſe retirement, and the ſilent grove.
She ſtretch'd thro' length'ning ſhades thy ſpacious walks,
Delightful Richmond, and the terraſs rais'd
Of regal grandeur, whence the eye diſcerns
Fair Thames with copious waters winding ſlow
Midſt paſtures, ſpreading herds, and villages
Of aſpect neat, and villas wrapt in ſhades:
Fair ſcene of chearful peace! the lovely ſight
Frequent ſhe view'd, and bleſs'd the honour'd reign

Of her great Conſort, provident and mild.
Now wander'd muſing thro' the darkening depth
Of thickeſt woods, friendly to ſolemn thought:
Now o'er broad lawns fair op'ning to the ſun.
Nor midſt her rural plans diſdain'd to mix
The uſeful arable, and waving corn
With ſoft turf border'd, and the lowly cot,
That half appears, in branching elms obſcur'd.
Here beauty dwells, aſſembled from the ſcenes
Of various nature; ſuch as oft inflam'd
With rapture Grecian bards, in that fair vale,
Theſſalian Tempe, or thy favorite ſoil,
Arcadia, erſt by awe-ſtruck fancy fill'd
With wand'ring forms, the woodland Deities,
Light Nymphs and wanton Satyrs, faintly ſeen
Quick glancing thro' the ſhade at cloſe of eve,
Great Pan, and old Silenus. Hither led
By ſolitary grief ſhall GEORGE recall
Th' endearing manners, the ſoft ſpeech, that flow'd
From his lov'd Conſort, virtue mix'd with love,
Prudence, and mild inſinuating ſenſe:
But chief her thoughtful breaſt of counſels deep
Capacious, nor unequal to the weight
Of Government. Such was the royal mind
Of wiſe ELIZA, name of lovelieſt ſound
To Britiſh ears, and pattern fair to Kings:
Or ſhe who rules the Sceptre of the North
Illuſtrious, ſpreading o'er a barbarous world

The light of arts and manners, and with arms
Infeſts th' aſtoniſh'd Sultan, hardly now
With ſcatter'd troops reſiſting; ſhe drives on
The heavy war, and ſhakes th' Imperial Throne
Of old Byzantium. Lateſt time ſhall found
The praiſe of female genius. Oft ſhall GEORGE
Pay the kind tear, and grief of tender words
To CAROLINE, thus oft lamenting ſad.

" Hail ſacred ſhade! by me with endleſs woe.
" Still honour'd! ever in my breaſt ſhall dwell
" Thy image, ever preſent to my ſoul
" Thy faithful love, in length of years mature:
" O ſkill'd t'enliven time, to ſoften care
" With looks and ſmiles and friendſhip's chearful voice!
" Anxious, of Thee bereft, a ſolitude
" I feel, that not the fond condoling cares
" Of our ſad offſpring can remove. Ev'n now
" With lonely ſteps I trace the gloomy groves,
" Thy lov'd receſſes, ſtudious to recall
" The vaniſh'd bliſs, and cheat my wand'ring thoughts
" With ſweet illuſion. Yet I not accuſe
" Heav'n's diſpenſation. Proſperous and long
" Have been my days, and not unknown to fame,
" That dwells with virtue. But 'tis hard to part
" The league of ancient friendſhip, to reſign
" The home-felt fondneſs, the ſecure delight,
" That Reaſon nouriſh'd, and fair Fame approv'd."

THE GENEALOGY OF CHRIST,

AS IT IS REPRESENTED ON THE EAST WINDOW OF WINCHESTER COLL. CHAPEL.

WRITTEN at WINTON SCHOOL, BY DR. LOWTHE.

AT once to raiſe our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and pleaſe the ſight,
To pour in virtue at th' attentive eye,
And waft the ſoul on wings of extacy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the viſionary ſaint ariſe;
Who views the ſacred forms in thought aſpires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
Feels the ſame ardour to his breaſt convey'd,
Is what he ſees, and emulates the ſhade.
Thy ſtrokes, great Artiſt, ſo ſublime appear,
They check our pleaſure with an awful fear;
While, thro' the mortal line, the God you trace,
Author himſelf, and Heir of Jeſſe's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold deſign,
And, as the ſubject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the riſing day ſhall ſtream,
So long ſhall laſt thine honour, praiſe and name.

And may thy labours to the Muſe impart
Some emanation from her ſiſter art,
To animate the verſe, and bid it ſhine
In colours eaſy, bright, and ſtrong, as Thine.
Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While ſofteſt ſlumbers ſeem to ſeal his eyes;
The hoary ſire Heav'ns guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel ſtands.
The form auguſt and large, the mien divine
Betray the * founder of Meſſiah's line.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd ſtem aſcends,
And high to Heaven its ſacred Boughs extends:
Each limb productive of ſome hero ſprings,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th' eternal plant wide ſpreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the myſtic top is crown'd.
And lo! the glories of th' illuſtrious line
At their firſt dawn with ripen'd ſplendors ſhine,
In DAVID all expreſs'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man compleat.
Serene he ſits, and ſweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
The God, his theme, inſpiring what he ſings!
Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows, or ſeems to flow, ſome heav'nly ſong.

* JESSE.

Oh! could thine art arreſt the fleeting ſound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm ſun, as erſt when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his riſing beam the vocal ſhade:
Then might he draw th' attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, ſo ſweet, ſo like their own.
On either ſide the monarch's offspring ſhine,
And ſome adorn, and ſome diſgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud, inceſtuous lord!
This hand ſuſtains the robe, and that the ſword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty ſtrides he tow'rs,
And on his horrid brow defiance low'rs.
There Abſalom the raviſh'd ſceptre ſways,
And his ſtol'n honour all his ſhame diſplays:
The baſe uſurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel ſubject, and th' ungrateful ſon.

Amid the royal race, ſee Nathan ſtand:
Fervent he ſeems to ſpeak, and lift his hand;
His looks th' emotion of his ſoul diſcloſe,
And eloquence from every geſture flows.
Such, and ſo ſtern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th' ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a ſudden ſmart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conſcious heart;
From his own lips condemn'd; ſevere decree!
Had his God prov'd ſo ſtern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is allay'd by birth;
Conſummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:

Thro' all the ſoul tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and ſprings in ev'ry vein:
Yet ever from the cleareſt ſource have ran
Some groſs allay ſome tincture of the man.
But who is he—deep muſing—in his mind,
He ſeems to weigh, in reaſon's ſcales, mankind;
Fix'd contemplation hold his ſteady eyes—
I know the ſage *; the wiſeſt of the wiſe.
Bleſt with all man could wiſh, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd thoſe bleſſings vain.
And lo! bright glitt'ring in his ſacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple ſtands.
Effulgent frame! ſtupendous to behold!
Gold the ſtrong valves, the roof of burniſh'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright dome enſhrin'd,
Spreads the ſtrong light, eternal, unconfin'd!
Above th' unutterable glory plays
Preſence divine! and the full-ſtreaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant crouds intolerable blaze.
But ſtern oppreſſion rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud and vain!
Th' imperial ſceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful ſpring,
A beardleſs Senate, and a haughty King.
There Aſa, good and great, the ſceptre bears,
Juſtice attends his peace, ſucceſs his wars:

* SOLOMON.

While virtue was his ſword, and Heaven his ſhield,
Without controul the warrior ſwept the field;
Loaded with ſpoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her ſwarthy Sons ſad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But ſince thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs, nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is heav'n chang'd, apoſtate prince, but Thou.
No mean atonement does this lapſe require;
But ſee the Son, you muſt forgive the Sire:
He, * the juſt prince—with ev'ry virtue bleſs'd,
He reign'd, and goodneſs all the man poſſeſs'd,
Around his throne, fair happineſs and peace
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and ſmil'd in ev'ry face.
As when along the burning waſte he ſtray'd,
Where no pure ſtreams in bubbling mazes play'd,
Where drought incumbent on the thirſty ground,
Long ſince had breath'd her ſcorching blaſts around;
The † prophet calls, th' obedient floods repair
To the parch'd fields, for Joſaphat was there.
The new-ſprung waves, in many a gurgling vein,
Trickle luxurious through the ſucking plain;
Freſh honours the reviving fields adorn,
And o'er the deſart plenty pours her horn.

* JOSAPHAT. † ELISHA.

So, from the throne his influence he ſheds,
And bids the virtues raiſe their languid heads:
Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
Oppreſſion flies, and Juſtice lifts her ſcales.
See, on his arm, the royal eagle ſtand,
Great type of conqueſt and ſupreme command;
Th' exulting bird diſtinguiſh'd triumph brings,
And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
Fierce Moab's ſons prevent th' impending blow,
Ruſh on themſelves, and fall without the foe.
The pious hero vanquiſh'd Heav'n by pray'r;
His faith an army, and his vows a war.
Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent bleſt
And thy days ſhone, in faireſt actions dreſt;
Till that raſh hand, by ſome blind frenzy ſway'd,
Unclean, the ſacred office durſt invade.
Quick o'er thy limbs the ſcurfy venom ran,
And hoary filth beſprinkled all the man.

Tranſmiſſive worth adorns the pious * Son,
The father's virtues with the father's throne.
Lo! there he ſtands: he who the rage ſubdu'd
Of Ammon's ſons, and drench'd his ſword in blood,
And doſt thou, Ahaz, Judah's ſcourge, diſgrace,
With thy baſe front, the glories of thy race?

* JOTHAM.

See the vile King his iron ſceptre bear ----
His only praiſe attends the pious * Heir;
He, in whoſe ſoul the virtues all conſpire,
The beſt good ſon, from the worſt wicked ſire.
And lo! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
Long-exil'd piety returns again;
Again, in genuine purity ſhe ſhines,
And with her preſence gilds the long-neglected
ſhrines.
Ill-ſtarr'd does proud Aſſyria's impious † Lord
Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful ſword;
His own vain threats th' inſulting King o'erthrow,
But breathe new Courage on the gen'rous foe,
Th' avenging Angel, by divine command,
The fiery ſword full-blazing in his hand,
Leant down from Heav'n: amid the ſtorm he rode
March'd Peſtilence before him; as he trod,
Pale deſolation bath'd his ſteps in blood.
Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud hoſt he paſt,
Diſpenſing death, and drove the furious blaſt;
Nor bade deſtruction give her revels o'er,
Till the gorg'd ſword was drunk with human gore.
But what avails thee, pious Prince, in vain
Thy ſceptre reſcu'd, and th' Aſſyrian ſlain?
Ev'n now the ſoul maintains her lateſt ſtrife,
And death's chill graſp congeals the fount of life.

* HEZEKIAH. † SENNACHERIB.

Yet ſee, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
And rolls full fifteen ſummers o'er thy head;
Lo! the receding ſun repeats his way,
And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
Tho' nature her inverted courſe forego,
The day forget to reſt, the time to flow,
Yet ſhall Jehovah's ſervants ſtand ſecure,
His mercy fix'd, eternal ſhall endure;
On them her ever-healing rays ſhall ſhine;
More mild and bright, and ſure, O ſun! than thine.

At length, the long-expected Prince behold,
The laſt good King; in ancient days foretold,
When Bethel's altar ſpoke his future fame,
Rent to its baſe, at good Joſiah's name.
Bleſt, happy prince! o'er whoſe lamented urn,
In plaintive ſong, all Judah's daughters mourn;
For whom ſad Sion's ſofteſt Sorrow flows,
And Jeremiah pours his ſweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
Sits deep in duſt, abandon'd, deſolate;
Bleeds her ſad heart, and ever ſtream her eyes,
And anguiſh tears her, with convulſive ſighs.
The mournful captive ſpreads her hands in vain,
Her hands, that rankle with the ſervile chain;
Till he, * Great Chief! in Heav'ns appointed time,
Leads back her children, to their native clime.

* ZOROBABEL.

Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
And bids her envy'd walls ſecurely riſe.
And thou, great hallow'd dome, in ruin ſpread,
Again ſhall lift ſublime thy ſacred head.
But ah! with weeping eyes, the ancients view
A faint reſemblance of the old in you.
No more th' effulgent glory of thy God
Speaks awful anſwers from the myſtic cloud:
No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
And Heav'n has left thy ſolitary ſhrine.
Yet, in thy courts, hereafter ſhalt thou ſee
Preſence immediate of the Deity,
The light himſelf reveal'd, the God confeſs'd in Thee.
And now at length the fated term of years
The world's deſire have brought, and lo! the God appears.
The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
And her fond looks confeſs the parent's cares,
The pleaſing burden on her breaſts ſhe lays,
Hangs o'er his charms, and with a ſmile ſurveys.
The Infant ſmiles, to her fond boſom preſt,
And wantons, ſportive, on the mother's breaſt.
A radiant glory ſpeaks him all Divine,
And in the Child the beams of Godhead ſhine.
But now alas! far other views diſcloſe
The blackeſt comprehenſive ſcene of woes.

See where man's voluntary ſacrifice
Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies!
Fixt to the Croſs, his healing arms are bound,
While copious Mercy ſtreams from every wound.
Mark the blood-drops that life exhauſting roll,
And the ſtrong pang that rends the ſtubborn ſoul!
As all death's tortures, with ſevere delay,
Exult and riot in the nobleſt prey,
And can'ſt thou, ſtupid man, thoſe ſorrows ſee,
Nor ſhare the anguiſh which He bears for Thee?
Thy ſin, for which his ſacred Fleſh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and ſharpens ev'ry thorn;
Canſt thou?—while nature ſmarts in ev'ry wound,
And each pang cleaves the ſympathetic ground!
Lo! the black ſun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and periſhes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bear a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's ſtubborn heart.
The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead, ſtart into life again.
And thou, O tomb, once more ſhalt wide diſplay,
Thy ſatiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth ſhalt heave, abſorpt in flame,
As the laſt pangs convulſe thy lab'ring frame;
When the ſame God unſhrouded thou ſhalt ſee,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and Majeſty,
Ride on the clouds; whilſt, as his chariot flies,
The bright effuſion ſtreams through all the ſkies.

Then ſhall the proud diſſolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe ſhall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then ſhall the ſplendors of th' enliven'd glaſs
Sink undiſtinguiſh'd in the burning maſs.
And O! till earth, and ſeas, and Heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away;
May winds and ſtorms thoſe beauteous colours ſpare,
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair,
All the vain rage of waſting time repell,
And his Tribunal ſee, whoſe Croſs they paint ſo well.

A

FRAGMENT.

BY MR. MALLET.

FAIR morn aſcends: freſh zephyrs breath
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where, ſown profuſely, herb and flower,
Of balmy ſmell, of healing power,
Their ſouls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe freſh life in ev'ry gale,.
Here, ſpreads a green expanſe of plains,
Where, ſweetly-penſive, Silence reigns:
And there, at utmoſt ſtretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the ſky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with ſounding ſweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I ſeem alone with nature here!
Here are thy walks, O ſacred HEALTH!
The Monarch's bliſs, the Beggar's wealth;
The ſeaſoning of all good below,
The ſovereign friend in joy or woe.

O Thou, moſt courted, moſt deſpis'd:
And but in abſence duly priz'd!
Power of the ſoft and roſy face!
The vivid Pulſe, the vermil grace,
The ſpirits when they gayeſt ſhine,
Youth, beauty, pleaſure, all are thine!
O ſun of life! whoſe heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The ſtorm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature with thy parting light,
Repoſes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of ſtate,
Abodes of ſplendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in ſweet ſleep,
Hot Riot would his anguiſh ſteep,
But toſſes through the midnight ſhade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to ſhady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muſes dwell;
Thou oft art ſeen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In ſilence feaſting ear and eye,
With ſong and proſpect which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the ſun, with noon-tide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;

While Heat ſits fervent on the plain,
With Thirſt and Languor in his train;
(All nature ſickening in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring ſteep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolneſs has her ſeat.
There plung'd amid the ſhadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The diſtant woodman's echoing ſtroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in viſion led,
He holds high converſe with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they riſe!
And ſhadowy ſkim before his eyes.
Hark; Orpheus ſtrikes the lyre again,
That ſoftened ſavages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and Friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,

With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
Thus musing in the solemn shade;
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's GENIUS good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n;
Great Charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro' ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * * * * *

THE EAGLE AND ROBIN RED-BREAST.

A FABLE.*

BY MR. ARCHIBALD SCOTT.

THE Prince of all the feather'd kind,
That with ſpread wings outflies the wind,
And tow'rs far out of human ſight
To view the ſhining orb of light:
This Royal Bird, tho' brave and great,
And armed ſtrong for ſtern debate,
No tyrant is, but condeſcends
Oft-times to treat inferior friends.

One day at his command did flock
To his high palace on a rock,
The courtiers of ilk various ſize
That ſwiftly ſwim in chryſtal ſkies;

* Written before the year 1600.

Thither the valiant Tarſels doup,
And here rapacious Corbies croup,
With greedy Gleads, and fly Gormahs,
And dinſom Pyes, and chattering Dawes;
Proud Peacocks, and a hundred mae,
Bruſh'd up their pens that ſolemn day,
Bow'd firſt ſubmiſſive to my Lord,
Then took their places at his board.

Meantime while feaſting on a fawn,
And drinking blood from Lamies drawn,
A tuneful ROBIN trig and young,
Hard-by upon a burr-tree ſung.
He ſang the EAGLE's royal line,
His piercing eye, and right divine
To ſway out-owre the feather'd thrang,
Who dread his martial bill and fang:
His flight ſublime, and eild renew'd,
His mind with clemency endu'd;
In ſofter notes he ſang his love,
More high, his bearing bolts for Jove.

The Monarch Bird with blitheneſs heard
The chaunting little ſilvan Bard,
Call'd up a Buzzard, who was then
His favourite and chamberlain.
Swith to my treaſury, quoth he,
And to yon canty ROBIN gie
As muckle of our current gear
As may maintain him thro' the year;

We can well ſpar't, and it's his due:
He bade, and forth the Judas flew,
Straight to the branch where ROBIN ſung,
And with a wicked lying tongue,
Said ah! ye ſing ſo dull and rough,
Ye've deaf'd our lugs more than enough,
His Majeſty has a nice ear,
And no more of your ſtuff can bear;
Poke up your pipes, be no more ſeen
At court, I warn you as a frien.
He ſpake, while ROBIN's ſwelling breaſt,
And drooping wings his grief expreſt;
The tears ran hopping down his cheek,
Great grew his heart, he could not ſpeak.
No for the tinſel of reward,
But that his notes met no regard:
Strait to the ſhaw he ſpread his wing,
Reſolv'd again no more to ſing,
Where princely bounty is ſuppreſt
By ſuch with whom They are oppreſt;
Who cannot bear (becauſe they want it)
That ought ſhould be to merit granted.

ODE TO FANCY.

BY THE REV. MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

O Parent of each lovely muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe!
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide!
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine;
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare;
Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd;
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand;
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens blow
'Mid chearleſs Lapland's barren ſnow;
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey,
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea.

While the vaſt various landſcape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt fall of waters you reſide:
'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between:
'Midſt foreſts dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke;
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one ſtraw-rooft cott was rear'd;
Where Nature ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtic on a craggy throne.
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor;
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each ev'ning warbling thee to reſt.
Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Wrapt in ſome wild, poetic dream;
In converſe while methinks I rove
With Spencer thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſic in my ear;

And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead;
Where Joy, and white-rob'd Peace reſort,
And Venus keeps her feſtive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lilly-crowned heads,
Where Laughter roſe-lip'd Hebe leads:
Where Echo walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong.
Yet not theſe flow'ry fields of joy,
Can long my penſive mind employ;
Haſte, FANCY, from theſe ſcenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy!
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh!
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels, and the houſe of woe;
To gothic churches, vaults and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek.
Or to ſome Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhivering lies.
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,

And trembles, leſt the tott'ring wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thouſand widows ſhrieks I hear:
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe Gallic ſquadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?----what ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis FANCY, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war;
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where tumult and deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed,
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield.
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-archt walks, and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks to ſhun
The fervors of the mid-day ſun.
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou can'ſt place me near my love.

Can'ſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs;
While her ruby lips diſpenſe,
Luſcious nectar's quinteſſence.
When young-eyed Spring profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe;
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks,
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold;
At every ſeaſon let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, FANCY, hear.
O warm enthuſiaſtic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to every line,
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane,
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain;
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save, when with ſmiles thou bidſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakeſpear's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave.
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,

Who fill'd with unexhauſted fire,
May boldly ſmite the ſounding lyre,
Who with ſome new, unequall'd ſong,
May riſe above the rhyming throng:
O'er all our liſtning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain:
With terror ſhake, and pity move,
Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art,
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold critic's ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame encreaſe,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

ODE
TO
EVENING.

BY THE SAME.

I.

HAIL meek-ey'd Maiden, clad in ſober grey,
Whoſe ſoft approach the weary wood man loves;
As homeward bent to kiſs his prattling babes,
Jocund he whiſtles through the twilight groves.

II.

When Phœbus ſinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the miſty Meadows walk;
The drooping daiſies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurſe the nodding violet's tender ſtalk.

III.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmoſt bow'rs, and cooling caverns ran;
Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance,
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

IV.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light ſkims the ſwallow o'er the watry ſcene;
And from the ſheep-cote, and freſh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet to wreſtle on the green.

V.

The ſwain, that artleſs ſings on yonder rock,
His ſupping ſheep, and lengthning ſhadow ſpies;
Pleas'd with the cool the calm refreſhful hour,
And with hoarſe humming of unnumber'd flies.

VI.

Now ev'ry Paſſion ſleeps: deſponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-reſtleſs Pride;
An holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful ſoul,
Anger and mad Ambition's ſtorms ſubſide.

VII.

O modeſt EVENING! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy penſive train;
Liſtning to every wildly-warbling note,
That fills with farewell ſweet thy darkening plain.

ODE
TO
EVENING.

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,
O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits in yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-eyed bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,
As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum;
Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unſeemly with it's ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet; at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours and Elves,
Who ſlept in flowers the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The Penſive Pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.
Then lead, calm Votreſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome-time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſtering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet; be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.
While Spring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!

While Summer loves to ſport,
Beneath thy ling'ring light:
While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, ſure-found beneath thy ſylvan ſhed,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe-lip'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

ISIS.

AN

ELEGY.

WRITTEN BY MR. MASON OF CAMBRIDGE, 1748.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly bright,
The pointed cryſtals ſhot their trembling light,
From dripping moſs where ſparkling dew-drops fell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed ſhell,
Pale ISIS lay; a willow's lowly ſhade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the ſleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breaſt
In careleſs folds looſe flow'd her zoneleſs veſt;
While down her neck her vagrant treſſes flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn ſuſtain'd her arm, that ſculptur'd vaſe
Where Vulcan's art had laviſh'd all its grace;
Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science ſeen,
Known by the laurel wreath, and muſing mein:
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace ſedate and bland,
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive wand;

While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.
On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, ISIS! oft has thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead;
Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd it's growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! SIDNEY, RALEIGH, HAMDEN, SOMERS shine.
See HOUGH superior to a tyrant's doom
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
Each breast, strong panting with it's country's love,
All that to Albion gave the heart or head,
That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of every virtuous toil

To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang freſh trophies o'er my honour'd ſpring.
Ah! I remember well yon beachen ſpray,
There ADDISON firſt tun'd his poliſh'd lay;
'Twas there great CATO's form firſt met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majeſty;
" My ſon, he cry'd, obſerve this mein with awe,
" In ſolemn lines the ſtrong reſemblance draw;
" The piercing notes ſhall ſtrike each Britiſh ear;
" Each Britiſh eye ſhall drop the patriot tear!
" And rous'd to glory by the nervous ſtrain,
" Each Youth ſhall ſpurn at ſlav'ry's abject reign,
" Shall guard with CATO's zeal Britannia's laws,
" And ſpeak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cauſe."
The Hero ſpoke; the bard aſſenting bow'd,
The lay to liberty and CATO flow'd;
While Echo, as ſhe rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the ſtrong cadence of his Roman ſong.
But ah! how Stillneſs ſlept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each riſing ſound;
Scarce ſtole a breeze to wave the leafy ſpray,
Scarce trill'd ſweet Philomel her ſofteſt lay,
When LOCKE walk'd muſing forth; e'en now I view
Majeſtic Wiſdom thron'd upon his brow,
View Candor ſmile upon his modeſt cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the ſage his manly zeal expreſt,
Here ſtript vain falſhood of her gaudy veſt;

Here Truth's collected beams firſt fill'd his mind,
E'er long to burſt in bleſſings on mankind;
E'er long to ſhew to reaſon's purged eye,
That "NATURE'S FIRST BEST GIFT WAS LIBERTY."
Proud of this wond'rous ſon, ſublime I ſtood,
(While louder ſurges ſwell'd my rapid flood)
Then vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
Iliſſus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Tho' Plato's ſteps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Tho' fair Lycæum lent it's awful ſhade,
Tho' ev'ry Academic green impreſt
It's image full on thy reflecting breaſt,
Yet my pure ſtream ſhall boaſt as proud a name,
And Britain's ISIS flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boaſt?
See! Gothic Licence rage o'er all my coaſt;
See! Hydra Faction ſpread it's impious reign,
Poiſon each breaſt, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontleſs crouds, that not content to fright
The bluſhing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blaſt the fair face of day; and madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
To Freedom's foes, ah! ſee the goblet crown'd,
Hear plauſive ſhouts to Freedoms foes reſound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now ſheds, by ſtealth, a partial private gleam,

In ſome lone cloiſter's melancholy ſhade,
Where a firm few ſupport her ſickly head,
Deſpis'd, inſulted by the barb'rous train,
Who ſcour like Thracia's moon-ſtruck rout the plain,
Sworn foes like them to all the Muſe approves,
All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.
Are theſe the ſons my ſoft'ring breaſt muſt rear,
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Muſt theſe go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their inſults thro' a peaceful land;
And boaſt while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That "ISIS taught Rebellion to her Sons?"
Forbid it heaven! and let my riſing waves
Indignant ſwell, and whelm the recreant ſlaves!
In England's cauſe their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cauſe of Troy.
Is this deny'd; then point ſome ſecret way
Where far far hence theſe guiltleſs ſtreams may ſtray;
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature ſpreads
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads,
There, where a hind ſcarce tunes his ruſtic ſtrain,
Where ſcarce a pilgrim treads the pathleſs plain,
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majeſtic ſtructures crown its ſide;
Forget, that e'er my rapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and reſign'd my humber lot embrace,
And pleas'd, prefer oblivion to diſgrace.

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING POEM.

BY MR. THOMAS WARTON, OF OXFORD.

Quid mihi neſcio quam, proprio cum Tybride, Romam,
Semper in ore geris? Referunt ſi vera parentes,
Hanc urbem inſano nullus qui marte petivit
Lætatus violaſſe redit. Nec numina ſedem
Deſtituunt.----- CLAUDIAN.

ON cloſing flow'rs when genial gales diffuſe
The fragrant tribute of refreſhing dews;
When chaunts the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whiſtle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring ſhade,
O'er ISIS' willow-fringed banks I ſtray'd:
And calmly muſing thro' the twilight way,
In penſive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from opening clouds, a golden gleam
Pour'd ſudden ſplendors o'er the ſhadowy ſtream;
And from the wave aroſe it's guardian queen,
Known by her ſweeping ſtole of gloſſy green;

While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the ſmooth ſurface of the dimply flood,
The ſilver-ſlipper'd ISIS lightly trod,
From her looſe hair the dropping dew ſhe preſs'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild addreſs'd.
No more, my ſon, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the trifling ſtrain of empty joy;
No more thy love-reſounding ſonnets ſuit
To notes of paſtoral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on you majeſtic walls,
To the dear Muſe afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and OXFORD bids thee ſing,
Why ſtays thy hand to ſtrike the ſounding ſtring?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' ſpite,
The venal ſons of ſlaviſh CAM, unite;
To ſhake yon tow'rs, when Malice rears her creſt,
Shall all my ſons in ſilence idly reſt?
Still ſing, O CAM, your fav'rite Freedom's cauſe;
Still boaſt of Freedom, while you break her laws:
To pow'r your ſongs of Gratulation pay,
To courts addreſs ſoft flattery's ſoothing lay.
What tho' your gentle MASON's plaintive verſe
Has hung with ſweeteſt wreaths MUSÆUS' hearſe;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my ſtream, in tuneful numbers flow?
Yet ſtrove his Muſe, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a ſiſter's head?-----

Miſguided youth! with rude unclaſſic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that ſullies e'en thy guiltleſs lays,
And blaſts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let GRANTA boaſt the patrons of her name,
Each pompous fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her ſhine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be her's each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain ſanctified and ſleek;
Still let the drones of her exhauſtleſs hive,
On fat pluralities ſupinely thrive:
Still let her ſenates titled ſlaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
For tinſel'd courts their laurel'd mount deſpiſe,
In ſtars and ſtrings ſuperlatively wiſe:
No longer charm'd by virtue's golden lyre,
Who ſung of old amid th' Aonian choir,
Where CAM, ſlow winding thro' the breezy reeds,
With kindly wave his groves of laurel ſeeds.

'Tis ours, my ſon, to deal the ſacred bay,
Where Honour calls, and Juſtice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath which merit brings,
And ſnatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning, and ſcorn'd by courts, yon Muſes' bow'r
Still nor enjoys, nor aſks, the ſmile of pow'r.
Tho' wakeful Vengeance watch my chryſtal ſpring,
Tho' Perſecution wave her iron wing,

And o'er yon ſpiry temples as ſhe flies,
"These deſtin'd ſeats be mine" exulting cries;
On ISIS ſtill each gift of fortune waits,
Still peace and plenty deck my beauteous gates.
See Science walks with freſheſt chaplets crown'd;
With ſongs of joy my feſtive groves reſound;
My Muſe divine, ſtill keeps her wonted ſtate,
The front erect, and high majeſtic gait:
Green as of old, each oliv'd portal ſmiles,
And ſtill the Graces build my Parian piles:
My Gothic ſpires in ancient grandeur riſe,
And dare with wonted pride to ruſh into the ſkies.
Ah ſhould'ſt thou fall (forbid it heav'nly pow'rs!)
Daſh'd into duſt with all thy cloud-capt tow'rs;
Who but would mourn to Britiſh virtue dear,
What patriot could refuſe the manly tear!
What Britiſh MARIUS could refrain to weep
O'er mighty CARTHAGE fall'n, a proſtrate heap!
E'en late when RADCLIFFE's delegated train
Auſpicious ſhone in ISIS' happy plain;
When yon proud * dome, fair Learning's ampleſt ſhrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs receiv'd the Nine;
Mute was the voice of joy and loud applauſe,
To RADCLIFFE due, and ISIS' honour'd cauſe?
What free-born crouds adorn'd the feſtive day,
Nor bluſh'd to wear my tributary bay!

* RADCLIFFE's library.

How each brave breaſt with honeſt ardors heav'd,
When SHELDON's ſane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the choſen few,
Rome's awful ſenate ruſh'd upon our view!
O may the day in lateſt annals ſhine,
That made a BEAUFORT, and an HARLEY mine:
That bade them leave the loftier ſcene awhile,
The pomp of guiltleſs ſtate, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the ſage deſign,
To hold ſhort dalliance with the tuneful Nine.
Then Muſic left her golden ſphere on high,
And bore each ſtrain of triumph from the ſky;
Swell'd the full ſong, and to my chiefs around,
Pour'd the full Pæans of melliſluous ſound.
My Naiads blythe the floating accents caught,
And liſtning danc'd beneath their pearly grot:
In gentler eddies play'd my wanton wave,
And all my reeds their ſofteſt whiſpers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a freſher fragrance on my flow'rs.
But lo! at once the ſwelling concerts ceaſe,
And crouded theatres are huſh'd in peace.
See, on yon ſage how all attentive ſtand,
To catch his darting eye, and waving hand.
Hark! he begins, with all a TULLY's art
To pour the dictates of a CATO's heart.
Skill'd to pronounce what nobleſt thoughts inſpire,
He blends the ſpeaker's with the patriot's fire;

Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with ſenſe to warm;
Untaught in flow'ry diction to diſpenſe
The lulling ſounds of ſweet impertinence;
In frowns or ſmiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to riſe.
Bids happier days to ALBION be reſtor'd,
Bids ancient Juſtice rear her radiant ſword;
From me, as from my country, wins applauſe,
And makes an OXFORD'S a BRITANNIA'S cauſe.

While arms like theſe my ſteadfaſt ſages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable ſhield;
Say, ſhall the PUNY CHAMPION fondly dare
To wage with force like this, ſcholaſtic war?
Still vainly ſcribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, ſhall I foſter this domeſtic peſt,
This parricide that wounds a mother's breaſt?

Thus in the ſtately ſhip that long has bore
Britain's victorious croſs from ſhore to ſhore,
By chance, beneath her cloſe ſequeſter'd cells,
Some low-born worm, a lurking miſchief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and ſaps with ſecret toil
The deep foundations of the watry pile.
In vain the foreſt lent its ſtateliеſt pride,
Rear'd her tall maſt, and fram'd her knotty ſide;

In vain the thunder's martial rage ſhe ſtood,
With each fierce conflict of the ſtormy flood;
More ſure the reptile's little arts devour,
Than waves, or wars, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.
Ye venerable bow'rs, ye ſeats ſublime,
Clad in the moſſy veſt of fleeting time;
Ye ſtately piles of old Munificence,
At once the pride of Learning and defence,
Where ancient Piety, a matron hoar,
Still ſeems to keep the hoſpitable door;
Ye cloiſters pale, that lengthening to the ſight,
Still ſtep by ſtep to muſings mild invite;
Ye high-archt walks where oft the bard has caught
The glowing ſentiment, the lofty thought;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praiſe;
Lo! your lov'd ISIS, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondneſs bids you hail!----
Hail, OXFORD, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and ſeat;
Nurſe of each brave purſuit, each generous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in ſcience and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedæmon free!
Ev'n now, confeſs'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy ſacred ſons ariſe;
With ev'ry various flower their temples wreath'd,
That in thy gardens green its fragrance breath'd.

O'er ſheeted lakes and heaths of miſty hue,
Where fancy forms the fairy's magic court,
By the pale moon, or vapours glimm'ring blue,
Th' ideal elves of night their gambols ſport.

Now where devotion holds her high abode,
And vivid tapers gloom the ſacred ile,
To ſound the praiſes of th' eternal God,
The loud-peal'd organ ſhakes the holy pile.

Hail Midnight, hail, and thou the ſolemn ſcene,
The ſadly-ſerious melancholy's cell,
Where nought of Folly's ſavage train is ſeen,
But where the ſons of thought delight to dwell.

Let artful ſtateſmen *ſcheme* the awful hour,
Let empire wake ambition's daring train,
To rouſe rebellion's fell deſtructive pow'r,
And give dire diſcord o'er mankind to reign.

Let av'rice gore the wretched miſer's breaſt,
To watch with vulture care his art-rais'd mine;
Let fierce deſire diſtract the lover's reſt,
To ſigh ſad plaints at cruel SYLVIA's ſhrine.

Or where the Bacchanalians hold their reign,
And riot rules with wild deſpotic ſway,
Let laviſh ſpendthrifts ſwell the beſtial train,
And thoughtleſs in life's fatal follies ſtray.

Far other bliſs, far other joys be mine,
O thought-befriending Contemplation ſweet!
To where the midnight tapers dimly ſhine,
Conduct, benign, a ſtudious votary's feet.

Give me in Learning's ample field to ſtray,
Its ſacred tomes of treaſur'd ſenſe unfold,
With ſteady ſtep to trace the devious way,
Where ſleep the latent mines of claſſic gold.

Or 'midſt the the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the grove,
Where PHILOMELA warbles wood-notes wild;
With me, O Contemplation, deign to rove,
The ſacred ſcene and hour inviting muſings mild.

There 'till gay Phœbus gilds another ſky,
With thee I'll waſte the ſweetly-ſerious hour,
From life's low ſcenes and fatal follies fly,
And woo ſage wiſdom in her cavern'd bow'r.

Theſe ſounds whilſt fancy's plaſtic pow'r expreſt,
As thro' the ſolitary wilds I ſtray'd;
Majeſtic, like a Roman matron dreſt,
Imagination ſaw the heavenly maid.

Around a ſudden gleam illumin'd the place,
The path with eaſy elegance ſhe trod,
When thus --- ſoft-ſmiling with angelic grace,
"Here Contemplation holds her ſtill abode.

He firſt fair Learning's and Britannia's cauſe
Adorn'd with manners, and advanc'd with laws;
He bade relent the Briton's ſavage heart,
And form'd his ſoul to ſocial ſcenes of art,
Wiſeſt and beſt of kings! with raviſh'd gaze
Elate the long proceſſion he ſurveys:
Joyful he ſmiles to find, that not in vain
He plan'd the rudiments of Learning's reign:
Himſelf he marks in each ingenuous breaſt,
With all the founder in the race expreſt:
With rapture views, fair Freedom ſtill ſurvive
In yon bright domes (ill-fated fugitive)
(Such ſeen, as when the goddeſs pour'd the beam
Unſullied on his ancient diadem)
Well-pleas'd that in his own Pierian ſeat
She plumes her wings, and reſts her weary feet;
That here at laſt ſhe takes her fav'rite ſtand,
"Here deigns to linger, ere ſhe leave the land."

A
LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

I.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd;
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound.

II.

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But cheaply bleſs'd, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

III.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with it's maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range the ſheaves along the ſunny land.

IV.

If late at dusk, while carelessly I roam,
I meet a strolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide it's thoughtless dam.

V.

What joy to hear the tempest howl in vain,
And clasp a fearful mistress to my breast?
Or lull'd to slumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy sink at last to rest.

VI.

Or if the sun in flaming Leo ride,
By shady rivers indolently stray,
And with my DELIA walking side by side,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

VII.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To stop and gaze on DELIA as I go!
To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I know!

VIII.

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In silent happiness I rest unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I seem,
I live for DELIA, and myself alone.

IX.

Ah fooliſh man! who thus of her poſſeſt,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

X.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here, I know, that I am lov'd alone.

XI.

STANHOPE, in wiſdom, as in wit, divine,
May riſe, and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws:

XII.

Let STANHOPE ſpeak his liſt'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid,
For her alone, I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

XIII.

STANHOPE ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
DELIA ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's Patron cull the beſt.

XIV.

Her's be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

XV.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plow,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock,
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock.

XVI.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep.

XVII.

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows thro' every night.

XVIII.

Beauty and worth, alone in her, contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind:
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

XIX.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying, preſs her with my clay-cold hand----
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

XX.

Oh! when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill.

XXI.

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart!
O leave me, DELIA! ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

XXII.

Let them extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXLVI.

I.

MOURN, hapleſs CALEDONIA, mourn
Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy ſons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie ſlaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hoſpitable roofs no more,
Invite the ſtranger to the door;
In ſmoaky ruins ſunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

II.

The wretched owner ſees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then ſmites his breaſt, and curſes life.
Thy ſwains are famiſh'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy raviſh'd virgins ſhriek in vain;
Thy infants periſh on the plain.

III.

What boots it then, in every clime,
Thro' the wide ſpreading waſte of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praiſe,
Still ſhone with undiminiſh'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring ſpirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage, and rancour fell.

IV.

The rural pipe, and merry lay
No more ſhall chear the happy day:
No ſocial ſcenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No ſtrains, but thoſe of ſorrow flow,
And nought be heard but ſounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the ſlain
Glide nightly o'er the ſilent plain.

V.

Oh baneful cauſe, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The ſons, againſt their fathers ſtood,
The parent ſhed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's ſoul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn muſt feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring ſteel!

VI.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forſaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The bleak wind whiſtles round her head,
Her helpleſs orphans cry for bread,
Bereft of ſhelter, food, and friend,
She views the ſhades of night deſcend,
And ſtretch'd beneath th' inclement ſkies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.

VII.

Whilſt the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Reſentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breaſt ſhall beat;
And, ſpite of her inſulting foe,
My ſympathizing verſe ſhall flow,
" Mourn, hapleſs CALEDONIA, mourn
" Thy baniſh'd peace, thy laurels torn."

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

THE Curfeu tolls, the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds flowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
Or drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds.

Save, that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twittering from her ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive the team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſts of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory, lead but to the grave.

Forgive, ye proud, the involuntary fault,
If memory to theſe no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to it's manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire,
Hands that the reins of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.
Some village-HAMPDEN, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood:
Some mute inglorious MILTON here may reſt,
Some CROMWELL guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of luxury and pride
With incenſe, kindled at the muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life,
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply,
And many an holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to dye.

For who to dumb forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Leſt the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Still in their aſhes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall enquire thy fate,

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dew away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide wou'd he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

' One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
' Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
' The next, with dirges due in ſad array,
' Slow thro' the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
' Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
' Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.
' There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year,
' By hands unſeen, are ſhow'rs of violets found;
' The red-breaſt loves to build and warble there,
' And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

THE EPITAPH.

" Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth
" A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
" Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
" And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
" Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
" Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
" He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear;
" He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
" No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
" Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
" (There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
" The boſom of his father and his God.

ON THE DEATH OF

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, BY DAVID LORD VISCOUNT STORMONT, OF CH. CH. OXON.

LITTLE I whilom deem'd my artleſs zeal
Should woo the Britiſh Muſe in foreign land
To ſtrains of bitter argument, and teach
The mimic Nymph, that haunts the winding verge
And oozy current of Pariſian Seine,
To ſyllable new ſounds in accents ſtrange.
But ſad occaſion calls: who now forbears
The laſt kind office? who but conſecrates
His off'ring at the ſhrine of fair Renown
To gracious FREDERIC rais'd; tho' but compos'd
Of the waſte flourets, whoſe neglected hues
Chequer the lonely hedge, or mountain ſlope?
Where are thoſe hopes, where fled th'illuſive ſcenes
That forgeful fancy plan'd, what time the bark
Stem'd the ſalt wave from Albion's chalky bourn?
Then filial Piety and parting Love
Pour'd the fond pray'r; "Farewell, ye leſs'ning
"cliffs,

" Fairer to me, than aught in fabled ſong
" Or myſtic record told of ſhores Atlantic!
" Favour'd of heav'n, farewell! imperial iſle,
" Native to nobleſt wits, and beſt approv'd
" In manly ſcience, and advent'rous deed!
" Celeſtial Freedom, by rude hand eſtrang'd
" From regions once frequented, with Thee takes
" Her ſtedfaſt ſtation, faſt beſide the throne
" Of ſcepter'd Rule, and there her ſtate maintains
" In ſocial concord, and harmonious love.
" Theſe bleſſings ſtill be thine, nor meddling fiend
" Stir in your buſy ſtreets foul Faction's roar;
" Still thrive your growing works, and gales propitious
" Viſit your ſons who ride the watry waſte;
" And ſtill be heard from forth your gladſome bow'rs
" Shrill tabor-pipes, and ev'ry peaceful ſound.
" Nor vain the wiſh, while GEORGE the golden ſcale
" With ſteady prudence holds, and temp'rate ſway.
" And when his courſe of earthly honours run,
" With lenient hand ſhall FREDERIC ſooth your care,
" Rich in each princely quality, mature
" In years, and happieſt in nuptial choice.
" Thence too ariſe new hopes, a playful troop
" Circles his hearth, ſweet pledges of that bed,
" Which Faith, and Joy, and thouſand Virtues guard.
" His be the care t' inform their ductile minds
" With worthieſt thoughts, and point the ways of honour.

" How often ſhall he hear with freſh delight,
" Their earneſt tales, or watch their riſing paſſions
" With timorous attention; then ſhall tell
" Of juſtice, fortitude, and public weal;
" And oft the while each rigid precept ſmooth
" With winning tokens of parental love!"
Thus my o'erweening heart the ſecret ſtores
Of Britain's hope explor'd, while my ſtrain'd ſight
Purſued her fading hills, till wrapt in miſt
They gently ſunk beneath the ſwelling tide.
Nor ſlept thoſe thoughts, whene'er in other climes,
I mark'd the cruel waſte of foul oppreſſion,
Saw nobleſt ſpirits, and goodlieſt faculties,
To vaſſalage and loathſome ſervice bound.
Then conſcious preference roſe; then northward turn'd
My eye, to gratulate my natal ſoil.
How have I chid with froward eagerneſs
Each veering blaſt, that from my hand withheld
The well known characters of ſome lov'd friend
Tho' diſtant, not unmindful! Still I learn'd
Delighted, what each patriot plan devis'd
Of arts, or glory, or diffuſive commerce.
Nor wanted its endearment every tale
Of lighteſt import. But oh! heavy change,
What notices come now? Diſtracted ſcenes
Of helpleſs ſorrow, ſolemn ſad accounts;
How fair AUGUSTA watch'd the weary night.

Tending the bed of anguiſh; how great GEORGE
Wept with his infant progeny around;
How heav'd the orphan's and the widow's ſigh,
That follow'd FREDERIC to the ſilent tomb.
For well was FREDERIC lov'd; and well deſerv'd:
His voice was ever ſweet, and on his ſteps
Attended ever the alluring grace
Of gentle lowlineſs and ſocial zeal.
Him ſhall remember oft the labour'd hind,
Relating to his mates each caſual act
Of courteous bounty. Him th' artificer,
Plying the varied woof in ſullen ſadneſs,
Tho' wont to carrol many a ditty ſweet.
Soon too the mariner, who many moons
Has counted, beating ſtill the foamy ſurge,
And treads at laſt the wiſh'd-for beach, ſhall ſtand
Appall'd at the ſad tale, and ſoon ſhall ſteal
Down his rough cheek th' involuntary tear.
Be this our ſolace yet, all is not dead;
The bright memorial lives: for his example
Shall Hymen trim his torch, domeſtic praiſe
Be countenanc'd, and virtue fairer ſhew.
In age ſucceeding, when another GEORGE,
To ratify ſome weighty ordinance
Of Britain's peers conven'd, ſhall paſs beſide
Thoſe hallow'd ſpires, whoſe gloomy vaults encloſe,
Shrouded in ſleep, pale rows of ſcepter'd kings,
Oft to his ſenſe the ſweet paternal voice

And long-remember'd features ſhall return;
Then ſhall his generous breaſt be new inflam'd
To act of higheſt worth, and higheſt fame.
Theſe plaintive ſtrains from ALBION far away,
I lonely meditate at even-tide;
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious of the raptur'd lay;
But ſtill rememb'ring oft the magic ſounds,
Well-meaſur'd to the chime of Dorian lute,
Or paſt'ral ſtop, which erſt I lov'd to hear
On Isis' broider'd mead, where dips by fits
The ſtooping oſier in her haſty ſtream.
Hail WOLSEY's ſpacious dome! hail, ever fam'd
For faithful nurture, and truth's ſacred lore,
Much honour'd parent! You my duteous zeal
Accept, if haply in thy laureat wreath
You deign to interweave this humble ſong.

ON THE SAME.

BY MR. JAMES CLITHEROW OF ALL SOULS COLL.

I.

'TWAS on the evening of that gloomy day,
When FREDERIC, ever lov'd, and ever mourn'd,
(Such heav'n's high will, and who ſhall diſobey?)
To earth's cold womb in holy pomp return'd:

II.

With ſullen ſounds, the death-denouncing bell
Proclaim'd aloud the diſmal tale of woe,
The pealing organ join'd the ſolemn knell,
In mournful notes, majeſtically flow.

III.

The full-voic'd choir, in ſtoles of pureſt white,
With frequent pauſe, the ſoul-felt anthem raiſe;
While o'er the walls in darkeſt ſable dight,
A thouſand tapers pour'd their holy blaze.

IV.

In high devotion wrapt, the mitred ſage,
With energy ſublime, the rites began;
While tears from every ſex, and every age,
Bewail'd the prince, the father, and the man.

V.

" Who, when our ſov'reign liege to fate ſhall yield,
" Shall prop, like him, Britannia's falling ſtate?
" Who now the vengeful ſword of juſtice wield,
" Or ope, like him, ſweet Mercy's golden gate?

VI.

" Who ſhall to Arts their priſtine honours bring,
" Rear from the duſt fair Learning's laurell'd head,
" Or bid rich commerce plume her daring wing?
" Arts, Learning, Commerce are in FREDERIC dead.

VII.

" Who now ſhall tend, with fond paternal care,
" The future guardians of our faith and laws;
" Who teach their breaſts with patriot worth to dare,
" And die with ardour, in Britannia's cauſe?

VIII.

" And who, ah! who, with ſoft endearing lore,
" Shall ſooth, like him, the royal mourner's breaſt?
" Her lord, her life, her FREDERIC is no more."—
Deep groans and bitter wailings ſpeak the reſt.

IX.

Then, when at length the awful ſcene was clos'd,
And duſt to duſt in holy hope conſign'd;
All to their ſilent homes their ſteps diſpos'd,
To feed on ſolitary woe the mind;

X.

All but Lorenzo ;—he with grief diſmay'd ;
Nor heeding aught but FREDERIC's hapleſs fate,
Muſing along the cloyſter'd temple ſtray'd,
Till lonely midnight clos'd th' impervious gate.

XI.

But when each lamp by ſlow degrees expir'd,
And total night aſſumes her ſilent reign,
Sudden he ſtarts, with wild amazement fir'd,
And big with horror traverſes the fane.

XII.

The vaulted manſions of th' illuſtrious dead
Inſpire his ſhudd'ring ſoul with ghaſtly fears.
Dire ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhades around him tread,
And hollow voices murmur in his ears.

XIII.

There, as around the monumental maze
Darkling he wanders, a reſplendent gleam
Shoots o'er th' illumin'd ile a diſtant blaze,
Pale as the glow-worm's fire, or Cynthia's beam.

XIV.

With glory clad, th' imperial ſhrines among,
Four royal ſhapes on iv'ry thrones were plac'd,
High o'er their heads four airy diadems hung,
Which never yet their maiden brows had grac'd.

XV.

The firſt was he, whom CRESSY's glorious plain
Has fam'd for martial deeds and bold emprize;
Nor leſs his praiſe in Virtue's milder ſtrain,
Juſt, humble, learned, merciful and wiſe.

XVI.

Next ARTHUR ſat, at whoſe auſpicious birth
In one ſweet flower the blended roſes join'd;
And HENRY next, fair plant of Scottiſh earth,
The hope, the joy of ALBION and mankind.

XVII.

Yet green in death, the laſt majeſtic ſhade
Wore gracious FREDERIC's mild, endearing look;
To him the reſt obeyſance courteous paid,
And EDWARD thus the princely form beſpoke:

XVIII.

" All hail! illuſtrious partner of our fate,
" For whom, as once for us, Britannia bleeds;
" Hail! to the manſions of the good and great,
" Where crowns immortal wait on virtuous deeds.

XIX.

" The ſame our fortune, as our worth the ſame,
" (To worth like ours ſhort date doth heav'n aſſign)
" As one our fortune, one ſhall be our fame,
" And long record our deathleſs names ſhall join.

XX.

" But oh! I tremble for Britannia's ſtate,
" May guardian pow'rs avert the dire preſage!
" For well ſhe knows, at our untimely fate
" How heav'n's dread vengeance ſmote each
" ſinful age.

XXI.

" The regal ſtaff aſpiring BOLINGBROKE
" Snatch'd with rude graſp from RICHARD's
" princely hand;
" Loos'd from hell's confines, civil Diſcord ſhook
" The dubious throne, and tore the bleeding land.

XXII.

" When ARTHUR died, imperious HENRY's thirſt
" Of ſubject's blood, nor heeded ſex nor age;
" His wives a ſacrifice to vagrant luſt,
" His nobles victims to tyrannic rage.

XXIII.

" When pious CHARLES in right fraternal reign'd,
" Rebellion proudly ſtalk'd from ſhore to ſhore,
" Her laws, her rights, her holy faith profan'd,
" And dy'd the guilty land with royal gore.

XXIV.

" Yet ah! may pity move relenting heav'n!
" Enough ſhe groans beneath her preſent woe;

" Enough to vengeance is already given;
" Her FREDERIC's dead; — there needs no other
" blow."

XXV.

Scarce had he ſpoken, when the bird of day
'Gan morn's approach with clarion ſhrill declare,
At once th' unbodied phantoms fade away,
The fond illuſion all diſſolves in air.

ODE

ON THE

APPROACH OF SUMMER.

BY A GENTLEMAN FORMERLY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli,
Adventumque tuum; tibi ſuaveis dædala tellus
Submittit flores; tibi rident æquora ponti;
Placatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum.

LUCRETIUS.

HENCE, iron-ſcepter'd WINTER, haſte
To bleak Siberian waſte!
Haſte to thy polar ſolitude;
Mid cataracts of ice,
Whoſe torrents dumb are ſtretch'd in fragments rude,
From many an airy precipice,
Where, ever beat by fleety ſhow'rs,
Thy gloomy Gothic caſtle tow'rs;
Amid whoſe howling iles and halls,
Where no gay ſunbeam paints the walls,

On ebon throne thou lov'ſt to ſhroud,
Thy brows in many a murky cloud.
E'en now, before the vernal heat,
Sullen I ſee thy train retreat:
Thy ruthleſs hoſt ſtern EURUS guides,
That on a ravenous tiger rides,
Dim-figur'd on whoſe robe are ſhewn
Shipwrecks, and villages o'erthrown:
Grim AUSTER, dropping all with dew,
In mantle clad of watchet hue:
And COLD, like Zemblan ſavage ſeen,
Still threatening with his arrows keen;
And next, in furry coat emboſt
With icicles, his brother FROST.
WINTER farewell! thy foreſts hoar,
Thy frozen floods delight no more;
Farewell the fields, ſo bare and wild!
But come thou roſe-cheek'd cherub mild,
Sweeteſt SUMMER! haſte thee here,
Once more to crown the gladden'd year.
Thee APRIL blythe, as long of yore,
Bermudas' lawns he frolick'd o'er,
With muſkie nectar-trickling wing,
(In the new world's firſt dawning ſpring,)
To gather balm of choiceſt dews,
And patterns fair of various hues,
With which to paint in changeful dye,
The youthful earth's embroidery;

To cull the eſſence of rich ſmells
In which to dip his new-born bells;
Thee, as he ſkim'd with pinions fleet,
He found an infant, ſmiling ſweet;
Where a tall citron's ſhade imbrown'd
The ſoft lap of the fragrant ground.
There on an aramanthine bed,
Thee with rare nectarine fruits he fed;
Till ſoon beneath his forming care,
You bloom'd a goddeſs debonnair;
And then he gave the bleſſed iſle
Aye to be ſway'd beneath thy ſmile:
There plac'd thy green and graſſy ſhrine,
With myrtle bower'd and jeſſamine:
And to thy care the taſk aſſign'd
With quickening hand, and nurture kind,
His roſeate infant-births to rear,
Till Autumn's mellowing reign appear.
Haſte thee nymph! and hand in hand,
With thee lead a buxom band;
Bring fantaſtic-footed Joy,
With Sport that yellow-treſſed boy.
Leiſure, that through the balmy ſky,
Chaſes a crimſon butterfly.
Bring Health that loves in early dawn
To meet the milk-maid on the lawn;
Bring Pleaſure, rural nymph, and Peace,
Meek, cottage-loving ſhepherdeſs!

And that ſweet ſtripling, Zephyr, bring,
Light, and for ever on the wing.
Bring the dear Muſe, that loves to lean
On river-margins, moſſy green.
But who is ſhe, that bears thy train,
Pacing light the velvet plain?
'The pale pink binds her auburn hair,
Her treſſes flow with paſtoral air;
'Tis May the Grace——confeſt ſhe ſtands
By branch of hawthorn in her hands:
Lo! near her trip the lightſome Dews,
Their wings all ting'd in iris-hues;
With whom the pow'rs of Flora play,
And paint with panſies all the way.

Oft when thy ſeaſon, ſweeteſt Queen,
Has dreſt the groves in liv'ry green;
When in each fair and fertile field
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;
While Evening, veil'd in ſhadows brown,
Puts her matron-mantle on,
And miſts in ſpreading ſteams convey
More freſh the fumes of new-ſhorn hay;
Then, Goddeſs, guide my pilgrim feet
Contemplation hoar to meet,
As ſlow he winds in muſeful mood,
Near the ruſh'd marge of CHERWELL's flood;
Or o'er old AVON's magic edge,
Whence Shakeſpeare cull'd the ſpiky ſedge,

All playful yet, in years unripe,
To frame a ſhrill and ſimple pipe.
There thro' the duſk but dimly ſeen,
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:
His wattled cotes the ſhepherd plants,
Beneath her elm the milk-maid chaunts.
The woodman, ſpeeding home, awhile
Reſts him at a ſhady ſtile.
Nor wants there fragrance to diſpenſe
Refreſhment o'er my ſoothed ſenſe;
Nor tangled woodbines balmy bloom,
Nor graſs beſprent, to breathe perfume:
Nor lurking wild-thyme's ſpicy ſweet
To bathe in dew my roving feet:
Nor wants there note of Philomel,
Nor ſound of diſtant-tinkling bell:
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,
Nor maſtiff's bark from boſom'd cott:
Ruſtle the breezes lightly borne
Or deep-embattel'd ears of corn:
Round ancient elm, with humming noiſe,
Full loud the chaffer-ſwarms rejoice.
Meantime, a thouſand dies inveſt
The ruby chambers of the Weſt!
That all aſlant the village tow'r
A mild reflected radiance pour,
While, with the level-ſtreaming rays
Far ſeen its arched windows blaze:

And the tall grove's green top is dight
In ruſſet tints, and gleams of light:
So that the gay ſcene by degrees
Bathes my blythe heart in extaſies;
And Fancy to my raviſh'd ſight
Pourtrays her kindred viſions bright.
At length the parting light ſubdues
My ſoften'd ſoul to calmer views,
And fainter ſhapes of penſive joy,
As twilight dawns, my mind employ:
Till from the path I fondly ſtray
In muſings lapt, nor heed the way;
Wandering thro' the landſcape ſtill,
Till Melancholy has her fill;
And on each moſs-wove border damp,
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.
But when the Sun, at noon-tide hour,
Sits throned in his higheſt tow'r;
Me, heart-rejoicing Goddeſs, lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead:
To mix in rural mood among
The nymphs and ſwains, a buſy throng;
Or, as the tepid odours breathe,
The ruſſet piles to lean beneath:
There as my liſtleſs limbs are thrown,
On couch more ſoft than palace down;
I liſten to the buſy ſound
Of mirth and toil that hums around;

And ſee the team ſhrill-tinkling paſs,
Alternate o'er the furrow'd graſs.

But ever, after ſummer-ſhow'r,
When the bright ſun's returning pow'r,
With laughing beam has chas'd the ſtorm,
And chear'd reviving nature's form;
By ſweet-brier hedges, bath'd in dew,
Let me my wholſome path purſue;
There iſſuing forth the frequent ſnail
Wears the dank way with ſlimy trail;
While as I walk, from pearled buſh,
The ſunny-ſparkling drop I bruſh;
And all the landſcape fair I view
Clad in robe of freſher hue:
And ſo loud the black-bird ſings,
That far and near the valley rings.
From ſhelter deep of ſhaggy rock
The ſhepherd drives his joyful flock;
From bowering beech the mower blythe
With new-born vigour graſps the ſcythe;
While o'er the ſmooth unbounded meads
His laſt faint gleam the rainbow ſpreads.

But ever againſt reſtleſs heat,
Bear me to the rock-arch'd ſeat,
O'er whoſe dim mouth an ivy'd oak
Hangs nodding from the low-brow'd rock;

Haunted by that chaſte nymph alone,
Whoſe waters cleave the ſmoothed ſtone;
Which, as they guſh upon the ground,
Still ſcatter miſty dews around:
A ruſtic, wild, groteſque alcove,
Its ſides with mantling woodbines wove;
Cool as the cave where Clio dwells,
Where Helicon's freſh fountain wells;
Or noon-tide grot where Sylvan ſleeps
In hoar Lycæum's piny ſteeps.
Me, Goddeſs, in ſuch cavern lay,
While all without is ſcorch'd in day;
Sore ſighs the weary ſwain, beneath
His withering hawthorn on the heath;
The drooping hedger wiſhes eve,
In vain, of labour ſhort reprieve!
Meantime, on Afric's glowing ſands
Smote with keen heat, the trav'ler ſtands:
Low ſinks his heart, while round his eye
Meaſures the ſcenes that boundleſs lie,
Ne'er yet by foot of mortal worn,
Where Thirſt, wan pilgrim, walks forlorn.
How does he wiſh ſome cooling wave
To ſlake his lips, or limbs to lave!
And thinks, in every whiſper low,
He hears a burſting fountain flow.
Or bear me to yon antique wood,
Dim temple of ſage Solitude!

There within a nook moſt dark,
Where none my muſing mood may mark;
Let me in many a whiſper'd rite
The Genius old of Greece invite,
With that fair wreath my brows to bind,
Which for his choſen imps he twin'd,
Well nurtur'd in Pierian lore,
On clear Illiſſus' laureat ſhore.——
Till high on waving neſt reclin'd,
The raven wakes my tranced mind!

Or to the foreſt-fringed vale
Where widow'd turtles love to wail,
Where cowſlips clad in mantle meek,
Nod their tall heads to breezes weak:
In the midſt, with ſedges grey
Crown'd, a ſcant riv'let winds its way,
And trembling thro' the weedy wreaths,
Around an oozy freſhneſs breathes.
O'er the ſolitary green,
Nor cott, nor loitering hind is ſeen:
Nor aught alarms the mute repoſe,
Save that by fits an heifer lows:
A ſcene might tempt ſome peaceful ſage
To rear him a lone hermitage;
Fit place his penſive eld might chuſe
On virtue's holy lore to muſe.

Yet ſtill the ſultry noon t' appeaſe
Some more romantic ſcene might pleaſe;

Or fairy bank, or magic lawn,
By Spenſer's laviſh pencil drawn:
Or bow'r in Vallambroſa's ſhade,
By legendary pens pourtray'd.
Haſte, let me ſhroud from painful light,
On that hoar hill's aereal height,
In ſolemn ſtate, where waving wide,
Thick pines with darkening umbrage hide
The rugged vaults, and riven tow'rs
Of that proud Caſtle's painted bow'rs,
Whence HARDYKNUTE, a baron bold,
In Scotland's martial days of old,
Deſcended from the ſtately feaſt,
Begirt with many a warrior-gueſt,
To quell the pride of Norway's king,
With quiv'ring lance and twanging ſtring.
As thro' the caverns dim I wind,
Might I that holy legend find,
By fairies ſpelt in myſtic rhimes,
To teach enquiring later times,
What open force, or ſecret guile,
Daſh'd into duſt the ſolemn pile!
But when mild Morn in ſaffron ſtole
Firſt iſſues from her eaſtern goal;
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy ſummit's brow ſublime,
Whence nature's univerſal face,
Illumin'd ſmiles with new-born grace;

The misty streams that wind below,
With silver-sparkling lustre glow;
The groves, and castled cliffs appear
Invested all in radiance clear.
O! every village-charm beneath!
The smoke that mounts in azure wreath!
O beauteous rural interchange!
The simple spire, and elmy grange!
CONTENT, indulging blissful hours,
Whistles o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
And cattle rouz'd to pasture new,
Shake jocund from their sides the dew.
'Tis thou, alone, O SUMMER mild,
Canst bid me carol wood-notes wild:
Whene'er I view thy genial scenes:
Thy waving woods, embroider'd greens;
What fires within my bosom wake,
How glows my mind the reed to take!
What charms like thine the muse can call,
With whom 'tis youth and laughter all;
With whom each field's a paradise,
And all the globe a Bow'r of bliss!
With thee conversing, all the day,
I meditate my lightsome lay.
These pedant cloisters let me leave,
To breathe my votive song at eve,
In valleys where mild whispers use;
Of shade and stream to court the muse.

While wand'ring o'er the brook's dim verge,
I hear the ſtock-dove's dying dirge.
But when life's buſier ſcene is o'er,
And Age ſhall give the treſſes hoar,
I'd fly ſoft Luxury's marble dome,
And make an humble thatch my home,
Which ſloping hills around encloſe,
Where many a beech and brown oak grows;
Beneath whoſe dark and branching bow'rs
It's tides a far-fam'd river pours:
By nature's beauties taught to pleaſe,
Sweet Tuſculane of rural eaſe!
Still grot of Peace! in lowly ſhed
Who loves to reſt her gentle head.
For not the ſcenes of Attic art
Can comfort care, or ſooth the heart:
Nor burning cheek, nor wakeful eye,
For gold, and Tyrian purple fly.
Thither, kind heav'n, in pity lent,
Send me a little, and content;
The faithful friend, and chearful night,
The ſocial ſcene of dear delight:
The conſcience pure, the temper gay,
The muſing eve, and idle day.
Give me beneath cool ſhades to ſit,
Rapt with the charms of claſſic wit;
To catch the bold heroic flame,
That built immortal Græcia's fame.

Nor let me fail, meantime, to raiſe
The ſolemn ſong to Britain's praiſe:
To ſpurn the ſhepherd's ſimple reeds,
And paint heroic ancient deeds:
To chaunt fam'd ARTHUR's magic tale,
And EDWARD, ſtern in ſable mail.
Or wand'ring BRUTUS' lawleſs doom,
Or brave BONDUCA, ſcourge of Rome.

O ever to ſweet Poeſie,
Let me live true votary!
She ſhall lead me by the hand,
Queen of ſweet ſmiles, and ſolace bland!
She from her precious ſtores ſhall ſhed
Ambroſial flow'rets o'er my head:
She, from my tender youthful cheek,
Can wipe, with lenient finger meek,
The ſecret and unpitied tear,
Which ſtill I drop in darkneſs drear.
She ſhall be my blooming bride,
With her, as years ſucceſſive glide,
I'll hold divineſt dalliance,
For ever rapt in holy trance.

A

PASTORAL

IN THE

MANNER OF SPENSER.

FROM THEOCRITUS. IDYLL. XX.

BY THE SAME.

I.

AS late I ſtrove LUCILLA's lip to kiſs,
She with diſcurteſee reprov'd my will;
Doſt thou, ſhe ſaid, affect ſo pleaſaunt bliſs,
A ſimple ſhepherd, and a loſell vile?
Not Fancy's hand ſhould join my courly lip
To thine, as I myſelf were faſt aſleep.

II.

As thus ſhe ſpake, full proud and boaſting laſſe,
And as a peacocke pearke, in dalliance
She bragly turned her ungentle face,
And all diſdaining ey'd my ſhape aſkaunce:
But I did bluſh, with grief and ſhame yblent,
Like morning-roſe with hoary dewe beſprent.

III.

Tell me, my fellows all, am I not fair?
Has fell enchantreſs blaſted all my charms?
Whilom mine head was ſleek with treſſed hayre,
My laughing eyne did ſhoot out love's alarms:
E'en KATE did deemen me the faireſt ſwain,
When erſt I won this girdle on the plain.

IV.

My lip with vermil was embelliſhed,
My bagpipes notes loud and delicious were,
The milk-white lilly, and the roſe ſo red,
Did on my face depeinten lively cheere;
My voice as ſoote as mounting larke did ſhrill,
My looke was blythe as MARGARET's at the mill,

V.

But ſhe forſooth, more fair than MADGE or KATE,
A dainty maid, did deign not ſhepherd's love;
Nor wiſt what THENOT told us ſwains of late;
That VENUS ſought a ſhepherd in a grove;
Nor that a heav'nly god who PHOEBUS hight,
To tend his flock with ſhepherds did delight.

VI.

Ah! 'tis that VENUS with accurſt deſpight,
That all my dolour and my ſhame has made!
Nor does remembrance of her own delight,
For me one drop of pity ſweet perſuade?
Aye hence the glowing rapture may ſhe miſs,
Like me be ſcorn'd, nor ever taſte a kiſs.

INSCRIBED

ON A BEAUTIFUL

GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

I.

THE Graces ſought in yonder ſtream,
To cool the fervid day,
When love's malicious godhead came,
And ſtole their robes away.

II.

Proud of the theft, the little god
Their robes bade DELIA wear;
While They, aſham'd to ſtir abroad,
Remain all naked here.

LOVE ELEGY.

BY MR. SMOLLET.

I.

WHere now are all my flatt'ring dreams of joy!
MONIMIA, give my ſoul her wonted reſt;—
Since firſt thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my penſive breaſt.

II.

Let happy lovers fly where pleaſures call,
With feſtive ſongs beguile the fleeting hour;
Lead Beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
Or preſs her wanton in love's roſeate bow'r.

III.

For me, no more I'll range th' empurpled mead,
Where ſhepherds pipe, and virgins dance around;
Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant ſhade,
To hear the muſic of the grove reſound.

IV.

I'll ſeek ſome lonely church, or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And ſheeted ghoſts drink up the midnight dew:

V.

There league'd with hopeleſs anguiſh and deſpair,
Awhile in ſilence o'er my fate repine;
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred duſt my weary limbs conſign.

VI.

Wilt thou, MONIMIA, ſhed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my ſorrows reſt?
Wilt thou ſtrew flow'rs, applaud my love ſincere,
And bid the turf lie light upon my breaſt!

A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLL.

——— *Mea nec Falernæ*
Temperant vites, neque Formani
Pocula colles. HORAT.

BALM of my cares, ſweet ſolace of my toils,
Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the coſtly cups
Of riot-ſtirring wine, unwholſome draught,
Let Pride's looſe ſons prolong the waſteful night;
My ſober ev'ning let the tankard bleſs,
With toaſt embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repaſt!

Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A Calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What tho' sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
Or chearful candle, save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining; heart-rejoicing ALE
Chears the sad scene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of Tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate;
While ALE inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, ALE, thy votaries in full resort,
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample chair
Smoaks rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries)
Studious of ease, and provident, I place

My gladſome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns repleniſh'd, the ſucceſſive cup,
And the briſk fire conſpires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring hours
In innocent delight, amuſive Putt
On ſmooth joint-ſtool in emblematic play
The vain viciſſitudes of fortune ſhews.
Nor Reck'ning, name tremendous, me diſturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breaſt with ſudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expreſſive mark,
The frequent penny ſtands deſcrib'd to view,
In ſnowy characters and graceful row.———

Hail, TICKING! ſureſt guardian of diſtreſs!
Beneath thy ſhelter pennyleſs I quaff
The chearful cup, nor hear with hopeleſs heart
New oyſters cry'd:—tho' much the poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic ſtrain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praiſe!———

Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys ſecure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of pot-houſe ſnug to viſit: wiſer he
The ſplendid tavern haunts, or coffee-houſe
Of JAMES or JUGGINS, where the grateful breath
Of loath'd tobacco ne'er diffus'd its balm;
But the lewd ſpendthrift, falſely deem'd polite,
While ſteams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft dams the vulgar ſons of humbler ALE:
In vain—— the Proctor's voice arreſts their joys;

Juſt fate of wanton pride and looſe exceſs!
Nor leſs by day delightful is thy draught,
All-pow'rful ALE! whoſe ſorrow-ſoothing ſweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd ſtockings aſk my mending hand
Not unexperienc'd; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender ſwain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undiſſembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on ſmoaking cruſt
And foaming ALE to banquet unreſtrained,
Material breakfaſt! Thus in ancient days
Our anceſtors robuſt with lib'ral cups
Uſher'd the morn, unlike the ſqueamiſh ſons
Of modern times: Nor ever had the might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With Britiſh ALE improving Britiſh worth.
With ALE irriguous, undiſmay'd I hear
The frequent dun aſcend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of laundreſs ſhrill awake my ſtartled ear;
Or barber ſpruce with ſupple look intrude;
Or taylor with obſequious bow advance;
Or groom invade me with defying front
And ſtern demeanour, whoſe emaciate ſteeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus ſhone with kindlier beams,

Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots ſupply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring ſteel.
In vain they plead or threat: All-pow'rful ALE
Excuſes new ſupplies, and each deſcends
With joyleſs pace, and debt-deſpairing looks:
E'en SPACEY with indignant brow retires,
Fierceſt of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the gods ſuch various bleſſings pour
On hapleſs mortals, from their grateful hands
So ſoon the ſhort-liv'd bounty to recall?———
Thus, while improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luſcious tankard unreſtrain'd,
And thoughtleſs riot in unlicens'd bliſs;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Burſar's croſs-affixing hand
Blaſts all my joys, and ſtops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly pot-houſe longer yields
A ſure retreat, when night o'erſhades the ſkies;
Nor SHEPHERD, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted truſt, and WINTER ticks no more.
Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous ſcenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant bow'r
On fruits divine to feaſt, freſh ſhade or vale,
No more to viſit, or vine-mantled grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary wilderneſs,
And unrejoicing ſolitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchleſs bard, whoſe lay reſounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's praiſe, in nightly gloom

Of loneſome garret pin'd for chearful ALE;
Whoſe ſteps in verſe Miltonic I purſue,
Mean follower, like him with honeſt love
Of ALE divine inſpir'd, and love of ſong:
But long may bounteous heav'n with watchful care
Avert his hapleſs lot! Enough for me
That burning with congenial flame I dar'd
His guiding ſteps at diſtance to purſue,
And ſing his favorite theme in kindred ſtrains.

FOUR ELEGIES.

I. MORNING. } { III. EVENING.
II. NOON. } { IV. NIGHT.

BY THE REV. MR. STEPHEN PANTING.

Sweet is the breath of MORN, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful EVENING mild: then silent NIGHT.
MILT. Par. Lost, iv. 641.

ELEGY I.

MORNING.

THE opening East now streaks a ruddy ray,
The Morn far-streaming shakes the realms of night,
Aurora pours the bright resplendent day,
And drowsy darkness wings her heavy flight.

The eve-born fogs in vagrant vapours riſe,
And ſhade the earth with clouds of murkey hue,
Till Phœbus chaſing Chaos from the ſkies,
Bedecks th' enlighten'd ſcene with radiant dew.

Nature awak'd from ſweet refreſhing reſt,
Infuſes vigour through Creation's reign,
Gay pleaſures dawn, and gladden ev'ry breaſt,
Whilſt Joy inſpires one univerſal ſtrain.

In greener verdure ſhines each tree array'd,
A brighter bloſſom buds the leafy ſpray,
The ſwarming ſongſters through the ſylvan ſhade
On ev'ry buſh blythe-warbling pour the lay.

To ſhun the loath'd embrace of meagre want,
The early threſhers whirl aloft the flail;
And luſty woodmen, at the lark's firſt chaunt,
The foreſt-eccho with their axes hail.

Now whiſtling hinds prepare the toilful plow,
Or drive o'er flowery lawns the friſking flock;
Now ſhepherds climb the ſummit's craggy brow,
And goats high pendent browſe the buſky rock.

The big-ſwoln udder prompts the lowing train
The balmy tribute to their lord to pay,
The merry milkmaid and the jocund ſwain
Now carol wild a ruſtic roundelay.

The jolly hunter winds his bugle-horn,
And chearful notes rend wide the welkin round,
Shrill echo wakes the ſlowly-riſing morn,
And ev'ry glowing boſom feels the ſound.

In civil life, where various arts abound,
That give or eaſe or dignity to man,
The dawning light and buſy ſcene around
Diſplays the thoughtful brow, and toilful clan.

Now lightly tripping o'er the breezy green
The bright Hygeia leads her feſtive train,
Now young-ey'd pleaſure's laughing-troop is ſeen
To tread in mazy dance the pearly plain.

Whilſt on the yielding pillow's downy folds
In ſleepy ſtate nods ſloth's deſtructive pow'r,
A ſtupid doſe her drowſy votaries holds,
And man beguiles of life's moſt precious hour.

Around her couch ſits ſpirit-waſting ſpleen,
The hollow eye that looks heart-gnawing care,
The Aſthma, pallid form, and ſickneſs green,
Whilſt Phyſic's ſolemn ſons ſmile dreadful near.

The crew, who, late ſo barbarouſly gay,
Swell'd the loud riot o'er the midnight bowl,
In Morpheus' cave unſeemly ſnore the day,
Void of each manly nobleneſs of ſoul.

The upland walks more ſapient ſpirits ſeek,
Where eaſe and health and ſweet content agree,
Where roſy redneſs ſtreaks the blooming cheek,
Where pompous doctor never palm'd a fee.

As nature's variegated beauties riſe,
How ſwells the growing landſcape on the eye!
From the fine blendure of ten thouſand dyes,
The viſual ſoul is loſt in grand variety.

Now gay imagination boldly roves,
Excurſive through creation's ample ſcene,
O'er the bare deſert, through the ſpicey groves,
The dank wave's depth, and Æthers blue ſerene.

Oft too inſpir'd at morning's early dawn
The bard high wrapt in ſweet poetic dream,
Or ſlowly wanders o'er the dewy lawn,
Or on the daiſy'd marge of murmuring ſtream.

There as Aurora ſhed ambroſial light,
Erſt to her SHAKESPEAR's lov'd embrace ſhe flew,
There ſwell'd his ſoul with rapturous delight,
As Nature's genuine charms her pencil drew.

Oft SPENCER too, ELIZA's blytheſt ſwain,
With her in dalliance has the hours beguil'd,
From oaten reed oft pip'd the artleſs ſtrain
To moral fiction, fancy's lovelieſt child.

O Pow'r, that giv'ſt the energy of ſong,
Without whoſe aid the labour'd volume's nought,
O ſnatch a votary from the lifeleſs throng,
Inſpire each line, and animate each thought!

Thy genial impulſe warms the bard to ſing,
In ev'ry different clime and rolling age,
And erſt beſide thy fairy-grot did ſpring
Each Attic wreath, that crowns the tuneful ſage.

ELEGY II.

NOON.

BY THE SAME.

HIGH in the zenith of his wide domain,
Flames the bright pow'r, that rules the noon-tide ray,
O'er the fierce ſteeds looſe ſhakes the golden rein,
And darts around intolerable day.

Beſide his chariot born with rapid ſpeed
Enfeebling Sweats and paly Languors ride,
Wan Sickneſs, mounted on a ſun-beam ſteed,
Flaſhes her peſtilential falchion wide.

The vermeil verdure of th' enamell'd mead,
The flocks, the herds, all feel the ſultry pow'r,
Scorch'd nature fainting droops her languid head,
And all creation mourns the fervent hour.

By gelid founts and rills that purl the glade,
Where DIAN's ſilvan train at noon reſort,
The Dryad coolneſs ſeeks the ſhelt'ring ſhade,
Whilſt round her moſs-bed balmy breezes ſport.

Oft now ſequeſter'd in the lonely dale,
Where nought obtruding may their joys prevent,
The happy lover ſighs the tender tale,
Whilſt glowing bluſhes ſpeak the ſoft conſent.

Around the turf ten thouſand Cupids play,
Or ſweetly prattling liſp th' extatic bliſs,
Short-breathing wiſhes throng and romping May,
The ruffling dalliance and the kindling kiſs.

With pureſt truth here artleſs paſſion charms,
No fraud nor ſordid thoughts love's ſhrine invade,
An equal flame each beating boſom warms,
No airs diſtract the ſwain, nor falſhood mourns the maid.

In flow'ry ſcenes, where waves the leafy ſhade,
Where woodbine's bloom and thymy verdure ſpring,
In vacant mood is learned leiſure laid,
And to blythe echo ſweeps the vocal ſtring.

Or ſmit with ſacred love of antient ſong,
Where art and genius rule with mingled rage,
He rolls the raptures of the tuneful throng,
That drew with claſſic ſkill fair virtue's page.

Now where AUGUSTA lifts her head ſublime,
And wealthy Commerce holds her honour'd ſtand,
The ſons of induſtry from ev'ry clime
With ALBION's chiefs appear, a motley band.

Beneath th' auſpicious beamings of her ſmile,
BRITANNIA ſees her real glories riſe,
Calm peace and chearful plenty crowns her iſle,
To hoſtile ſhores whilſt want and terror flies.

And long, lov'd Iſle, may bounteous heaven pour,
Theſe gracious bleſſings on thy favour'd land,
And as thou ſtand'ſt the firſt in regal pow'r,
In virtue may'ſt thou too the foremoſt ſtand!

Now Hoſpitality, a matron hoar,
Whoſe ſtep on piteous charity attends,
With liberal hand unfolds her genial ſtore,
His dreary path where penſive Penury bends.

Her generous ſmiles ſad Sorrow's tumults calm,
And glad the meagre ſons of needy Care,
O'er wounded minds free pours the healing balm,
That ſooths each woe-ſprung thought and gloomy fear.

Erſt was ſhe frequent in BRITANNIA ſeen,
The warm inſpirer of each noble breaſt,
But rarely now ſhe treads this earthly ſcene,
To heav'n is flown each heav'n-deſcended gueſt.

For ſee where-e'er the gilded turrets riſe,
And modern Grandeur holds her pompous ſeat,
From coſtly cates where fragrant fumes ariſe,
There laviſh Luxury leads the princely treat.

The dædal arches flow'ry wreaths entwine,
And joyous muſic ſwells the feſtive ſtrain,
The bowls high foam with wit-inſpiring wine,
And laughing COMUS leads his jovial train.

T' arreſt the pleaſures of the thoughtleſs band,
See ev'ry dire diſeaſe in troops appear,
A death-dart arms each ſpectre's meagre hand,
And Want exulting ſwells the ghaſtly rear.

Far other ſcenes the decent dome diſplays,
Where modeſt Temperance holds her artleſs reign,
There gaudy Greatneſs pours no idle blaze,
Nor wanton Folly leads her revel train.

Content is there, and Innocence, and Health,
The breaſt humane that feels another's woe,
Virtues that yield ſuch happineſs, as Wealth
With all her pageent pomp can ne'er beſtow.

Hail bliſsful ſtate! where beams the eye ſerene,
The manly heart and brow unknown to care,
Where bright-ey'd Hope illumes each darkling ſcene,
Averting ev'ry ſhaft of fell deſpair.

ELEGY III.

EVENING.

BY THE SAME.

THE broad Sun verging on the cloſe of day,
A fuller red beams o'er the ætherial plain,
The ſtreaky clouds attend his laſt bright ray,
And ſilver Veſper leads his ſtarry train.

Dim fades each lovely variegated ſcene,
That ſwell'd to extaſy the viſual ſoul,
As miſt-clad Evening treads the breezy green,
And wakes the buzzing bat and mopeing ewl.

O'er Vegetation's numerous tribes ſhe pours
The dews refreſhing, as their ſweets exhale;
Whilſt from the odorous ſhrubs and breathing flow'rs,
A balmy fragrance ſwells the pregnant gale.

Now labour reſts, and to the ſons of toil,
Sweet relaxation gives the vacant hour,
While eaſe, or ſports, or ſocial ſcenes beguile,
As fancy prompts, mankind's directive pow'r.

By courage fir'd to many a hardy game,
To the throng'd ring the village youths repair,
Where young ambition pants for generous fame,
And victory's wreath oft wins the ſcornful fair.

Or with the bright maid join'd, whoſe mutual glance
Holds in love's ſilken bonds the feeling heart,
On the gay green they tread the mazy dance,
Whilſt ſweet-tongued Phœbe plays the minſtrel's part.

The ſons of genius, forc'd by heat extreme
To waſte in cooling ſhade the tedious day,
Now ſetting Phœbus pours the milder gleam,
Through the thruſh-haunted copſe or upland ſtray.

Where, to chaunt forth their evening hymn of praiſe,
Full frequent perch'd on many a verdant ſpray,
Their warblings wild the feather'd ſongſters raiſe,
By far more ſweet than art's moſt labour'd lay.

Whilſt blythſome milkmaids in the neighbouring mead,
The rural ditty tune in chearful ſtrain,
The weary woodman ſeeks his lowly ſhed,
And thoughtleſs plow-boy whiſtles o'er the plain.

How ſweet the pleaſure at mild Evening's hour
When gentle breezes fan the ſultry air,
To ſeek Reflection in her lonely bow'r,
Or drown in generous wine intruding care.

Or where meandring Iſis' waters ſtray,
And woo with many a kiſs OXONIA's plain,
In ſharp-prow'd boat to cut the liquid way,
And at the bending oar with pleaſure ſtrain.

And ſee how generous emulation fires
The youths that in the neighbouring wherry ride,
Whilſt hope of victory this and that inſpires,
Tho' equal ſkill and ſtrength retains them ſide by ſide.

But now ſome deep-ſtruck oar the weeds detain,
The rivals ſhoot with rapid ſpeed a-head,
Succeſs ſtrings every nerve, warms every vein,
Whilſt gloomy grief is o'er the vanquiſh'd ſpread.

Juſt emblem this of man's uncertain ſtate!
For when long plodding ſome ambitious ſcheme,
Ready to reach the top, ſome ſhaft of fate
Arreſts him vainly wiſe, and ends his pleaſing dream.

ELEGY IV.

MIDNIGHT.

BY THE SAME.

SOL rolls no more his beamy car on high,
No more benignly pours the radiant ray,
Sad ſable darkneſs wide obſcures the ſky,
And gloomy night uſurps the realms of day.

Gay Pleaſure treads no more the gloſſy green,
Loſt are the beauties of the verdant plain,
Creation droops thro' nature's ample ſcene,
And Chaos reaſſumes his dreary reign.

Soft warbling thro' the ſilent æther's ſpace,
No eaſy notes now ſtrike the liſt'ning ear,
But owls and bats deep night's ill-omen'd race,
Appall the timid ſoul with wild diſtracting fear.

Horror too, clad in terrible array,
Of phantom beings leads his bug-bear train,
From op'ning graves now ſolemn ſounds diſmay,
And ghoſts dire yelling ſtalk the dreary plain.

O'er ſheeted lakes and heaths of miſty hue,
Where fancy forms the fairy's magic court,
By the pale moon, or vapours glimm'ring blue,
Th' ideal elves of night their gambols ſport.

Now where devotion holds her high abode,
And vivid tapers gloom the ſacred ile,
To ſound the praiſes of th' eternal God,
The loud-peal'd organ ſhakes the holy pile.

Hail Midnight, hail, and thou the ſolemn ſcene,
The ſadly-ſerious melancholy's cell,
Where nought of Folly's ſavage train is ſeen,
But where the ſons of thought delight to dwell.

Let artful ſtateſmen *ſcheme* the awful hour,
Let empire wake ambition's daring train,
To rouſe rebellion's fell deſtructive pow'r,
And give dire diſcord o'er mankind to reign.

Let av'rice gore the wretched miſer's breaſt,
To watch with vulture care his art-rais'd mine;
Let fierce deſire diſtract the lover's reſt,
To ſigh ſad plaints at cruel SYLVIA's ſhrine.

Or where the Bacchanalians hold their reign,
And riot rules with wild deſpotic ſway,
Let laviſh ſpendthrifts ſwell the beſtial train,
And thoughtleſs in life's fatal follies ſtray.

Far other bliſs, far other joys be mine,
O thought-befriending Contemplation ſweet!
To where the midnight tapers dimly ſhine,
Conduct, benign, a ſtudious votary's feet.

Give me in Learning's ample field to ſtray,
Its ſacred tomes of treaſur'd ſenſe unfold,
With ſteady ſtep to trace the devious way,
Where ſleep the latent mines of claſſic gold.

Or 'midſt the the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the grove,
Where PHILOMELA warbles wood-notes wild;
With me, O Contemplation, deign to rove,
The ſacred ſcene and hour inviting muſings mild.

There 'till gay Phœbus gilds another ſky,
With thee I'll waſte the ſweetly-ſerious hour,
From life's low ſcenes and fatal follies fly,
And woo ſage wiſdom in her cavern'd bow'r.

Theſe ſounds whilſt fancy's plaſtic pow'r expreſt,
As thro' the ſolitary wilds I ſtray'd;
Majeſtic, like a Roman matron dreſt,
Imagination ſaw the heavenly maid.

Around a ſudden gleam illumin'd the place,
The path with eaſy elegance ſhe trod,
When thus --- ſoft-ſmiling with angelic grace,
"Here Contemplation holds her ſtill abode.

" Here oft my MILTON in the midnight gloom,
" Has caught the lofty ſentiment refin'd,
" Here oft ſought ſcience in her cloiſter'd dome,
" Hence fill'd the mighty volume of his mind.

" Here learnt above the duller ſons of earth
" In all the dignity of thought to riſe,
" Here plann'd the work, that told creation's birth,
" Hence gain'd his native palace in the ſkies.

" But rais'd to join the aerial choir on high,
" That chaunt harmonious at the Almighty's throne,
" Mov'd at the penſive world's complaintive ſigh,
" I to direct them ſent this ſecond ſon."

When leading in her hand a reverend ſage,
Her heavenly accents thus my ears addreſt,
" Receive the inſtructor of a dark'ned age,
" Religion's friend and piety's high-prieſt."

She ceas'd, and to my fancy's longing ſight
No more was given, the glorious form to ſee,
She fled along the thick'ning ſhades of night,
And left the world to Darkneſs, YOUNG, and Me.

ELEGY.

BY THE LATE MR. SHENSTONE.

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcaſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bleſt in thy ſong, and bleſt in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

DAMON, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain!
Not DAMON's friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets, farewell.

But let by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren Flattery ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chaſe, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding JESSY lay.

"HENRY, ſhe ſaid, by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
"See the ſad reliques of a nymph undone!
"I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
"I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun!

"Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
"When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return!
"Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
"But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

"Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
"That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame;
"For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
"And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame!

"The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain;
"The ſportive lambs, increaſe my penſive moan;
"All ſeem to chaſe me from the chearful plain,
"And talk of truth and innocence alone.

"If through the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
"Where bloom the jaſmins that could once allure,
"Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
"For we are ſpotleſs, JESSY; we are pure.

"Ye flow'rs that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
"Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
"The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale
"Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

" Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
" And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
" Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
" That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

" Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
" I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
" To die I languish, but I dread to die,
" Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

" Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
" And let me silent seek some friendly shore!
" There only, banish'd from the form I love,
" My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

" Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
" Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
" Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
" That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

" Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
" Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;
" Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
" Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

" Haply, when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
" Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
" Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
" And pity, welcome, to my native soil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And—ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay,
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

EPISTOLARY VERSES,

TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.;

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

BY THE LATE MR. ROBERT LLOYD.

YOU know, dear GEORGE, I'm none of thoſe
That condeſcend to write in proſe:
Inſpir'd with pathos and ſublime,
I always ſoar—in doggrel rhime,
And ſcarce can aſk you, how you do,
Without a jingling line or two.
Beſides, I always took delight in
What bears the name of *Eaſy Writing*;
Perhaps the reaſon makes it pleaſe
Is, that I find it's writ with eaſe.
I vent a notion here in private,
Which publick taſte can ne'er connive at,
Which thinks no wit or judgement greater
Than ADDISON and his *Spectator*,
Who ſays (it is no matter where,
But that he ſays it, I can ſwear)
With *eaſy Verſe* moſt bards are ſmitten,
Becauſe they think it's *eaſy written*;

Whereas the *eaſier* it appears,
The greater marks of *Care* it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illuſtration:
The fam'd MAT PRIOR, it is ſaid,
Oft bit his nails, and ſcratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Becauſe he did not like the rhimes.
To make my meaning clear, and pleaſe ye,
In ſhort, he *labour'd* to write *eaſy*.
And yet, no Critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a ſimile will hit him;
His verſe, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no taylor e'er denied)
The better fit, the more they're tried
Though I have mention'd PRIOR's Name,
Think not I aim at PRIOR's fame.
'Tis the reſult of admiration
To ſpend itſelf in imitation;
If imitation may be ſaid,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better Proofs than theſe,
That I'm idolater of *Eaſe*.
Who but a madman, would engage
A Poet in the preſent Age?
Write what we will, our works beſpeak us
Imitatores, ſervum Pecus.

Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road.
The proverb ſtill ſticks cloſely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas ſaid an age ago,
Ere MILTON ſoar'd in thought ſublime,
Ere POPE refin'd the chink of rhime,
Ere COLMAN wrote in ſtyle ſo pure,
Or the great TWO the CONNOISSEUR;
Ere I burleſqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my ſcraps of wit,
And happy in the cloſe connexion,
T' acquire ſome name from their's reflection;
So (the ſimilitude is trite)
The moon ſtill ſhines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the ſun for her lac'd clothes.
Methinks there is no better time,
To ſhew the uſe I make of rhime,
Than now, when I, who from beginning
Was always fond of couplet-ſinning,
Preſuming on good-nature's ſcore,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.
The firſt advantage which I ſee,
Is, that I ramble looſe and free:
The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhimes are *Fetters*, *Links*, and *Chains*.

And when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the ſenſe.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhime's like your *Fetters* on the *Stage*,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only ſtrut the more,
While, raving in pathetic ſtrains,
He ſhakes his legs to clank his chains.
From rhime, as from a handſome face,
Nonſenſe acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its ſcope,
That ſenſe may unperceiv'd elope:
So M———rs of baſeſt tricks
(I love a fling at *Politicks*)
Amuſe the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—KES, and hanging BYNG;
And make each *puny* rogue a prey,
While they, the *greater*, ſlink away.
This ſimile perhaps would ſtrike,
If match'd with ſomething more alike;
Then take it dreſs'd a ſecond time
In PRIOR's Eaſe, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A Mob of People in the ſtreet,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haſte to catch a Thief,
While the ſly Rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too cloſe beſet to run away,

Stop thief! ſtop thief! exclaims aloud,
And ſo eſcapes among the croud?
So Miniſters, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For ſure thy loſſes now are great;
Two ſuch what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the *Connoiſſeur!*

To day*, or e'er the ſun goes down,
Will die the *Cenſor*, Mr. TOWN!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With bluſhing honours thick upon him;
O may his name theſe verſes ſave,
Be theſe inſcrib'd upon his grave!

" Know, Reader, that on Thurſday died,
" The CONNOISSEUR, a Suicide!
" Yet think not that his ſoul is fled,
" Nor rank him 'mongſt the vulgar dead.
" Howe'er defunct you ſet him down,
" He's only *going out* of TOWN.

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. TOWN, Author of the *Connoiſſeur*, a Periodical Eſſay, (ſince publiſhed in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London) took leave of his Readers, with an humourous account of HIMSELF.

THE NUN.

AN ELEGY.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,
All beauty's treaſure opening on her cheek,
Each flatt'ring hope ſubdued, each wiſh reſign'd,
Does gay OPHELIA this lone manſion ſeek.

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forſake
The paths, thy birth and fortune ſtrew with flow'rs?
Through nature's kind endearing ties to break,
And waſte in cloyſter'd walls thy penſive hours?

Let ſober thought reſtrain thine erring zeal,
That guides thy footſteps to the veſtal gate,
Leſt thy ſoft heart (this friendſhip bids reveal)
Like mine unbleſt ſhou'd mourn like mine too late.

Does ſome angelic lonely-whiſp'ring voice,
Some ſacred impulſe, or ſome dream divine,
Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—
Approach with confidence the awful ſhrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble baſe
(While ſtreams of rapture from thine eye-lid ſteal,
And ſmiling heav'n illumes thy ſoul with grace)
Pronounce the vow, thou never can'ſt repeal.

Yet if miſled by falſe-entitled friends,
Who ſay—" That peace with all her comely train,
" From ſtarry regions to this clime deſcends,
" Smooths ev'ry frown, and ſoftens ev'ry pain :

" That veſtals tread contentment's flow'ry lawn,
" Approv'd of Innocence, by health careſt :
" That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,
" Celeſtial hope ſits ſmiling at their breaſt."

Suſpect their ſyren ſong and artful ſtyle,
Their pleaſing ſounds ſome treach'rous thought conceal!
Full oft does pride with ſainted voice beguile,
And fordid int'reſt wear the maſk of zeal.

A tyrant-abbeſs here perchance may reign,
Who, fond of pow'r, affects the imperial nod,
Looks down diſdainful on her female train,
And rules the cloyſter with an iron rod.

Reflection ſickens at the life-long tie,
Back-glancing mem'ry acts her buſy part,
Its charms the world unfolds to fancy's eye,
And ſheds allurement on the wiſhful heart.

Lo! Diſcord enters at the ſacred porch,
Rage in her frown, and terror on her creſt :
Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps ſhe lights her torch,
And holds it flaming to each virgin breaſt.

But ſince the legends of monaſtic bliſs
By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd,
Unbought experience learn from my diſtreſs,
Oh! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three luſtres ſcarce with haſty wing were fled,
When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend,
A thoughtleſs victim to the temple led,
And (bluſh ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what ſolemn ſcenes deceiv'd my choice?
The pealing organ's animating ſound,
The choral virgins' captivating voice,
The blazing altar, and the prieſts around:

The train of youths array'd in pureſt white,
Who ſcatter'd myrtles as I paſs'd along;
The thouſand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,
The kiſs of peace from all the veſtal throng:

The golden cenſers toſs'd with graceful hand,
Whoſe fragrant breath Arabian odor ſhed:
Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,
With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

—My willing ſoul was caught in rapture's flame,
While ſacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein:
Methought applauding angels ſung my name,
And heav'n's unſullied glories gilt the fane.

This temporary tranſport ſoon expir'd,
My drooping heart confeſs'd a dreadful void:
E'er ſince, alas! abandon'd, uninſpir'd,
I tread this dome to miſery allied.

No wakening joy informs my ſullen breaſt,
Thro' opening ſkies no radiant ſeraph ſmiles,
No ſaint deſcends to ſooth my ſoul to reſt,
No dream of bliſs the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard diſcontent ſtill haunts my view;
The ſombre genius reigns in ev'ry place,
Arrays each virtue in the darkeſt hue,
Chills ev'ry prayer, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the chearleſs cell,
The gloomy grotto and unſocial wood:
I hear her ever in the midnight bell,
The hollow gale, and hoarſe reſounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,
(The ſad remembrance time ſhall ne'er eraſe)
When having ſeal'd th' irrevocable vow
I haſten'd to receive her laſt embrace.

Full-well ſhe then preſag'd my wretched fate,
Th' unhappy moments of each future day:
When lock'd within this terror-ſhedding grate,
My joy-deſerted ſoul wou'd pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold
This cloyſter'd ſcene in all its horror dreſt
Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps withold
When here I enter'd a reluctant gueſt.

Ah! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,
And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail?
Th' unfeeling prieſt why did ſhe not upbraid?
Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil?

Alas! ſhe might not—her relentleſs lord
Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid her ſtreaming tear,
So anguiſh in her breaſt conceal'd its hoard,
And all the mother ſunk in dumb deſpair.

But thou who own'ſt a father's ſacred name,
What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?
What crime had forfeited my filial claim?
And giv'n (oh blaſting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deſerve thy care,
Oh haſte and bear her from this loneſome gloom!
In vain—no words can ſooth his rigid ear:
And Gallia's laws have riveted my doom.

Ye cloiſter'd fair—ye cenſure-breathing ſaints,
Suppreſs your taunts, and learn at length to ſpare,
Tho' mid theſe holy walls I vent my plaints,
And give to ſorrow what is due to pray'r.

I fled not to this manſion's deep receſs,
To veil the bluſhes of a guilty ſhame,
The tenor of an ill-ſpent life redreſs,
And ſnatch from infamy a ſinking name.

Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow;
From fatal ſymptoms if I right conceive,
This ſtream OPHELIA has not long to flow,
This voice to murmur, and this breaſt to heave.

Ah! when extended on th' untimely bier
To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd,
Thoul't not refuſe to ſhed one grateful tear,
And breathe the *requiem* to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious footſtep join the ſable train,
As thro' the lengthening ile they take their way:
A glimmering taper let thy hand ſuſtain,
Thy ſoothing voice attune the funeral lay:

Behold the miniſter who lately gave
The ſacred veil, in garb of mournful hue,
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,
And ſprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew:

As o'er the corſe he ſtrews the rattling duſt,
The ſterneſt heart will raiſe compaſſion's ſigh:
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjuſt,
The tears may trickle from a *father*'s eye.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF TRINITY COLL.

WHEN now, mature in claſſic knowledge,
The joyful youth is ſent to college,
His father comes, an humble ſuitor,
With bows and ſpeeches to his tutor,
"Sir, give me leave to recommend him,
"I'm ſure you cannot but befriend him;
"I'll warrant that his good behav'our
"Shall juſtify your future favour;
"And for his parts, to tell the truth,
"My ſon's a very forward youth;
"He's young indeed, but has a ſpirit,
"And wants but means to ſhew his merit;
"Has *Horace* all by heart,—you'd wonder,
"And mouths out *Homer*'s greek like thunder.
"If you'd but venture to admit him,
"A ſcholarſhip would nicely fit him;
"That he ſucceeds 'tis ten to one,
"Your vote and intereſt, Sir,—'tis done."
Our candidate at length gets in,
A hopeful ſcholar of Coll. Trin.

A ſcholarſhip not half maintains,
And college-rules are heavy chains;
So ſcorning the late wiſh'd-for prize,
For a fat fellowſhip he ſighs.
When, nine full tedious winters paſt,
His utmoſt wiſh is crown'd at laſt;
That utmoſt wiſh no ſooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot.—
" Theſe fellowſhips are pretty things,
" We live, indeed, like petty kings;
" But who can bear to ſpend his whole age
" Amid the dullneſs of a college;
" Debarr'd the common joys of life,
" And what is worſe than all—a Wife!
" Would ſome ſnug benefice but fall,
" Ye feaſts, and gaudies, farewell all!
" To offices I'd bid adieu
" Of Dean, Vice-Præs,—nay Burſar too;
" Come tithes, come glebe, come fields ſo pleaſant,
" Come ſports, come partridge, hare and pheaſant."
Well—after waiting many a year,
A living falls,—two hundred clear.
With breaſt elate beyond expreſſion,
He hurries down to take poſſeſſion;
With rapture views the ſweet retreat,—
" What a convenient houſe! how neat!
" The garden how compleatly plann'd!
" And is all this at my command!

" For fuel here's good ſtore of wood,—
" Pray God, the cellars be but good!
Continuing this fantaſtic farce on,
He now commences Country Parſon;
To make his character entire,
He weds a———Couſin of the 'Squire;
Not over-weighty in the purſe;
But many Doctors have done worſe.
Content at firſt,—he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his church-wardens have diſcerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he ſees,
And chuckles o'er his ſurplice-fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
Smokes with the 'Squire,—and clips his yews;
Of Oxford pranks, facetious tells,
And, but on ſundays, hears no bells.
But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs breaſt
By cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
Each day ſome ſcene of woe commences
By new and unforeſeen expences;
And ſoon the butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin;
For children more expences yet,
And Dickey now for ſchool is fit.
" Why did I ſell my college life
" (He cries) for benefice and wife!

" Oh could the days once more but come,
" When calm I ſmoak'd in common room,
" And din'd with breaſt untroubled, under
" The picture of our pious founder;
" When, for amuſement, my tyrannic
" Sway could put freſhmen in a pannic;
" When impoſitions were ſupplied
" To light my pipe—or ſooth my pride!
" No cares of family oppreſs'd me,
" Nor wife by day—nor night diſtreſs'd me.
" Each day receiv'd ſucceſſive pleaſure,
" Or ſpent in reading, or in leiſure;
" And every night I went to bed
" Without a chriſt'ning in my head."

O trifling head, and fickle heart!—
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art!
A dupe to follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of pleaſure's ſcarce enjoy'd;
Each prize obtain'd, thy rapture ceaſes,
And in the ſearch alone it pleaſes.

O D E *

TO

ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ;

I.

THIS goodly frame what virtue ſo approves,
And teſtifies the pure etherial ſpirit
As mild Benevolence?
She with her ſiſter Mercy ſtill awaits
Beſide th' eternal throne of Jove,
And meaſures forth with unwithdrawing hand
The bleſſings of the various year,
Sunſhine or ſhow'r, and chides the madding tempeſt.

II.

With her the heaven-bred nymph meek Charity,
Shall faſhion ONSLOW forth in faireſt portrait;
And with recording care
Weave the freſh wreath that flow'ring virtue claims.
But oh, what muſe ſhall join the band?
He long has ſojourn'd in the ſacred haunts,
And knows each whiſp'ring grot and glade,
Trod by Apollo, and the light-foot Graces.

* This elegant Poem was written by a Gentleman well known in the Learned World, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father, during the laſt war, whoſe character he has therein aſſumed.

III.

How then ſhall awkward gratitude
And the preſumption of untutor'd duty
Attune my numbers all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of ſuch a ſong;
Yet will I ſtretch aloof,
And when I tell of Courteſy,
Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
Of awful Prudence ſoothing fell Contention,
Where ſhall the lineaments agree
But in thee, ONSLOW? You, your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor miſdeem a Soldier's bold emprize;

IV.

Who in the diſſonance of barb'rous war,
Long train'd, reviſits oft the ſacred treaſures
Of antique memory;
Or where ſage PINDAR reins his fiery car,
Through the vaſt vault of heaven ſecure,
Or what the Attic muſe that HOMER fill'd,
Her other ſon, thy MILTON taught,
Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle SPENSER.

V.

And ever as I go, allurements vain
Cheriſh a feeble fire, and feed my idle
Fancy: O cou'd I once
Charm to their melody my ſhrilling reeds!

To HENRYS and to EDWARDS old,
Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful ſong;
Or tell what time BRITANNIA,
Whilom the faireſt daughter of old Ocean,

VI.

In loathly diſarray, dull eyes,
And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject ſons:
Till WILLIAM, great deliverer,
Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
Religion, matron ſtaid,
With all her kindred goddeſſes;
Juſtice with ſteady brow,
Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd Commerce,
In flowing veſt of thouſand hues.
Fain would I ſhadow out old BOURBON's pile
Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning cumb'rous fall;

IV.

Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
O'er the wide-ſwelling waſte it rolls avengeful.
As when collected clouds
Forth from the gloomy ſouth in deep array,
Athwart the dark'ning landſcape throng,
Fraught with loud ſtorms, and thunder's dreadful peal,

At which the murd'rer ſtands aghaſt,
And waſling Riot ill diſſembles terror.

VIII.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro erſt diſtain'd
With mooriſh carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon ſhall I greet the morn,
When, Europe ſav'd, BRITAIN and GEORGE's name
Shall ſound o'er Flandria's level field,
Familiar in domeſtic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

IX.

The juſt memorial of fair deeds
Still flouriſhes, and like th' untainted ſoul
Bloſſoms in freſheſt age, above
The weary fleſh, and envy's rankling wound.
Such after years mature
In full account ſhall be thy meed.
O! may your riſing hope
Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
Till a freſh-ſpringing flock implore
With infant hands a grandſire's pow'rful pray'r,
Or round your honour'd couch their prattling ſports perſue.

JOB, CHAPTER XXXIX.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

DEclare, if heav'nly wiſdom bleſs thy tongue,
When teems the MOUNTAIN-GOAT with promis'd young;
The ſtated ſeaſons tell, the month explain,
When feels the bounding HIND a mother's pain;
While in th' oppreſſive agonies of birth,
Silent they bow the ſorrowing head to earth?
Why crop their luſty ſeed the verdant food?
Why leave their dams, to ſearch the gloomy wood?
Say whence the WILD-ASS wantons o'er the plain,
Sports uncontroul'd, unconſcious of the rein?
'Tis his o'er ſcenes of ſolitude to roam,
The waſte his houſe, the wilderneſs his home?
He ſcorns the crouded city's pomp and noiſe,
Nor heeds the driver's rod, nor hears his voice;
At will, on ev'ry various verdure fed,
His paſture o'er the ſhaggy cliffs is ſpread.
Will the fierce UNICORN obey thy call,
Enſlav'd to man, and patient of the ſtall?
Say, will he ſtubborn ſtoop thy yoke to bear,
And thro' the furrow drag the tardy ſhare?

Say, can'ſt thou think, O wretch of vain belief,
His lab'ring limbs will draw thy weighty ſheaf?
Or can'ſt thou tame the temper of his blood
With faithful feet to trace the deſtin'd road?
Who paints the PEACOCK's train with radiant eyes,
And all the bright diverſity of dies?
Whoſe hand the ſtately OSTRICH has ſupply'd
With glorious plumage, and her ſnowy pride?
Thoughtleſs ſhe leaves amid the duſty way,
Her eggs to ripen in the genial ray;
Nor heeds, that ſome fell beaſt, who thirſts for blood,
Or the rude foot may cruſh the future brood.
In her no love the tender offspring ſhare,
No ſoft remembrance, no maternal care:
For God has ſteel'd her unrelenting breaſt,
Nor feeling ſenſe, nor inſtinct mild impreſt,
Bade her the rapid-ruſhing ſteed deſpiſe,
Outſtrip the rider's rage, and tow'r amidſt the ſkies.
Didſt thou the HORSE with ſtrength and beauty deck?
Haſt thou in thunder cloath'd his nervous neck?
Will he, like groveling graſhoppers afraid,
Start at each ſound, at ev'ry breeze diſmay'd;
A cloud of fire his lifted noſtrils raiſe,
And breathe a glorious terror as they blaze.
He paws indignant, and the valley ſpurns,
Rejoicing in his might, and for the battle burns.
When quivers rattle, and the frequent ſpear
Flies flaſhing, leaps his heart with languid fear?

Swallowing with fierce and greedy rage the ground,
" Is this, he cries, the trumpet's warlike ſound ?"
Eager he ſcents the battle from afar,
And all the mingling thunder of the war.
Flies the fierce HAWK by thy ſupreme command,
To ſeek ſoft climates, and a ſouthern land ?
Who bade th' aſpiring EAGLE mount the ſky,
And build her firm aerial neſt on high ?
On the bare cliff, or mountain's ſhaggy ſteep,
Her fortreſs of defence ſhe dares to keep !
Thence darts her radiant eye's pervading ray,
Inquiſitive to ken the diſtant prey.
Seeks with her thirſty brood th' enſanguin'd plain,
There bathes her beak in blood, companion of the ſlain.

ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. THOMSON,

BY MR. COLLINS.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

I.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
Where ſlowly winds the ſtealing wave!
The year's beſt ſweets ſhall duteous riſe
To deck it's Poet's ſylvan grave!

II.

In yon deep bed of whiſp'ring reeds
His airy harp * ſhall now be laid,
That he, whoſe heart in ſorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the ſoothing ſhade.

* The harp of ÆOLUS, of which ſee a deſcription in the CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

III.

Then maids and youths ſhall linger here,
And while its ſounds at diſtance ſwell,
Shall ſadly ſeem in Pity's ear
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

IV.

Remembrance oft ſhall haunt the ſhore
When Thames in ſummer wreaths is dreſt,
And oft ſuſpend the daſhing oar
To bid his gentle ſpirit reſt!

V.

And oft as Eaſe and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or foreſt deep,
The friend ſhall view yon whitening * ſpire,
And 'mid the varied landſcape weep.

VI.

But Thou, who own'ſt that earthy bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity ſhed
That mourn beneath the gliding ſail!

VII.

Yet lives there one, whoſe heedleſs eye
Shall ſcorn thy pale ſhrine glimm'ring near?
With him, ſweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy deſert the blooming year.

* Richmond Church.

VIII.

But thou, lorn ſtream, whoſe ſullen tide
No ſedge-crown'd Sifters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's ſide
Whoſe cold turf hides the buried friend!

IX.

And ſee, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the ſolemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted ſhade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu!

X.

The genial meads aſſign'd to bleſs
The life, ſhall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds, and ſhepherd-girls ſhall dreſs
With ſimple hands thy rural tomb.

XI.

Long, long, thy ſtone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the muſing Briton's eyes,
O! vales, and wild woods, ſhall He ſay
In yonder Grave Your Druid lies!

THE CHILD BIRTH.

IN THE MANNER OF GAY.

THE doleful dumps I ſing, and tearful woes,
Of MARIAN teeming with unlawful throes:
The ſheeneſt laſs in Berkſhire was ſhe known,
Of all that butter ſell to Reading town:
Not the ſeven ſiſters could o'er her prevail,
The golden farmer's daughters of the vale,
Tho' every Oxford muſe their charms has ſung
And graveſt doctors * join'd the tuneful throng.

Ye peers! who careleſs of ambition, chuſe
To court the labours of the paſt'ral muſe;
And all the wond'rous bards who try the lay
Where black Cam rolls, or Iſis' eddies play,
Aſſiſt the labours of an humble ſwain,
Rude to the pipe, and novice on the plain.

Nine months ſucceſſive now had rolled round,
Since MARIAN firſt the pleaſing miſchief found;
In vain her hands had cull'd th' abortive weed,
Nor aught avail'd the 'pothecary's aid.

* The Rev. Dr. WILKES wrote a poem upon them.

Her womb began with fatal ſize to ſwell.
And ſick'ning qualms the bluſhful ſecret tell:
Then all in ſad deſpair ſhe made her moan,
Lodona's waters echoed groan for groan.
" Ah! faithleſs COLIN CLOUT! ah, luckleſs I!
" And canſt thou, cruel! from thy MARIAN fly?
" How often haſt thou ſuck'd my panting breath?
" How often ſwore to love me true till death?
" But to the Juſtice I'll reveal my plight,
" And with a conſtable purſue thy flight.
" Ah! how unequal, as our parſon preaches,
" Are this world's goods! and ſure he rightly teaches;
" For what to maidens brings eternal ſtain,
" (Sad management!) gives honour to the ſwain.
" Twas on the blitheſt morn of all the year,
" When new-born May bids every ſhepherd chear;
" When artful maids their rival fancies ſhew,
" And well-wrought garlands beam on ev'ry bough;
" When gaudy fairs beſpangle every ſtreet,
" And lowing cows the novel paſture greet;
" Freſh roſe I, MARIAN hight, from ruſtic bed,
" The morning dream ſtill hov'ring o'er my head;
" Gay ſhews and ſweethearts had employ'd my thought,
" The kiſs imprinted, and the fairing bought!
" From lavendar I drew the tucker'd ſmock,
" And hoſen boaſtful of a various clock;
" The ſilver knot well ſcollop'd on my head,
" And donn'd the ſunday gown berob'd with red.

" Thus all bedight, and ready for the fair,
" I ſat impatient with a wiſtful air,
" Expecting COLIN CLOUT, my perjur'd ſwain,
" Who always follow'd MARIAN on the plain:
" With him the moon-light walk I us'd to tread,
" With him I danc'd upon the ſportive mead;
" That very morn had taught the ſnails to crawl,
" And print myſterious letters on the wall.
" At length he came, and I with joyous meed
" Mounted behind him on the pillion'd ſteed:
" Sweetly I ſung, he whiſtled to the lay,
" Sweetly I ſung the ſong, and ſung the day:
" *What beauteous ſcenes* began the tuneful tale!
" And next I humm'd *the ſweets of Arno's vale*;
" Then MOLLY MOGG, fair damſel of the Roſe,
" And *lovely* PEGGY, taſte of London beaux.
" And now in view gay Reading ſtrikes our eyes,
" And all the dainties of the fair ariſe:
" Here Birmingham its boaſted ware diſplays,
" There leathern breeches hight, and bodice ſtays;
" Here poſied garters flutter'd in the way,
" There painted hobby-horſes ſeem to neigh;
" Here belles in gingerbread all gilded over,
" And little gew-gaw H———YS act the lover.
" Shepherds and nymphs from every part repair,
" All who from Oxford hills direct the ſhare,
" Who fell the foreſt, or who mow the mead,
" Or drag in little boats the finny breed:

" Her wide-mouth'd ſons low-ſeated Henley ſends,
" And ſmoaky Oakingham it's tribute lends.
" But far did MARIAN all the reſt outvie,
" No cheek ſo ruddy, nor ſo black an eye;
" Scarce DOLLY C----K the daughter of the may'r,
" With all the flaxen ringlets of her hair,
" With all the ſnowy fulneſs of her breaſt,
" In blithſome features might with me conteſt.
" All youths ambitiouſly around me ſtrove,
" Each gave ſome choſen emblem of his love;
" One queintly bought the garters for my thighs,
" While ſimple archneſs ſparkled in his eyes.
" But all their fairings unſucceſsful prove,
" Still true to COLIN CLOUT I held me love.
" ——Ah! fly deceiver! you enclaſp'd me arm,
" And ſeem'd my ſaviour, while you meant my harm;
" Far too unequal was the high reward,
" My maidenhead muſt pay thee for thy guard;
" Already warm'd with joy you win my heart,
" And ſtamp a little COLIN e'er we part.
" —Yet now, when nature fills my womb, to fly—
" Nor yet one tear to iſſue from thine eye—
" My ſlighted love to quick reſentment turns;
" Lo my blood riſes, and my cheek all burns!
" O I could tear thee, as I tear this glove—
" Go, horrid monſter! I deſpiſe thy love,
" Thy oaths I quit, thy fairings I reſign,
" Forget, renounce thee, hate whate'er was thine.

" * No chriſtian mother bound thy infant head,
" Some Turk begat thee, or ſome Papiſt bred;
" Or dropt on Cambrian hills, a ſqualid brat,
" Some ſhe-goat ſuckled thee with ſavage teat.
" † — Go to thy drab, whoe'er has won thy heart,
" And may the pox devouring make thee ſmart;
" ‡ My vengeful ghoſt ſhall haunt thee o'er the plain,
" Yes, thou ſhalt ſuffer, villain, for my pain.
" — But ah! my rage relents, my ſorrow flows;
" Come COLIN! faithleſs ſhepherd! eaſe my woes.
" And muſt I in the ſheet opprobrious ſtand?
" Thy plight is troth'd, ah! come and give thy hand:
" My conſcience ſtarts, whene'er I hear a knell,
" And is a little love deſerving hell?
" Too hard a penance for a ſin ſo ſlight!
" Ah how my heart miſgives me every night!
" When ſleep has clos'd my ſorrow-ſtreaming eyes,
" Then ghaſtly dreams, and hateful thoughts ariſe:

* *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,*
Perfide, ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus, Hyrcanæque admorunt ubera tigres.

† *I, ſequere Italiam ventis, &c.*
Spero equidem mediis, ſiquid pia numina, &c.

‡ *Omnibus umbra locis adero, dabis, improbe, pœnas.*

Æn. 4.

" * All unaccompany'd methinks I go,
" O'er Iriſh bogs, a wilderneſs of woe!
" Ah! my wits turn! ſtrange phantoms round me fly!
" Lo! I am chang'd into a gooſb'ry pye!
" Forbear to eat me up, inhuman rabble!
" Cocks crow, ducks quake, hens cackle, turkies gabble."

Thus as ſhe rav'd, her womb with rueful throes
Did to the light a luſty babe diſcloſe:
Long while ſhe doubted of the ſmirking boy,
Or on her knee to dandle or deſtroy;
Love prompted her to ſave, and Pride to drown,
At length Pride conquer'd, and ſhe dropt her ſon.

* *--- Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata *videtur*
Ire viam, & Tyrios deſertâ quærere terrâ.
Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus, &c.

Æn. 4.

ON A

LADY'S

PRESENTING A SPRIG OF MYRTLE

TO A

GENTLEMAN.

BY MR. HAMMOND.

WHAT fears, what terrors does thy gift create!
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate!
The myrtle, enſign of ſupreme command,
(Conſign'd by VENUS to MELISSA's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects the lover's care.
In myrtle groves oft ſings the happy ſwain,
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain;
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle ſpreads;
Oh! then the meaning of thy gift impart,
And cure the throbbings of an anxious heart:
Soon muſt this bough, as you ſhall fix his doom,
Adorn PHILANDER's head, or grace his tomb.

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH FONTENELLE's PLURALITY OF WORLDS.

IN this ſmall work all nature's wonders ſee,
The ſoften'd features of philoſophy.
In truth by eaſy ſteps you here advance,
Truth, as diverting as the beſt romance.
Long had theſe arts to ſages been confin'd,
None ſaw their beauty, till by poring blind;
By ſtudying ſpent, like men that cram too full,
From Wiſdom's feaſt they roſe not cheer'd, but dull:
The gay and airy ſmil'd to ſee 'em grave,
And fled ſuch wiſdom like TROPHONIUS' cave.
Juſtly they thought they might thoſe arts deſpiſe,
Which made men ſullen, ere they could be wiſe.
Brought down to ſight, with eaſe you view 'em here;
Tho' deep the bottom, yet the ſtream is clear.
Your flutt'ring ſex ſtill valued ſcience leſs;
Careleſs of any, but the arts of dreſs.
Their uſeleſs time was idly thrown away
On empty novels, or ſome new-born play.
The beſt perhaps, a few looſe hours might ſpare
For ſome unmeaning thing, miſcall'd a pray'r.

In vain the glittering orbs each ſtarry night,
With mingling blazes ſhed a flood of light:
Each nymph with cold indiff'rence ſaw 'em riſe;
And, taught by fops, to them preferr'd her eyes.
None thought the ſtars were ſuns ſo widely ſown,
None dreamt of other worlds, beſides our own.
Well might they boaſt their charms, when ev'ry fair
Thought this world all, and her's the brighteſt here.
Ah! quit not the large thoughts this book inſpires,
For thoſe thin trifles which your ſex admires;
Aſſert your claim to ſenſe, and ſhew mankind,
That reaſon is not to themſelves confin'd.
The haughty belle, whoſe beauty's awful ſhrine.
'Twere ſacrilege t' imagine not divine,
Who thought ſo greatly of her eyes before,
Bid her read this, and then be vain no more.
How poor ev'n You, who reign without controul,
If we except the beauties of your ſoul!
Should all beholders feel the ſame ſurprize;
Should all who ſee you, ſee you with my eyes;
Were no ſuch blaſts to make that beauty leſs;
Should you be what I think, what all confeſs:
'Tis but a narrow ſpace thoſe charms engage;
One Iſland only, and not half an Age.

ODE

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER,

Being the BIRTH-DAY of a very beautiful YOUNG LADY.

BY MR. CHRISTOPHER SMART.

I.

HAIL eldeſt of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
DECEMBER, in whoſe iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year:
Huſh all the bluſt'ring blaſts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in ſilver ſnow
Smile gladly on this bleſt of days;
The livery'd clouds ſhall on thee wait,
And PHOEBUS ſhine in all his ſtate,
With more than ſummer rays.

II.

Tho' jocund JUNE may juſtly boaſt
Long days and happy hours;
Tho' AUGUST be POMONA's hoſt,
And MAY be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell JUNE his fire and crimſon dyes
By HARRIOT's bluſh, and HARRIOT's eyes
Eclips'd and vanquiſh'd fade away;
Tell AUGUST, thou canſt let him ſee
A richer, riper fruit than He,
A ſweeter flow'r than MAY.

PART OF THE

PROLOGUE

TO

SIR DAVID LYNDESAY's DREAM.

WRITTEN IN THE REIGN OF KING JAMES V.

I.

IN the kalendies of Januarie,
When freſche PHOEBUS by moving circulair
From Capricorn was enter'd in Aquarie,
With blaſtis that the branches made full bare,
The ſnow and ſleet perturbit all the air,
And flemit FLORA from everie bank and bus,
Throuch ſupport of the auſteir Eolus.

II.

Efter that I the lang wynteris night
Had lyne waking in my bed allone
Throw hevy thought, that na way ſleep I micht,
Remembering of divers thingis gone:
Sa up I rois, and cleithit me anone
By this fair Titan with his lemis licht
O'er all the land had ſpred his banner bricht.

III.

With cloke and hude I dreſſit me belive,
With dowbill ſchone, and myttains on my handis,
Howbeit the air was richt penetratyve,
Zet ſure I forth lanſing outhort the landis,
Towards the ſea, to ſchort me on the ſandis
Becauſe unblomit was baith bank and bray,
And ſa as I was paſſing by the way,

IV.

I met dame FLORA in dule weid diſagyſit,
Quilk into May was dulce and delectabill,
With ſtalwart ſtormis hir ſweetneſs was ſurpriſit,
Hir heavinlie hewis war turnit into ſabill,
Quilkis umguile war to Luffaris amiabill,
Fled from the froiſt, the tender flouris I ſaw
Under dame Nature's mantill lurking law.

V.

The ſmall fowlis in flockis ſaw I flee
To nature makand lamentatioun,
They lichtit down beſide me on ane tree,
Of thair complaint I had compaſſioun,
And with ane piteous exclamation
They ſaid " blyſſit be ſomer with his flouris,
" And waryit be thou wynter with thy ſchowris.

VI.

" Allace AURORE, (the ſillie lark did cry)
" Quhair has thou left thy balmy liquour ſweit,
" That us rejoiſit mounting in the ſky ?
" Thy ſilver dropps are turned into ſleit.
" Of fair PHEBUS quhair is the holſum heit,
" Quhy tholis thow thy hevinlie pleſand face,
" With myſtie vapouris to be obſcurit, allace !

VII.

" Quhair art thou May, with June thy ſiſter ſchene
" Weill bordourit with daſeis of delyte ?
" And gentill Julie, with thy mantill grene,
" Enamelit with roſis reid and quhyte ?
" Now auld and cauld Januar in diſpyte
" Reiffis from us all paſtime and pleſure
" Allace ! quhait gentle hart may this indure ?

VIII.

" Ovirſilit ar with cloudis odious
" The goldin ſkyis of the orient,
" Changeing in ſorrow our ſing melodious,
" Quhilk we had wont to ſing with gude intent,
" Reſoundant to the hevinnis firmament,
" But now our day is changed into the nicht,"
With that they roſe and flew forth of my ſicht.

HARDYKNUTE.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

STATELY ſtept he eaſt the wa,
And ſtately ſtept he weſt,
Full ſeventy zeirs he now had ſene,
With ſkerſs ſevin zeirs of reſt.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wroucht Scotland meikle wae.
And ay his ſword told to their coſt,
He was their diedly fae.

II.

Hie on a hill his caſtle ſtude,
With halls and touris a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to ſe,
Quair he lodgit mony a knicht.
His Dame ſa peirleſs anes and fair,
For chaſt and bewtie deimt,
Nae marrow had in all the land,
Saif ELENOR the queen.

III.

Full thirtein ſons to him ſcho bare,
All men of valour ſtout;
In bluidy ficht with ſword in hand,
Nyne loſt their lives bot doubt;
Four zit remain, lang may they live
To ſtand my liege and land:
Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
And hie was their command.

IV.

Great luve they bare to FAIRLY fair,
Their ſiſter ſaft and deir,
Her girdle ſhawd her middle gimp,
And gowden gliſt her hair.
Quhat waefou wae hir bewtie bred?
Waefou to zung and auld,
Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
As ſtory ever tauld.

V.

The king of Norſe in ſummer tyde,
Puft up with power and micht,
Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
With mony a hardy knicht:
The tydings to our gude Scots king
Came, as he ſat at dyne,
With noble chiefs in braif aray,
Drinking the bluđe-reid wyne.

VI.

" To horſe, to horſe, my ryal liege,
" Zour faes ſtand on the ſtrand,
" Full twenty thouſand glittering ſpears
" The king of Norſe commands."
Bring me my ſteed Mage dapple grey,
Our gude king raiſe and cryd,
A truſtier beaſt in all the land
A Scots king nevir ſeyd.

VII.

Go little page, tell HARDYKNUTE,
That lives on hill ſo hie,
To draw his ſword, the dreid of faes,
And haſte and follow me.
The little page flew ſwift as dart,
Flung by his maſter's arm,
Cum down, cum down lord HARDYKNUTE,
And rid zour king frae harm.

VIII.

Then reid, reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
In dangers great to do;
He hes tane a horn as grene as graſs,
And gien five ſounds ſae ſhrill,
That treis in grene wode ſchuke thercat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

IX.

His ſons in manly ſport and glie,
Had paſs'd the ſummer's morn,
Quhen lo! down in a graſſy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir ſounds in peace,
We haif other ſport to byde;
And ſune they heyd them up the hill,
And ſune were at his ſyde.

X.

Late, late the zeſtrene I wield in peace
To end my lengthen'd lyfe,
My age micht weil excuſe my arm
Frae manly feats of ſtryfe;
But now that NORSE dois proudly boaſt
Fair Scotland to inthrall,
Its neir be ſaid of HARDYKNUTE
He feard to ficht or fall.

XI.

ROBIN of Rothſay, bend thy bow,
Thy arrows ſhoote ſae leil,
Many a comely countenance
They haif turnd to deidly pale:
Brade THOMAS tak ze but zour lance,
Ze need nae weapons mair,
Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
Gainſt Weſtmorland's ferſs heir.

XII.

Malcom, licht of fute as ſtag
That runs in foreſt wyld,
Get me my thouſands thrie of men
Well bred to ſword and ſchield:
Bring me my horſe and harniſine
My blade of metal cleir;
If faes kend but the hand it bare,
They ſune had fled for feir.

XIII.

Farewell my dame ſae peirleſs gude,
And took her by the hand,
Fairer to me in age zou ſeem,
Than maids for bewtie fam'd:
My zoungeſt ſon ſall here remain
To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
And ſhut the ſilver bolt that keips
Sae faſt zour painted bowirs.

XIV.

And firſt ſcho wet her comely cheiks,
And then hir boddice grene,
Hir ſilken cords of twirtle twiſt,
Well plett with ſilver ſchene;
And apron ſet with mony a dice
Of neidle-wark ſae rare,
Wove by nea hand, as ze may gueſs,
Saif that of fairly fair.

XV.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
Owre hills and mony a glen,
Quhen he came to a wounded knicht,
Making a heavy mane;
Here maun I lie, here maun I die,
By treacheries falſe gyles;
Witleſs I was that eir gaif faith
To wicked womans ſmiles.

XVI.

Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
To lean on ſilken ſeat,
To ladyis kindly care zoud prove,
Quha neir ſtend deidly hate;
Hir ſelf wald watch ze all the day,
Hir maids at deid of nicht;
And FAIRLY fair zour heart wald cheir,
As ſcho ſtands in zour ſicht.

XVII.

Aryſe zoung knicht, and mount zour ſteid,
Full lowns the ſhynand day
Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis,
To leid ze on the way.
With ſmyleſs luke, and viſage wan,
The wounded knicht reply'd,
Kynd chiftain, zour intent purſue,
For here I maun abyde.

XVIII.

To me nae after day nor nicht,
Can eir be ſweit or fair,
But ſune beneath ſum draping tree,
Cauld death ſall end my care.
With him nae pleading micht prevail,
Brave HARDYKNUTE to gain,
With faireſt words and reaſon ſtrong,
Strave courteouſly in vain.

XIX.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre,
Lord CHATTANS land ſae wyde,
That lord a worthy wicht was ay,
Quhen ſees his courage ſeyd:
Of Pictiſh race by mothers ſyde,
Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,
Lord CHATTAN claimd the princely maid,
Quhen he ſaſt Pictiſh crown.

XX.

Now with his ferſs and ſtalwart train,
He reicht a ryſing heicht,
Quhair braid encampit on the dale,
Norſs menzie lay in ſicht;
Zonder my valiant ſons and ferſs,
Our raging revers wait,
On the unconquerit Scottiſh ſwaird,
To try with us their fate.

XXI.

Make oriſons to him that ſaift
Our ſauls upon the rude,
Syne braifly ſchaw zour veins are filld
With Caledonian blude.
Then forth he drew his truſty glaive,
Quhyle thouſands all around,
Drawn frae their ſheaths glanſt in the ſun,
And loud the bougills ſound.

XXII.

To join his king adoun the hill
In haſt his merch he made,
Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minſtrals meit
Afore him ſtately ſtrade;
Thryſe welcome, valziant ſtoup of weir,
Thy nations ſcheild and pryde;
Thy king nae reaſon has to feir
Quhen thou art by his ſyde.

XXIII.

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
For thrang ſcarce could they flie,
The darts clove arrows as they met,
The arrows dart the trie.
Lang did they rage and ficht full ferſs,
With little ſkaith to man,
But bludy, bludy was the field,
Ere that lang day was done.

XXIV.

The king of Scots that ſindle bruik'd
The war that luikd like play,
Drew his braid ſword, and brake his bow,
Sen bows ſeimt but delay:
Quoth noble ROTHSAY, myne I'll keip,
I wate its bleid a ſkore.
Haſt up my merry men cryd the king,
As he rade on before.

XXV.

The king of Norſe he ſocht to find,
With him to menſe the ſaucht,
But on his forehead there did licht
A ſharp unſonſie ſhaft;
As he his hand put up to find
The wound, an arrow kene,
O waefou chance! there pinnd his hand
In midſt betwene his ene.

XXVI.

Revenge, revenge, cry'd ROTHSAYS heir,
Your mail-coat ſall nocht byde
The ſtrength and ſharpneſs of my dart;
Then ſent it through his ſyde:
Another arrow weil he markd,
It perſit his neck in twa,
His hands then quat the ſilver reins,
His law as eard did ſa.

XXVII.

Sair bleids my leige, ſair, ſair he bleids.
Again with micht he drew
And geſture dreid his ſturdy bow
Faſt the braid arrow flew:
Wai to the knicht he ettled at,
Lament now quene ELGREID,
His dames to wail zour darlings fall,
His zouth and comely meid.

XXVIII.

Take aff, take aff his coſtly jupe
Of gold weil was it twynd,
Knit lyke the fowlers net throuch quhilk
His ſteilly harneſs ſhynd)
Take NORSE, that gift frae me, and bid
Him venge the blude it beirs;
Say, if he face my bended bow,
He ſure nae weapon fears.

XXIX.

Proud NORSE with giant body tall,
Braid ſhoulder and arms ſtrong,
Cryd, quhair is HARDYKNUTE ſae famd,
And feird at Britains throne?
Tho Britons tremble at his name,
I ſune ſall make him wail,
That eir my ſword was made ſae ſharp,
Sae ſaft his coat of mail.

XXX.

That brag his ſtout heart coud na byde.
It lent him zouthfu micht:
I'm HARDYKNUTE this day, he cryd,
To Scotlands king I hecht,
To lay thee low at horſes hufe,
My word I mean to keip.
Syne with the firſt ſtrake eir he ſtrake,
He garrd his body bleid.

XXXI.

NORSE ene like gray goſehawks ſtaird wyld,
He ſicht with ſhame and ſpyte;
Diſgracd is now my far-fam'd arm
That left thee power to ſtryke:
Then gaif his head a blaw ſae fell,
It made him doun to ſtoup,
As law as he to ladies uſit,
In courtly gyſe to lout.

XXXII.

Full ſune he reis'd his bent body,
His bow he marvelld ſair,
Sen blaws till then on him but darrd
As touch of FAIRLY fair:
NORSE ferliet too as fair as he
To he his ſtately luke,
Sae ſune as eir he ſtrake a fae,
Sae ſune his lyfe he tuke.

XXXIII.

Quair like a fyre to hether ſet,
Bauld THOMAS did advance,
A ſturdy fae with luke enragd
Up towards him did prance;
He ſpurd his ſteid through thickeſt ranks
The hardy zouth to quell
Quha ſtude unmufit at his approach
His furie to repell.

XXXIV.

That ſchort brown ſhaft ſae meanly trimd,
Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
But dreidfull ſeims the ruſty point!
And loud he leuch in jeir.
Aſt Britains blude has dimd its ſhyne
This poynt cut ſhort their vaunt;
Syne pierced the boiſteris bairded cheik,
Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

XXXV.

Schort quhyle he in his ſadill ſwang,
His ſtirrip was nae ſtay,
Sae feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey:
Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
Richt far was heard the thud,
But THOMAS luikt not as he lay,
All waltering in his blude.

XXXVI.

With cairles geſture mynd unmuvit
On raid he north the plain,
His ſeim in thrang of fierceſt ſtryfe,
Quhen winner ay the ſame;
Nor zit his heart dames dimpleit cheik,
Coud meiſe ſaft luve to bruik,
Till vengeful ANN returnd his ſcorn,
Then languid grew his luke.

XXXVII.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
All panting on the plain,
The fainting corps of warriors lay,
Neir to aryſe again;
Neir to return to native land,
Nae mair with blythſome ſounds,
To boiſt the glories of the day,
And ſchaw their ſhyning wounds.

XXXVIII.

On Norways coaſt the widowit dame
May waſh the rocks with teirs,
May lang luke owre the ſchiples ſeis
Befoir hir mate appeirs.
Ceiſe, EMMA. ceiſe to hope in vain,
Thy lord lyis in the clay,
The valziant Scots nae revers thole
To carry lyfe away.

XXXIX.

There on a lie quhair ſtands a croſs
Set up for monument,
Thouſands full fierce that ſummers day
Filld kene waris black intent.
Let Scots quhyle Scots, praiſe HARDYKNUTE
Let NORSE the name ay dreid,
Ay how he faucht, aft how he ſpaird,
Sal lateſt ages reid.

XL.

Loud and chill blew the weſtlin wind,
Sair beat the heavy ſhowir,
Mirk grew the nicht, eir HARDYKNUTE
Wan neir his ſtately towir;
His towir that uſd with torches bleiſe
To ſhyne ſae far at nicht,
Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
Nae marvel ſair he ſichd.

XLI.

Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
Thairs nae licht in my hall;
Nae blink ſhynes round my FAIRLY fair,
Nor ward ſtands on my wall.
Quhat bodes it? ROBERT, THOMAS ſay,
Nae anſwer fits their dreid.
Stand back, my ſons, I'll be zour gyde,
But by they paſt with ſpeid.

XLII.

As faſt I haif ſpeid owre Scotlands faes,
There ceiſt his brag of weir,
Sair ſchamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
And maiden FAIRLY fair.
Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
He wiſt not zit with dreid;
Sair ſchuke his body, ſair his limbs,
And all the warrior fleid.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

O D E

ON

LYRIC POETRY.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian quire,
And taſte th' inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy ſecret ſtrain.——
And lo! with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat:
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offſpring, liſt'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I ſee ANACREON ſmile and ſing:
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away!
And let me liſten to his lay!

While' flow'ry dreams my ſoul employ;
While turtle-wing'd the laughing hours
Lead hand in hand the feſtal pow'rs,
Lead Youth and Love, and harmleſs Joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe, and a threat'ning hand,'
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curſt of Gods and free-born men,
Ye murd'rers of the laws,
Tho' now you glory in your luſt,
Tho' now you tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet time and righteous JOVE will judge your dreadful cauſe.

But lo, to SAPPHO's mournful airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love;
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſt?
Who, SAPPHO, wounds thy tender breaſt?

* ALCÆUS of Mitylene, the capital of Leſbos, who fled from his native city to eſcape the oppreſſion of thoſe who had inſlav'd it, and wrote againſt them in his exile thoſe noble invectives which are ſo much applauded by the ancient critics.

Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He too ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And bend him to thy haughtieſt vow.

But, O MELPOMENE, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic, in the frown of years,
Behold, the * Man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of JOVE at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noontide flame.

While the dim raven beats his weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy hallow'd ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
To poliſh Albion's warlike ear
This long-loſt melody to hear,
Thy ſweeteſt arts imploy;
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore,
Thro' Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns, and iſles, and ſeas return'd the vocal joy.

* PINDAR.

But oft amid the Græcian throng,
The looſe-rob'd form of wild deſire
With lawleſs notes intun'd thy ſong,
To ſhameful ſteps diſſolv'd thy quire.
O fair, O chaſte, be ſtill with me
From ſuch profaner diſcord free:
While I frequent thy tuneful ſhade,
No frantic ſhouts of Thracian dames,
No ſatyrs fierce with ſavage flames
Thy pleaſing accents ſhall invade.
Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flow'rs of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings attune their varied ſtrain,
To ev'ry pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove,
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumb'ring earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my op'ning ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide

The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by JOVE was giv'n
To judge the various deeds of earth and heav'n;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

Oft as from ſtricter hours reſign'd
I quit the maze where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of gainful care, and wealthy age,
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely haunts engage.

With me, when mirth's conſenting band
Around fair friendſhip's genial board
Invite the heart-awakening hand,
With me ſalute the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O ſeek with me the happy bow'rs
That hear DIONE'S gentle tongue;
To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
To love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
Or when to nouriſh freedom's veſtal flame,
I hear my genius utter his command,
Nor Theban voice, nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require,
While my prophetic mind,
Conſcious of pow'rs ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate hath felt her own confin'd.

FINIS.

Mrs. DOROTHY SPREADBURY,

Inventreſs of the

OXFORD SAUSAGE.

THE

OXFORD SAUSAGE:

OR,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES,

Written by the moſt

CELEBRATED WITS

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

A NEW EDITION.

Adorned with CUTS, Engraved in a NEW TASTE, and Deſigned by the BEST MASTERS.

——— *Tota, merum Sal.* LUCR. iv. 1156.

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M.DCC.LXXVII.

[Price Two Shillings, ſewed.]

PREFACE.

THE Plan of the following Miſcellany may juſtly be conſidered as entirely new. Our Deſign was to form a Collection of ſuch ſmall, but valuable, *Poetical Pieces*, written by Gentlemen of OXFORD, as never before appeared together; and which being hitherto publiſhed ſeparately, or, as it were, by Accident, would otherwiſe have been overlooked and forgotten, partly for want of Length, and partly from their Manner of Publication. Amongſt theſe, are interſperſed ſeveral Pieces of

the greateſt Merit, never before printed. This Stock of Materials, which All will allow to be *highly ſeaſoned*, thus carefully ſelected, and happily blended, we have ventured, with ſome Degree of Propriety, to preſent to the Public, under the Name of The OXFORD SAUSAGE.

Our principal Aim, has been to collect Poems of *Humour* and *Burleſque*. And in Conformity to this Intention, our *Cuts*, for which the moſt able Maſters have been engaged, are engraven in the ſame Style. On theſe Conſiderations, our SAUSAGE, we preſume, will not only gratify the Palate, but, if the old and approved Proverb, LAUGH AND BE FAT, be true, will, at the ſame Time, contribute to make our Readers *Thrive*. All ſuch Perſons, therefore, as are grown *thin*, by too much Study, Faſting, and

low

low Spirits, if they would improve their Conſtitution, and mend their Habit, are hereby invited to partake of this cheap, delicious, and ſalutary *Morſel*. As to Readers of a more genial Complexion, and a more joyous Diſpoſition, we need not doubt of being favoured with their Company. In the mean Time it is declared, that we do not mean by our *Title* to exclude any particular Sect or Denomination of People. For *Jews*, as well as *Chriſtians*, may feed on our SAUSAGE, without hurting their Conſciences.

In order to render the following Miſcellany complete, no Pains have been ſpared in procuring Pieces, and no Reſources have been left unexplored. That nothing might eſcape us, we have even examined the indefatigable Dr. *Rawlinſon*'s voluminous Collection of Manu-

ſcripts, lately preſented to the *Bodleian Library*. But, we muſt acknowledge, without Succeſs; as not one *poignant Ingredient* was to be found in all that immenſe Heap of rare and invaluable *Originals*. Indeed, our chief Aſſiſtance has been from ſome curious and ingenious Members of the Univerſity of *Oxford*, who have made it their Buſineſs to preſerve ſuch *fugitive* Pieces, as were beſt *adapted* to this *Deſign*.

Many Conjectures, we apprehend, will be formed, concerning the *Collector* of this Work. Some will probably ſuſpect him to be that *whimſical* Genius who compiled the COMPANION TO THE GUIDE; while Others will perhaps gueſs him to be the ſame with the *well-bred* and *humourous* Writer of the late TERRÆ FILIUS. But theſe *ſagacious Inveſtigators* will have

found

found out nothing, even if they ſhould ſucceed thus far in their Conjectures: as moſt unluckily the Author of thoſe Pieces will never be *known*. Notwithſtanding, whoever ſhall be ſo happy as to make this *Diſcovery*, and will, on unqueſtionable Proof, deliver in the *Collector*'s REAL Name, to Mr. JACKSON, *Printer, in the High-ſtreet, Oxford*, ſhall receive, as a Reward for unriddling this Myſtery, and on Condition that the *Secret* go no further, *Twelve* SAUSAGES, in *Turkey*, gilt, and lettered.

It may be proper, in this Place, to advertiſe our Readers, that great Part of the firſt Edition of this Work was printed off, when we were ſo unfortunate as to loſe the facetious Mr. BENJAMIN TYRRELL, Cook, in the *High-ſtreet, Oxford*. But it is hoped that BEN's *Cookery*, which

which makes no inconſiderable Figure in this Work, will ſtill continue to be *reliſhed* by all Readers of true *Taſte*.

It was intended, by Way of Frontiſpiece, to prefix to our firſt Edition, an elegant Engraving of *Mother* SPREADBURY's Head, the original Inventreſs of the true *Oxford* Sauſage. But as no *ſtriking* Likeneſs of that celebrated *Matron* could be procured in Time, we were obliged to defer gratifying the World in that Particular, till the Publication of this ſecond Impreſſion.

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VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

ALL ye that love what's *nice* and *rariſh*,
At *Oxford*, in St. *Mary*'s Pariſh,
BEN TYRRELL, Cook of high Renown,
To pleaſe the Palates of the *Gown*,
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Each *Saturday* and *Wedn'ſday* Even *.

* Mr. TYRRELL, Cook, in the High-ſtreet, Oxford, having formed a laudable Deſign of obliging the Univerſity with Mutton-Pies, twice a Week; this Advertiſement appeared, on that Occaſion, in the OXFORD JOURNAL, *November* 25th, 1758.

No Relicks ſtale, with Art unjuſt,
Lurk in Diſguiſe beneath his *Cruſt*;
His Pies, to give you all fair Play,
Smoak only when 'tis *Market-Day:*
And all muſt own, how *freſh* his Meat,
While JOLLY's Porter crowns the Treat.

If *Rumps* and *Kidneys* can allure ye,
BEN takes upon him to aſſure ye,
No Cook ſhall better hit the Taſte,
In giving Life and Soul to *Paſte*.
If *cheap* and *good* have Weight with Men,
Come all ye Youths, and ſup with BEN.
If *Liquor* in a MUTTON-PIE
Has any Charms, come taſte and try!
O bear me Witneſs, *Iſis*' Sons!
Pierce but the Cruſt — the *Gravy* runs: —
The Taſter licks his Lips, and cries,
" O RARE BEN TYRRELL's MUTTON-PIES!"

But hold — no more — I've ſaid enough —
Or elſe my PIES may prove —— a PUFF.

BEN TYRRELL's, *Wednesday Night, December 6th*, 1758.

HOW I congratulate fair *Iſis*,
That ſuch the Taſte for *Mutton Pies* is!
Hail glorious BEN! whoſe Genius high
Firſt plann'd a genuine MUTTON-PIE!
Born to combine with matchleſs Taſte,
The Charms of *Pepper* and of *Paſte!*
Was but the Motion of my Pen
Quick as thy *Rolling-Pin*, O BEN!
O, could my Thoughts thy Paſtry ape,
And ſlide, like yielding Dough, to Shape;
My Genius, like thy Oven glow,
My Numbers, like thy Gravy flow;
Or, in the Twinkling of an Eye,
I *cook* an *Ode* —— as you a *Pie*;
O then, (nor think, to mock thy Trade,
My Promiſes of *Pie-Cruſt* made) ——
I'd raiſe thy culinary Fame
Above immortal *Spreadbury*'s Name:
Though from all Cooks, a Matron wiſe,
In *Sauſages* ſhe bore the Prize:
Her *ſeaſoning* Hand ſhould yield to thine,
Thy *Mutton* ſhould her *Pork* outſhine.

Nor ſhall the Muſe eſteem it Folly,
To blend with thine the Praiſe of JOLLY *.
Thy lov'd Compeer! cogenial Friend!
Who mild, when Evening Shades deſcend,
Imparts the froth-crown'd *Porter's* Aid,
To ſmooth the ſerious Brow of Trade:
Both ſhall together mount the Skies,
The PORTER his —— but thine the PIES.

Thine is the Houſe, dear BEN, to call at,
Or for the *Pocket* or the *Palate*.
For thee, the Citizen and Cit
Their cold boil'd Beef and Carrots quit:
Grave Aldermen, ambitious, ſhare
In *Alma Mater's* claſſic Fare:
The blooming Toaſts of *Oxford* Town
Catch the Contagion of the *Gown*,
And wiſh the wonted Ev'ning nigh,
To *have a Finger in the Pie*.
As ſo *enticing* TYRRELL's Houſe is,
Send not too *late* ye pregnant Spouſes!
Think of the Midwife's vaſt Surprize,
To ſee Boys *mark'd* with *Mutton Pies!*
If this the univerſal Taſte is
What will become of *Ven'ſon Paſties?*

* CAPTAIN JOLLY, who, *pro bono Publico*, firſt reduced the Price of Porter in Oxford, from 6*d.* to 4*d.* a Quart.

What

What of the *Cates*, which many a Maiden,
For the next *Chriſtmas* Cheer has laid in?
Sure all with BEN will ſup and dine,
And leave their CHRISTMAS PIES for THINE.

ΠΙΟΦΙΑΟΣ.

EPIGRAM, *occaſioned by a ſuppoſed extraordinary Phænomenon in* MIDWIFERY.

I.

SAGE WOODS! though many a Dark Affair
Be known to thy diſcerning Eyes;
E'en You, with all your Skill, muſt ſtare,
"To ſee Boys mark'd with Mutton Pies!"

II.

What if our *Wives*, with equal Glee,
In Thought a *Sauſage* ſhould enjoy;
Say, would you wonder much, to ſee
The MOTHER'S LONGINGS mark the Boy?

On BEN TYRRELL'S *Pies*.

LET *Chriſtmas* boaſt her cuſtomary Treat,
A Mixture ſtrange, of Suet, Currants, Meat,
Where various Taſtes combine, the greaſy, and the ſweet.
Let glad *Shrove-Tueſday* bring the *Pancake* thin,
Or *Fritter* rich, with Apples ſtor'd within:
On *Eaſter-Sunday* be the *Pudding* ſeen,
To which the *Tanſey* lends her ſober Green:
And when great *London* hails her annual *Lord*,
Let quiv'ring *Cuſtard* crown the *Aldermannic* Board.

But BEN prepares a more delicious Meſs,
Subſtantial Fare, a Breakfaſt for Queen *Beſs*:
What dainty Epicure, or greedy Glutton,
Would not prefer his PIE, that's made of *Mutton*?

Each diff'rent Country boaſts a diff'rent Taſte,
And owes it's Fame to *Pudding* and to *Paſte*:

SQUAB

SQUAB PIE in *Cornwall* only can they make,
In *Norfolk* DUMPLING, and in *Salop* CAKE;
But *Oxford* now from all ſhall bear the Prize,
Fam'd, as for *Sauſages*, for MUTTON-PIES.

MUTTON-PIES *for the* ASSIZES.

March 1, 1760. J. Warton.

BEHOLD, once more, facetious BEN
Steps from his *Paſte* —— to take the *Pen*;
And as the *Trumpets*, ſhrill and loud,
Precede the Sheriff's *Javelin'd* Crowd,
So BEN before-hand advertiſes
His ſnug-laid Scheme for the *Aſſizes*.
Each of the Evenings, BEN propoſes
With PIES ſo nice to *ſmoak* your Noſes:
No Coſt, as heretofore, he grudges,
He'll ſtand the Teſt of able JUDGES;
And think, that when the *Hall* is *up*,
How *cheap* a *Juryman* may *Sup!*
For LAWYERS CLERKS, in Wigs ſo ſmart,
A tight warm Room is ſet apart.—
My MASTERS eke, (might BEN adviſe ye)
Detain'd too long at *Nizey Prizey*,
Your College Commons loſt at *Six*,——
At BEN's the *jovial* Evening *fix*;

From * *Tripe*-Indentures, ſtale and dry,
Eſcap'd to PORTER and a PIE.
Hither, if ye have any Taſte,
Ye BOOTED EVIDENCES, haſte!
Ye LASSES too, both tall and ſlim,
In *Riding Habits* dreſs'd ſo trim,
Who, uſher'd by ſome *Young Attorney*,
Take, each Aſſize, an *Oxford Journey*:
All, who *ſubpœna'd* on th' Occaſion,
Require *genteel* Accommodation,
Oh haſte to BEN's, and *ſave your Fines*
You'd pay at Houſes deck'd with *Signs!*
Lo I, a Cook of Taſte and Knowledge,
And bred the *Coquus* of a *College*,
Having long known the STUDENT's Bounty.
Now dare to *cater* for the *County*.
Come then, of BEN, O come, and buy All —
As 'tis *Aſſize-Time*, he'll ſtand *Trial*;
His *Cauſe* Succeſs will ſurely crown,
His *Witneſſes* —— are ALL the GOWN.

* I ſuppoſe BEN means *tripartite*.

☞ *Theſe five Pieces are all that appeared on this Subject.*

ODE

ODE *to a* GRIZZLE WIG.

By a Gentleman who had juſt left off his Bob.

ALL hail, ye Curls, that rang'd in reverend Row,
With ſnowy Pomp my conſcious Shoulders hide!
That fall *beneath* in venerable *Flow*,
And crown my Brows *above* with *feathery* Pride!

High on your Summit, *Wiſdom*'s mimick'd Air
Sits thron'd, with *Pedantry* her ſolemn Sire,
And in her Net of awe-diffuſing Hair,
Entangles Fools, and bids the Croud admire.

O'er

O'er every Lock, that floats in full Diſplay,
Sage *Ignorance* her Gloom ſcholaſtic throws;
And ſtamps o'er all my Viſage, once ſo gay,
Unmeaning *Gravity's* ſerene Repoſe.

Can thus *large Wigs* our Reverence engage?
Have *Barbers* thus the Pow'r to blind our Eyes?
Is Science thus conferr'd on every Sage,
By *Bayliſs*, *Blenkinſop*, and lofty *Wiſe?* *

But thou farewel, my Bob! whoſe thin-wove *Thatch*
Was ſtor'd with *Quips* and *Cranks*, and *wanton Wiles*,
That *love* to *live* within the one-curl'd *Scratch*,
With *Fun*, and all the Family of *Smiles*.

Safe in thy *Privilege*, near *Iſis'* Brook,
Whole Afternoons at *Wolvercote* I quaff'd;
At Eve my careleſs Round in *High-ſtreet* took,
And call'd at Jolly's for the *caſual* Draught.

No more the *Wherry* feels my Stroke ſo true;
At *Skittles*, in a *Grizzle*, can I play?
Woodſtock, farewell! and *Wallingford*, adieu!
Where many a *Scheme* reliev'd the lingering Day.

Such were the Joys that once *Hilario* crown'd,
E'er grave *Preferment* came my Peace to rob:
Such are the leſs ambitious Pleaſures found
Beneath the *Liceat* of an humble Bob.

* Eminent Peruke-Makers in Oxford.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE,

From THOMAS HEARN, *Antiquary*,

To the AUTHOR of

The COMPANION *to the* OXFORD GUIDE, *&c.*

FRIEND of the moſs-grown Spire and crumbling Arch,
Who wont'ſt at Eve to pace the long-loſt Bounds
Of loneſome *Oſeney!* What malignant Fiend
Thy cloyſter-loving Mind from antient Lore
Hath baſe ſeduc'd? Urg'd thy apoſtate Pen

To

To trench deep Wounds on *Antiquaries* ſage,
And drag the venerable Fathers forth,
Victims to Laughter! Cruel as the Mandate
Of mitred Prieſts, who *Baſkett* late enjoin'd
To throw aſide the reverend Letters *black*,
And print *Faſt-Prayers* in *modern* Type! — At this
*Leland**, and *Willis*, *Dugdale*, *Tanner*, *Wood*,
Illuſtrious Names! with *Camden*, *Aubrey*, *Lloyd*,
Scald their old Cheeks with Tears! For once they hop'd
To ſeal thee for their own! and fondly deem'd
The Muſes, at thy Call, would crowding come
To deck *Antiquity* with Flowrets gay.

But now may Curſes every Search attend
That ſeems inviting? May'ſt thou pore in vain
For dubious Door-ways! May revengeful Moths
Thy Ledgers eat! May chronologic Spouts
Retain no Cypher legible! May Crypts
Lurk undiſcern'd! Nor may'ſt thou ſpell the Names
Of Saints in ſtoried Windows! Nor the Dates
Of Bells diſcover! Nor the genuine Site
Of Abbot's Pantries! And may *Godſtowe* veil,
Deep from thy Eyes profane, her *Gothic* Charms!

* Names of eminent Antiquaries.

THE

THE PROGRESS *of* DISCONTENT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR, 1746. J. War

WHEN now, mature in classic Knowledge,
The joyful Youth is sent to College,
His Father comes, a Vicar plain,
At Oxford bred ——in Anna's Reign,
And thus in Form of humble Suitor,
Bowing, accosts a reverend Tutor.

" Sir,

" Sir, I'm a Glo'ſterſhire Divine,
" And this my eldeſt Son of nine;
" My Wife's Ambition and my own
" Was that *this* Child ſhould wear a Gown:
" I'll warrant that his good Behav'our
" Will juſtify your future Favour;
" And for his Parts, to tell the Truth,
" My Son's a very forward Youth;
" Has Horace all by Heart—you'd wonder—
" And mouths out Homer's Greek like Thunder.
" If you'd examine—and admit him,
" A Scholarſhip would nicely fit him:
" That he ſucceeds 'tis ten to one;
" Your Vote and Intereſt, Sir!—'Tis done."

Our Pupil's Hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a Scholarſhip compleated:
A Scholarſhip but half maintains,
And College Rules are heavy Chains;
In Garret dark he ſmokes and puns,
A Prey to Diſcipline and Duns;
And now intent on new Deſigns,
Sighs for a Fellowſhip——and Fines.

When

When nine full tedious Winters paſt,
That utmoſt Wiſh is crown'd at laſt:
But the rich Prize no ſooner got,
Again he quarrels with his Lot:
"These Fellowſhips are pretty Things,
"We live indeed like petty Kings:
"But who can bear to waſte his whole Age
"Amid the Dullneſs of a College,
"Debarr'd the common Joys of Life,
"And that prime Bliſs — a loving Wife?
"O! what's a Table richly ſpread
"Without a Woman at its Head!
"Would ſome ſnug Benefice but fall,
"Ye Feaſts, ye Dinners! farewel all!
"To Offices I'd bid adieu,
"Of Dean, Vice-præs, — of Burſar too;
"Come Joys, that rural Quiet yields,
"Come Tythe, and Houſe, and fruitful Fields!"

Too fond of Liberty and Eaſe
A Patron's Vanity to pleaſe,
Long Time he watches, and by Stealth,
Each frail Incumbent's doubtful Health;
At length —— and in his fortieth Year,
A Living drops —— two hundred clear!

With Breaſt elate beyond Expreſſion,
He hurries down to take Poſſeſſion.
With Rapture views the ſweet Retreat——
" What a convenient Houſe! how neat!
" For Fuel here's ſufficient Wood:
" Pray God the Cellars may be good!
" The Garden — that muſt be new plann'd ——
" Shall theſe old-faſhion'd Yew-trees ſtand?
" O'er yonder vacant Plot ſhall riſe
" The flow'ry Shrub of thouſand Dies:
" Yon Wall that feels the ſouthern Ray,
" Shall bluſh with ruddy Fruitage gay:
" While thick beneath its Aſpect warm
" O'er well rang'd Hives the Bees ſhall ſwarm,
" From which, e'er long, of golden Gleam
" Metheglin's luſcious Juice ſhall ſtream:
" This awkward Hutt, o'er-grown with Ivy,
" We'll alter to a modern Privy:
" Up yon green Slope, of Hazels trim,
" An Avenue ſo cool and dim,
" Shall to an Arbour at the End,
" In ſpite of Gout, intice a Friend.
" My Predeceſſor lov'd Devotion ——
" But of a Garden had no Notion."

Continuing this fantaſtic Farce on,
He now commences Country Parſon.
To make his Character entire,
He weds—a Couſin of the 'Squire;
Not over weighty in the Purſe,
But many Doctors have done worſe:
And though ſhe boaſts no Charms divine,
Yet ſhe can carve, and make Birch Wine.

Thus fixt, content he taps his Barrel,
Exhorts his Neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his Church-wardens have Diſcerning
Both in good Liquor and good Learning;
With Tythes his Barns replete he ſees,
And chuckles o'er his Surplice-fees;
Studies to find out latent Dues,
And regulates the *State* of Pews;
Rides a ſleek Mare with purple Houſing,
To ſhare the monthly Club's carouſing;
Of Oxford Pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no Bells;
Sends Preſents of his choiceſt Fruit,
And prunes himſelf each ſapleſs Shoot;
Plants Colliflow'rs, and boaſts to rear
The earlieſt Melon of the Year;

Thinks Alteration charming Work is,
Keeps Bantam Cocks, and feeds his Turkies;
Builds in his Copſe a favourite Bench,
And ſtores the Pond with Carp and Tench:—

But ah! too ſoon his thoughtleſs Breaſt
By Cares domeſtic is oppreſt;
And a third Butcher's Bill, and Brewing,
Threaten inevitable Ruin:
For Children freſh Expences yet,
And *Dicky* now for School is fit.
" Why did I ſell my College Life
" (He cries) for Benefice and Wife?
" Return, ye Days! when endleſs Pleaſure
" I found in Reading, or in Leiſure!
" When calm around the Common Room
" I puff'd my daily Pipe's Perfume!
" Rode for a Stomach, and inſpected,
" At annual Bottlings, Corks ſelected:
" And din'd untax'd, untroubled, under
" The Portrait of our pious Founder!
" When *Impoſitions* were ſupply'd
" To light my Pipe——or ſooth my Pride!
" No Cares were then for forward Peas
" A yearly-longing Wife to pleaſe;

" My

" My Thoughts no Chriſt'ning Dinners croſt,
" No Children cry'd for butter'd Toaſt;
" And every Night I went to Bed,
" Without a *Modus* in my Head!"

Oh! trifling Head, and fickle Heart!
Chagrin'd at whatſoe'er thou art;
A Dupe to Follies yet untry'd,
And ſick of Pleaſures ſcarce enjoy'd!
Each Prize poſſeſs'd, thy Tranſport ceaſes,
And in Purſuit alone it pleaſes.

A N

EVENING CONTEMPLATION

In a COLLEGE.

Being a PARODY *on* GRAY's ELEGY *in a* COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls the Hour of closing Gates,
With jarring Sound the Porter turns the Key,
Then in his dreary Mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it —— tho' for me.

Now

Now ſhine the Spires beneath the paly Moon,
And through the Cloiſter Peace and Silence reign,
Save where ſome Fiddler ſcrapes a drowſy Tune,
Or copious Bowls inſpire a jovial Strain:

Save that in yonder Cobweb-mantled Room,
Where lies a Student in profound Repoſe,
Oppreſs'd with Ale, wide-echoes thro' the Gloom
The droning Muſic of his vocal Noſe.

Within thoſe Walls, where thro' the glimm'ring Shade
Appear the Pamphlets in a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Bed till Morning laid,
The peaceful Fellows of the College ſleep.

The tinkling Bell proclaiming early Pray'rs,
The noiſy Servants rattling o'er their Head,
The Calls of Buſineſs, and domeſtic Cares,
Ne'er rouze theſe Sleepers from their downy Bed.

No chatt'ring Females crowd their ſocial Fire,
No Dread have they of Diſcord and of Strife;
Unknown the Names of Huſband and of Sire,
Unfelt the Plagues of matrimonial Life.

Oft have they baſk'd along the ſunny Walls,
Oft have the Benches bow'd beneath their Weight:
How jocund are their Looks when Dinner calls!
How ſmoke the Cutlets on their crowded Plate!

O let not Temp'rance too-diſdainful hear
How long our Feaſts, how long our Dinners laſt:
Nor let the Fair with a contemptuous Sneer
On theſe unmarry'd Men Reflections caſt!

The ſplendid Fortune and the beauteous Face
(Themſelves confeſs it, and their Sires bemoan)
Too ſoon are caught by Scarlet and by Lace:
Theſe Sons of Science ſhine in Black alone.

Forgive, ye Fair, th' involuntary Fault,
If theſe no Feats of Gaiety diſplay,
Where through proud Ranelaugh's wide-echoing Vault
Melodious *Fraſi* trills her quav'ring Lay.

Say, is the Sword well ſuited to the Band,
Does broider'd Coat agree with ſable Gown,
Can Dreſden Laces ſhade a Churchman's Hand,
Or Learning's Vot'ries ape the Beaux of Town?

Perhaps in theſe Time-tott'ring Walls reſide
Some who were once the Darlings of the Fair;
Some who of old could Taſtes and Faſhions guide,
Controul the Manager and awe the Play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant Mind
With Rome's rich Spoils and Truth's exalted Views;
Fir'd them with Tranſports of a nobler Kind,
And bade them ſlight all Females——but the Muſe.

Full

Full many a Lark, high-tow'ring to the Sky,
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' Approach of Light;
Full many a Star, unſeen by mortal Eye,
With twinkling Luſtre glimmers thro' the Night.

Some future *Herring*, that with dauntleſs Breaſt
Rebellion's Torrent ſhall like him oppoſe;
Some mute, ſome thoughtleſs *Hardwicke* here may reſt,
Some *Pelham*, dreadful to his Country's Foes.

From Prince and People to command Applauſe,
'Midſt ermin'd Peers to guide the high Debate,
To ſhield Britannia's and Religion's Laws,
And ſteer with ſteady Courſe the Helm of State,

Fate yet forbids; nor circumſcribes alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confines;
Forbids in Freedom's Veil t' inſult the Throne,
Beneath her Maſk to hide the worſt Deſigns.

To fill the madding Crowd's perverted Mind
With "Penſions, Taxes, Marriages and Jews;"
Or ſhut the Gates of Heav'n on loſt Mankind,
And wreſt their darling Hopes, their future Views.

Far from the giddy Town's tumultuous Strife,
Their Wiſhes yet have never learn'd to ſtray;
Content and happy in a ſingle Life,
They keep the noiſeleſs Tenor of their Way.

E'en now their Books from Cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by Doors of Glaſs, in Doric Style,
On fluted Pillars rais'd, with Bronzes deck'd,
They claim the paſſing Tribute of a Smile.

Oft are the Author's Names, tho' richly bound,
Miſ-ſpelt by blund'ring Binders' Want of Care;
And many a Catalogue is ſtrow'd around,
To tell th' admiring Gueſt what Books are there.

For who, to thoughtleſs Ignorance a Prey,
Neglects to hold ſhort Dalliance with a Book;
Who there but wiſhes to prolong his Stay,
And on thoſe Caſes caſts a ling'ring Look?

Reports attract the Lawyer's parting Eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require;
For Songs and Plays the Voice of Beauty cries,
And Senſe and Nature Grandiſon deſire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd Compeers
Doſt in their Lines their artleſs Tales relate,
If chance, with prying Search, in future Years,
Some Antiquarian ſhall enquire thy Fate,

Haply ſome Friend may ſhake his hoary Head,
And ſay, 'Each Morn, unchill'd by Froſts, he ran
'With Hoſe ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy Bed,
'To reach the Chapel ere the Pſalms began.

'There

' There in the Arms of that lethargic Chair,
' Which rears it's moth-devoured Back ſo high,
' At Noon he quaff'd three Glaſſes to the Fair,
' And por'd upon the News with curious Eye.

' Now by the Fire, engag'd in ſerious Talk
' Or mirthful Converſe, would he loit'ring ſtand;
' Then in the Garden chuſe a ſunny Walk,
' Or launch the poliſh'd Bowl with ſteady Hand;

' One Morn we miſs'd him at the Hour of Pray'r,
' Beſide the Fire, and on his fav'rite Green;
' Another came, nor yet within the Chair,
' Nor yet at Bowls, nor Chapel was he ſeen.

' The next we heard that in a neighb'ring Shire,
' That Day to Church he led a bluſhing Bride;
' A Nymph, whoſe ſnowy Veſt and maiden Fear
' Improv'd her Beauty while the Knot was ty'd.

' Now by his Patron's bounteous Care remov'd,
' He roves enraptur'd through the Fields of Kent;
' Yet ever mindful of the Place he lov'd,
' Read here the Letter which he lately ſent.'

The LETTER.

" In rural Innocence ſecure I dwell,
" Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
" Approving Conſcience cheers my humble Cell,
" And ſocial Quiet marks me for her own.

" Next

" Next to the Bleſſings of religious Truth,
" Two Gifts my endleſs Gratitude engage;
" A Wife, the Joy and Tranſport of my Youth,
" Now, with a Son, the Comfort of my Age.

" Seek not to draw me from this kind Retreat,
" In loftier Spheres unfit, untaught to move;
" Content with calm, domeſtic Life, where meet
" The Smiles of Friendſhip, and the Sweets of Love."

The PHAETON,

AND THE

ONE HORSE CHAIR.

T. Warton.

AT *Blagrave's* * once upon a Time,
There ſtood a PHAETON ſublime:
Unſullied by the duſty Road
Its Wheels with recent Crimſon glow'd;

* Well known at *Oxford* for letting out Carriages, 1763.

It's

It's Sides diſplay'd a dazzling Hue,
It's Harneſs tight, it's Lining new:
No ſcheme-enamour'd Youth, I ween,
Survey'd the gaily deck'd Machine,
But fondly long'd to ſeize the Reins,
And whirl o'er *Campsfield*'s † tempting Plains.
Meantime it chanc'd, that hard at hand
A ONE HORSE-CHAIR had took it's Stand;
When thus our Vehicle begun
To ſneer the luckleſs *Chaiſe and One*.

" How could my Maſter place me here
Within thy vulgar Atmoſphere?
From claſſic Ground pray ſhift thy Station,
Thou Scorn of *Oxford* Education,
Your homely Make, believe me, Man,
Is quite upon the Gothic Plan;
And you, and all your clumſy Kind,
For loweſt Purpoſes deſign'd:
Fit only, with a one-ey'd Mare,
To drag, for Benefit of Air,
The country Parſon's pregnant Wife,
Thou Friend of dull *domeſtic* Life!
Or, with his Maid and Aunt, to School
To carry *Dicky* on a Stool:

† In the Road to *Blenheim*.

Or,

Or, haply to ſome Chriſtening gay,
A brace of Godmothers convey.——
Or, when bleſt *Saturday* prepares
For *London* Tradeſmen Reſt from Cares,
'Tis thine to make them happy one Day,
Companion of their genial *Sunday!*
'Tis thine, o'er Turnpikes newly made,
When timely Show'rs the Duſt have laid,
To bear ſome Alderman ſerene
To *fragrant* Hampſtead's *ſylvan* Scene.
Nor higher ſcarce thy Merit riſes
Among the poliſh'd Sons of *Iſis*.
Hir'd for a ſolitary Crown,
Canſt thou to *Schemes* invite the *Gown?*
Go, tempt ſome Prig, pretending Taſte,
With Hat new cock'd, and newly lac'd,
O'er Mutton-chops, and ſcanty Wine,
At humble *Dorcheſter* to dine!
Meantime remember, lifeleſs Drone!
I carry *Bucks* and *Bloods* alone.
And oh! whene'er the Weather's friendly,
What Inn at *Abingdon* or *Henly*,
But ſtill my vaſt Importance feels,
And gladly greets my entering Wheels.
And think, obedient to the Thong,
How yon gay Street we ſmoak along:

While

While All with envious Wonder view
The Corner turn'd ſo *quick* and *true*."

To check an Upſtart's empty Pride,
Thus ſage the ONE HORSE CHAIR reply'd.

" Pray, when the Conſequence is weigh'd,
What's all your Spirit and Parade?
From Mirth to Grief what ſad Tranſitions,
To Broken Bones and *Impoſitions!*
Or if no Bones are broke, what's worſe,
Your *Schemes* make Work for *Glaſs* * and *Nourſe*.—
On Us pray ſpare your keen Reproaches,
From *One Horſe Chairs* Men riſe to *Coaches*;
If calm Diſcretion's ſtedfaſt Hand,
With cautious Skill the Reins command.
From me fair *Health*'s freſh Fountain ſprings,
O'er me ſoft *Snugneſs* ſpreads her Wings:
And *Innocence* reflects her Ray
To gild my calm ſequeſter'd Way:
E'en King's might quit their State to ſhare
Contentment and a *One Horſe Chair*.—
What though, o'er yonder echoing Street
Your rapid Wheels reſound ſo ſweet;
Shall *Iſis*' Sons thus vainly prize
A RATTLE *of a larger Size?*"

* Eminent Surgeons in *Oxford*.

BLAGRAVE,

BLAGRAVE, who during the Diſpute,
Stood in a Corner, ſnug and mute,
Surpriz'd, no Doubt, in lofty Verſe,
To hear his Carriages converſe,
With ſolemn Face, o'er *Oxford* Ale,
To me diſclos'd this wonderous Tale:
I ſtrait diſpatch'd it to the Muſe,
Who bruſh'd it up for *Jackſon*'s * News,
And, what has oft been penn'd in Proſe,
Added this Moral at the Cloſe.

" Things may be uſeful if obſcure;
" The Pace that's ſlow is often ſure:
" When empty Pageantries we prize,
" We raiſe but Duſt to blind our Eyes.
" The GOLDEN MEAN can beſt beſtow
" *Safety* for unſubſtantial *Show*."

* *Jackſon*'s OXFORD JOURNAL; where this FABLE firſt appeared.

THE

SPLENDID SHILLING.

---------- Sing, Heavenly Muſe,
Things unattempted yet, in Proſe or Rhime,
A SHILLING, BREECHES, and CHIMERAS dire.

HAPPY the Man, who void of Cares and Strife,
In Silken or in Leathern Purſe, retains
A SPLENDID SHILLING: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for cheerful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe,
To Jun'per's Magpye, or Town-hall * repairs:

* Two noted Alehouſes in Oxford, 1700.

Where,

Where mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Eye
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled amourous Flames,
CLOE or PHILLIS; he each circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while, he ſmokes, and laughs at merry Tale,
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff,
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corpſe ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter-Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smokes *Cambro-Briton* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwaladur* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in romantic Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,
High over-ſhadowing, rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at the *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the antient Town
Yclep'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil!

Whence flow nectareous Wines, that well may vie
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyleſs Minutes tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dun*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aërial Citadel aſcends;
With vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gate,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Through ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhudd'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown, and conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long Scrolls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men;) behind him ſtalks
Another Monſter not unlike himſelf,
Sullen of Aſpect, by the Vulgar call'd

A *Catchpole*,

A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and magick Charms
Erſt have endu'd; if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome inchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coercive Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till in Form
Of Money, PALLAS ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware;
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to inchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallowed Touch. So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin to domeſtick Vermin ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Portending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Webb
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchen ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell: The humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils

Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, or Arms, or Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,
And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then, with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days. But when nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumbing Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood;
Me, lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights; diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow Tree.
Mean while I labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched Throat

Finds

Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a Slumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my Fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale,
In vain; awake I find the ſettled Thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſing Fantom curſe.

Thus do I live, from Pleaſure quite debar'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John-Apple*, nor the downy *Peach*;
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar*-Fruit, delicious in Decay:
Affliction great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaſkins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and incroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not Time ſubdue!)
An horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, 'till cruizing near
The *Lilybean* Shore, with hideous Cruſh

On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks!)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray:
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in,
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

A Panegyric on OXFORD-ALE.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF OXFORD.

T. Warton

--------Mea nec Falernæ
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula Colles. HOR.

BALM of my Cares, ſweet Solace of my Toils,
Hail JUICE benignant! O'er the coſtly Cups
Of Riot-ſtirring Wine, unwholeſome Draught,
Let Pride's looſe Sons prolong the waſteful Night;

My ſober Ev'ning let the Tankard bleſs,
With Toaſt embrown'd, and fragrant Nutmeg fraught,
While the rich Draught with oft-repeated Whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repaſt!
Where no crude Surfeit, or intemperate Joys
Of lawleſs Bacchus reign; but o'er my Soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowſy Trance
Each Thought ſubſides, and ſweet Oblivion wraps
My peaceful Brain, as if the leaden Rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine Eyes had ſhed
Its opiate Influence. What tho' ſore Ills
Oppreſs, dire Want of chill-diſpelling Coals
Or cheerful Candle (ſave the Make-weight's Gleam
Haply remaining) heart-rejoicing ALE
Cheers the ſad Scene, and every Want ſupplies.
Meantime, not mindleſs of the daily Taſk
Of Tutor ſage, upon the learned Leaves
Of deep SMIGLECIUS much I meditate;
While ALE inſpires, and lends its kindred Aid,
The thought-perplexing Labour to purſue,
Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if Friends
Cogenial call me from the toilſome Page,
To Pot-houſe I repair, the ſacred Haunt,
Where, ALE, thy Votaries in full Reſort,
Hold Rites nocturnal. In capacious Chair
Of monumental Oak and antique Mould,

That

That long has ſtood the Rage of conquering Years
Inviolate, (nor in more ample Chair
Smoaks roſy Juſtice, when th' important Cauſe,
Whether of Hen-rooſt, or of mirthful Rape,
In all the Majeſty of Paunch he tries)
Studious of Eaſe, and provident, I place
My gladſome Limbs; while in repeated Round
Returns repleniſh'd the ſucceſſive Cup,
And the briſk Fire conſpires to genial Joy:
While haply, to relieve the ling'ring Hours
In innocent Delight, amuſive Putt
On ſmooth Joint-ſtool in emblematic Play
The vain Viciſſitudes of Fortune ſhews.
Nor Reckoning, Name tremendous, me diſturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my Breaſt with ſudden Fear;
While on the wonted Door, expreſſive Mark,
The frequent Penny ſtands deſcrib'd to View,
In ſnowy Characters and graceful Row. ——
Hail, TICKING! ſureſt Guardian of Diſtreſs!
Beneath thy Shelter, pennyleſs I quaff
The cheerful Cup, nor hear with hopeleſs Heart
New Oyſters cry'd: — Tho' much the Poet's Friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic Strain,
Accept this Tribute of poetic Praiſe!
Nor Proctor thrice with vocal Heel alarms
Our Joys ſecure, nor deigns the lowly Roof

Of

Of Pot-houſe ſnug to viſit: wiſer he
The ſplendid Tavern haunts, or Coffee-houſe
Of JAMES or JUGGINS, were the grateful Breath
Of loath'd Tobacco ne'er diffus'd its Balm;
But the lewd Spendthrift, falſly deem'd polite,
While ſteams around the fragrant Indian Bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar Sons of humbler ALE:
In vain — the Proctor's Voice arreſts their Joys;
Juſt Fate of wanton Pride and looſe Exceſs!
Nor leſs by Day delightful is thy Draught,
All-pow'rful ALE! whoſe ſorrow-ſoothing Sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant Afternoon,
When tatter'd Stockings aſk my mending Hand
Not unexperienced; while the tedious Toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender Swain
Each Morn regale on nerve-relaxing Tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving Nymph:
Be mine each Morn with eager Appetite
And Hunger undiſſembled, to repair
To friendly Buttery; there on ſmoaking Cruſt
And foaming ALE to banquet unreſtrained,
Material Breakfaſt! Thus in ancient Days
Our Anceſtors robuſt, with liberal Cups
Uſher'd the Morn, unlike the ſqueamiſh Sons
Of modern Times: Nor ever had the Might
Of Britons brave decay'd, had thus they fed,

With

With Britiſh ALE improving Britiſh Worth.
With ALE irriguous, undiſmay'd I hear
The frequent Dun aſcend my lofty Dome
Importunate: Whether the plaintive Voice
Of Laundreſs ſhrill awake my ſtartled Ear;
Or Barber ſpruce with ſupple Look intrude;
Or Taylor with obſequious Bow advance;
Or Groom invade me with defying Front
And ſtern Demeanour, whoſe emaciate Steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus ſhone with kindlier Beams,
Or luckier Chance the borrow'd Boots ſupply'd)
Had panted oft beneath my goring Steel.
In vain they plead or threat: All-powerful ALE
Excuſes new ſupplies, and each deſcends
With joyleſs Pace, and debt-deſpairing Looks:
E'en SPACEY with indignant Brow retires,
Fierceſt of Duns! and conquer'd quits the Field.

Why did the Gods ſuch various Bleſſings pour
On hapleſs Mortals, from their grateful Hands
So ſoon the ſhort-liv'd Bounty to recall? ——
Thus, while improvident of future Ill,
I quaff the luſcious Tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtleſs riot in unlicenc'd Bliſs;
Sudden (dire Fate of all Things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Burſar's croſs-affixing Hand
Blaſts all my Joys, and ſtops my glad Career.

Nor

Nor now the friendly Pot-houſe longer yields
A ſure Retreat, when Night o'erſhades the Skies;
Nor SHEPPARD, barbarous Matron, longer gives
The wonted Truſt, and WINTER ticks no more.
Thus ADAM, exil'd from the beauteous Scenes
Of Eden griev'd, no more in fragrant Bow'r
On Fruits divine to feaſt, freſh Shade and Vale
No more to viſit, or vine-mantled Grot;
But, all forlorn, the dreary Wilderneſs,
And unrejoicing Solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchleſs Bard, whoſe Lay reſounds
The SPLENDID SHILLING's Praiſe, in nightly Gloom
Of loneſome Garret, pin'd for cheerful ALE;
Whoſe Steps in Verſe Miltonic I purſue,
Mean Follower: like him with honeſt Love
Of ALE divine inſpir'd, and Love of Song.
But long may bounteous Heav'n with watchful Care
Avert his hapleſs Lot! Enough for me
That burning with cogenial Flame I dar'd
His guiding Steps at Diſtance to purſue,
And ſing his favorite Theme in kindred Strains.

ODE to HORROR.

In the *Allegoric*, *Deſcriptive*, *Alliterative*, *Epithetical*, *Fantaſtic*, *Hyperbolical*, and *Diabolical* STYLE of our modern ODE-WRITERS, and MONODY-MONGERS.

. . . . . *Ferreus ingruit Horror.* VIRG.

T. Warton.

O Goddeſs of the gloomy Scene,
Of ſhadowy Shapes thou black-brow'd Queen;
Thy Treſſes dark with Ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring Abby found;
Oft wont from Charnels damp and dim,
To call the ſheeted Spectre grim,

While

While as his looſe Chains loudly clink,
Thou add'ſt a Length to every Link:
O thou, that lov'ſt at Eve to ſeek
The penſive-pacing Pilgrim meek,
And ſet'ſt before his ſhuddering Eyes
Strange Forms, and Fiends of Giant-ſize,
As wildly works thy wizzard Will,
Till fear-ſtruck Fancy has her Fill:
Dark Pow'r, whoſe magic Might prevails
O'er Hermit-rocks, and Fairy-vales;
O Goddeſs, erſt by * SPENSER view'd,
What Time th' Enchanter vile embru'd
His Hands in FLORIMEL's pure Heart,
Till loos'd by ſteel-clad BRITOMART:
O thou that erſt on Fancy's Wing
Didſt terror-trembling † TASSO bring,
To Groves where kept damn'd Furies dire
Their blue-tipt Battlements of Fire;
Thou that thro' many a darkſome Pine,
O'er the rugged Rock recline,
Did'ſt wake the hollow-whiſp'ring Breeze
With care-conſumed ELOISE:
O thou, with whom in cheerleſs Cell,
The midnight Clock pale Pris'ners tell;

* SPENSER's Fairy Queen, b. 3. canto 12.
† Gieruſ. Liberat. b. 14.

O haſte

O haſte thee, mild *Miltonic* Maid,
From yonder Yew's ſequeſter'd Shade;
More bright than all the fabled Nine,
Teach me to breathe the ſolemn Line!
O bid my well-rang'd Numbers riſe,
Pervious to none but *Attic* Eyes;
O give the Strain that Madneſs moves,
Till every ſtarting Senſe approves!
What felt the *Gallic* * Traveller,
When far in *Arab*-deſert drear,
He found within the Catacomb,
Alive, the Terrors of a Tomb?
While many a Mummy through the Shade,
In hieroglyphic Stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the myſtic Head,
And trace the Gloom with ghoſtly Tread;
Thou heardſt him pour the ſtifled Groan,
HORROR! his Soul was all thy own!
O Mother of the fire-clad Thought,
O haſte thee from thy grave-like Grot!
(What Time the Witch perform'd the Rite)
Sprung from th' Embrace of TASTE and NIGHT!
O Queen! that erſt did'ſt thinly ſpread
The willowy Leaves o'er † ISIS' Head,

* I do not remember that any poetical Uſe has been made of this Story.

† See ISIS, *an Elegy*.

And

And to her meek Mien did'ſt diſpenſe
Woe's moſt awful Negligence;
What Time, in Cave, with Viſage pale,
She told her elegiac Tale:
O thou! whom wand'ring WARTON ſaw,
Amaz'd with more than youthful Awe,
As by the pale Moon's glimm'ring Gleam
He mus'd his *melancholy* Theme *:
O curfeu-loving Goddeſs haſte!
O waft me to ſome SCYTHIAN Waſte,
Where, in *Gothic* Solitude,
'Mid Proſpects moſt ſublimely rude,
Beneath a rough Rock's gloomy Chaſm,
Thy Siſter ſits, ENTHUSIASM:
Let me with her, in magic Trance,
Hold moſt delirious Dalliance;
Till I, thy penſive Votary,
HORROR, look madly wild like thee;
Until I gain true Tranſport's Shore,
And Life's retiring Scene is o'er;
Aſpire to ſome more azure Sky,
Remote from dim Mortality;
At Length, recline the fainting Head,
In *Druid*-dreams diſſolv'd and dead.

* See *The* PLEASURES *of* MELANCHOLY, *a Poem.*

A PIPE of TOBACCO.

In Imitation of

Six Several AUTHORS.

By HAWKINS BROWNE, Esq;

I. A NEW YEAR's ODE.

In Imitation of COLLEY CIBBER.

RECITATIVO.

OLD Battle-array, big with Horror is fled,
And olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her Head.
Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the Blessing of Peace;
Was ever a Nation so blessed as this?

AIR.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat,
TOBACCO tempers PHOEBUS' Ire,
When wintry Storms around us beat,
TOBACCO chears with gentle Fire.
Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
In thy Praiſes jointly ſing.

RECITATIVO.

Like NEPTUNE, CÆSAR guards VIRGINIAN Fleets,
Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets;
Old OCEAN trembles at BRITANNIA's Pow'r,
And BOREAS is afraid to roar.

AIR.

Happy Mortal! he who knows
Pleaſure which a PIPE beſtows;
Curling Eddies climb the Room,
Wafting round a mild Perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boaſt,
While Waſtes of War deform the teeming Coaſt,
BRITANNIA, diſtant from each hoſtile Sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with Eaſe and Freedom crown'd;
E'en reſtleſs Faction finds itſelf moſt free,
Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

AIR.

AIR.

Smiling Years that gayly run,
Round the Zodiack with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.
British Sons no longer now
Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow,
Nor of crimſon Combat think,
But ſecurely ſmoke and drink.

CHORUS.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the Sun,
Tell, if ever you have ſeen
Realms ſo quiet and ſerene.

II. Imitation of Mr. A. Phillips.

LITTLE Tube of mighty Pow'r,
Charmer of an idle Hour,
Object of my warm Deſire,
Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
And thy ſnowy taper Waiſt,
With my Finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty ſwelling Creſt,
With my little Stopper preſt,

And the ſweeteſt Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Breathing from thy balmy Kiſſes.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men;
Who when agen the Night returns,
When agen the Taper burns;
When agen the Cricket's gay,
(Little Cricket, full of Play)
Can afford his Tube to feed
With the fragrant INDIAN Weed:
Pleaſure for a Noſe divine,
Incenſe of the God of Wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happieſt he of happy Men.

III. Imitation of Mr. THOMPSON.

O Thou, matur'd by glad Heſperian Suns,
TOBACCO, Fountain pure of limpid Truth,
That looks the very Soul; whence pouring Thought
Swarms all the Mind; abſorpt is yellow Care,
And at each Puff Imagination burns:
Flaſh on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
Touch the myſterious Lip that chaunts thy Praiſe,
In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown.
Behold an Engine, wrought from tawny Mines

Of

Of ductile Clay, with plaſtick Virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I graſp, I fill.
From PÆTOTHEKE with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
Itſelf one Tortoiſe all, where ſhines imbib'd
Each parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume
With the red Touch of zeal-enkindling Sheet,
Mark'd with Gibſonian Lore; forth iſſue Clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirſt-inciting Clouds around,
And many-mining Fires: I all the while,
Lolling at Eaſe, inhale the breezy Balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join,
In genial Strife and orthodoxal Ale,
Stream Life and Joy into the Muſe's Bowl.
Oh be thou ſtill my great Inſpirer, thou
My Muſe; oh fan me with thy Zephyr's Boon,
While I, in clouded Tabernacle ſhrin'd,
Burſt forth all Oracle and myſtick Song.

IV. Imitation of Dr. YOUNG.

CRITICKS avaunt; TOBACCO is my Theme;
Tremble like Hornets at the blaſting Steam.
And you, Court-inſects, flutter not too near
It's Light, nor buz within the ſcorching Sphere.
POLLIO, with Flame like thine, my Verſe inſpire,
So ſhall the Muſe from Smoke elicit Fire.

Coxcombs prefer the tickling Sting of Snuff;
Yet all their Claim to Wiſdom is — a Puff:
Lord FOPLIN ſmokes not — for his Teeth afraid:
Sir TAWDRY ſmokes not — for he wears Brocade.
Ladies, when Pipes are brought, affect to ſwoon;
They love no Smoke, except the Smoke of Town;
But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe, — no Matter,
Strange if they love the Breath that cannot flatter!
Its Foes but ſhew their Ignorance; can he
Who ſcorns the Leaf of Knowledge love the Tree?
The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at TOBACCO, though it makes him — ſpit.
CITRONIA vows it has an odious Stink;
She will not ſmoke (ye Gods!) but ſhe will drink:
And chaſte PRUDELLA (blame her if you can)
Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature Man:
Yet Crouds remain, who ſtill its Worth proclaim,
While ſome for Pleaſure ſmoke, and ſome for Fame:
Fame, of our Actions univerſal Spring,
For which we drink, eat, ſleep, ſmoke, — ev'ry Thing.

V. Imitation of Mr. POPE.

BLEST Leaf! whoſe aromatick Gales diſpenſe
To Templars Modeſty, to Parſons Senſe:
So raptur'd Prieſts, at fam'd DODONA's Shrine:
Drank Inſpiration from the Steam divine.

Poiſon

Poiſon that cures, a Vapour that affords
Content, more ſolid than the Smile of Lords:
Reſt to the Weary, to the Hungry Food,
The laſt kind Refuge of the Wiſe and Good.
Inſpir'd by thee, dull Cits adjuſt the Scale
Of Europe's Peace, when other Stateſmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy Siſter, Beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
Nor leſs the Critick owns thy genial Aid,
While ſupperleſs he plies the piddling Trade.
What though to Love and ſoft Delights a Foe,
By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau,
Yet ſocial Freedom, long to Courts unknown,
Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
And let me taſte thee unexcis'd by Kings.

VI. Imitation of DEAN SWIFT.

BOY! bring an Ounce of FREEMAN's beſt,
And bid the Vicar be my Gueſt:
Let all be plac'd in Manner due,
A Pot wherein to ſpit or ſpue,
And London Journal, and Free-Briton,
Of uſe to light a Pipe, or * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Village, unmoleſted yet,
By Troopers, ſhall be my Retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for Pay.
Far from the Vermin of the Town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a Pipe, whoſe Vapour bland
In ſweet Oblivion lulls the Land,
Of all which at Vienna paſſes,
As ignorant as * * * Braſs is:
And ſcorning Raſcals to careſs,
Extoll the Days of good Queen Bess,
When firſt Tobacco bleſt our Iſle,
Then think of other Queens — and ſmile.

Come jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight Revelry and Song;
The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
That echoes ſweet in City Hall;
The Parſon's Pun, the ſmutty Tale
Of Country Juſtice o'er his Ale.
I aſk not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compaſs Britain's Ruin:
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where Tobacco loves to grow.

THE

PLEASURE *of being* OUT OF DEBT.

HORACE, Ode XXII. Book 1. imitated.

Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, &c.

I.

THE Man, who not a Farthing owes,
Looks down with ſcornful Eye on thoſe,
Who riſe by Fraud and Cunning;
Though in the *Pig-market* he ſtand
With Aſpect grave and clear-ſtarch'd Band,
He fears no Tradeſman's Dunning.

II. He

II.

He paſſes by each Shop in Town,
Nor hides his Face beneath his Gown,
No Dread his Heart invading;
He quaffs the Nectar of the *Tuns*,
Or on a ſpur-gall'd Hackney runs
To London maſquerading.

III.

What Joy attends a new-paid Debt!
Our Manciple I lately met
Of Viſage wiſe and prudent;
I on the Nail by Battels paid,
The Monſter turn'd away diſmay'd,
Hear this, each *Oxford* Student!

IV.

With Juſtice and with Truth to trace
The grieſly Features of his Face,
Exceeds all Man's recounting;
Suffice, he look'd as grim and ſour
As any Lion in the Tower,
Or half-ſtarv'd Cat-a-Mountain.

V.

A Phiz ſo grim you ſcarce can meet
In Bedlam, Newgate, or the Fleet,
Dry Nurſe of Faces horrid!

Not

Not BUCKHORSE fierce, with many a Bruiſe,
Diſplays ſuch complicated Hues,
On his undaunted Forehead.

VI.

Place me on Scotland's bleakeſt Hill,
Provided I can pay my Bill,
Hang ev'ry Thought of Sorrow;
There falling Sleet, or Froſt, or Rain,
Attack a Soul reſolv'd, in vain: - - - -
It may be fair To-morrow.

VII.

To *Heddington* then let me ſtray,
And take *Joe Pullen's Tree* away,
I'll ne'er complain of Phœbus;
But while he ſcorches up the Graſs,
I'll fill a Bumper to my Laſs,
And toaſt her in a Rebus.

ODE TO AN EAGLE.

Confined in a COLLEGE COURT.

Quis tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas,
Cui tantum de te lizuit ? - - - - - VIRG.

Atque affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ. HOR.

I.

IMperial Bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling Cloud,
Where Hyperborean Mountains hoar
Their Heads in Ether shroud ; ——

Thou

Thou Servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and ſwift as Thought, could'ſt rove
To the bleak North's extremeſt Goal; ——
Thou, who magnanimous could'ſt bear
The ſovereign Thund'rer's Arms in Air,
And ſhake thy native Pole! ——

II.

Oh cruel Fate! what barbarous Hand,
What more than Gothic Ire,
At ſome fierce Tyrant's dread Command,
To check thy daring Fire,
Has plac'd thee in this ſervile Cell,
Where Diſcipline and Dulneſs dwell;
Where Genius ne'er was ſeen to roam:
Where ev'ry ſelfiſh Soul's at reſt,
Nor ever quits the carnal Breaſt,
But lurks and ſneaks at Home!

III.

Though dim'd thine Eye, and clipt thy Wing,
So grov'ling! once ſo great!
The grief-inſpired Muſe ſhall ſing
In tend'reſt Lays thy Fate:
What Time by thee ſcholaſtic Pride,
Takes his preciſe, pedantic Stride,

Nor on thy Mis'ry caſts a Care;
The Stream of Love ne'er from his Heart
Flows out, to act fair Pity's Part;
But ſtinks, and ſtagnates there.

IV.

Yet uſeful ſtill, hold to the Throng ——
Hold the reflecting Glaſs, ——
That not untutor'd at thy Wrong
The Paſſenger may paſs:
Thou Type of Wit and Senſe confin'd,
Cramp'd by th' Oppreſſors of the Mind;
Born to look downward on the Ground!
Type of the Fall of Greece and Rome!
While more than mathematic Gloom,
Envelopes all around!

THE ART OF PREACHING.

A FRAGMENT.

In Imitation of HORACE's ART OF POETRY.

By the late Rev. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

- - - Pendent opera interrupta. - - -

SHOULD some fam'd Hand, in this fantastic Age,
Draw RICH, as RICH appears upon the Stage,
With all his Postures, in one motley Plan,
The God, the Hound, the Monkey, and the Man;

Here

Here o'er his Head high-brandiſhing a Leg,
And there juſt hatch'd, and breaking from his Egg;
While Monſter crowds on Monſter through the Piece,
Who could help laughing at a Sight like this?
Or as a Drunkard's Dream together brings
A Court of Coblers, and a Mob of Kings;
Such is a Sermon, where confus'dly dark,
Join *Hoadly*, *Sharp*, *South*, *Sherlock*, *Wake*, and *Clarke*.
So Eggs of different Pariſhes will run
To batter, when you beat ſix Yolks to one;
So ſix bright chymic Liquors if you mix,
In one dark Shadow vaniſh all the fix.

This Licence Prieſts and Painters ever had,
To run bold Lengths, but never to run mad;
For theſe can't reconcile God's Grace to Sin,
Nor thoſe paint Tygers in an Aſs's Skin;
No common Dauber in one Piece would join
A Fox and Gooſe, - - - unleſs upon a Sign.

Some ſteal a Page of Senſe from *Tillotſon*,
And then conclude divinely with their own;
Like Oil on Water mounts the Prelate up,
His Grace is always ſure to be at Top;
That Vein of Mercury it's Beams will ſpread,
And ſhine more ſtrongly through a Mine of Lead.
With ſuch low Arts your Hearers never bilk,
For who can bear a Fuſtian lin'd with Silk?

Sooner

Sooner than preach ſuch Stuff, I'd walk the Town,
Without my Scarf in *Whiſton*'s draggled Gown;
Ply at the *Chapter* and at *Child*'s to read
For Pence, and bury for a Groat a Head.

Some eaſy Subject chuſe, within your Power,
Or you will ne'er hold out for Half an Hour.
Still to your Hearers all your Sermons ſort;
Who'd preach againſt Corruption at the Court?
Againſt Church Pow'r at Viſitations bawl?
Or talk about Damnation at *Whitehall?*
Harangue the Horſe-guards on a Cure of Souls?
Condemn the Quirks of Chancery at the *Rolls?*
Or rail at Hoods and Organs at St. *Paul*'s?
Or be, like *David Jones*, ſo indiſcreet,
To rave at Uſurers in *Lombard-ſtreet?*

Begin with Care, nor, like that Curate vile,
Set out in this high prancing ſtumbling Style;
" Whoever with a piercing *Eye* can *ſee*,
" Through the *paſt* Records of *Futurity*"—
All gape, no Meaning: — the puft Orator
Talks much, and ſays juſt nothing, for an Hour.
Truth and the Text he labours to diſplay,
Till both are quite interpreted away:
So frugal Dames inſipid Water pour,
Till Green, Bohea, or Coffee are no more.

His Arguments in giddy Circles run
Still round and round, and end where they begun:
So the poor Turnſpit, as the Wheel runs round,
The more he gains, the more he loſes Ground.
Nor Parts diſtinct, or general Scheme we find,
But one wild ſhapeleſs Monſter of the Mind:
So when old Bruin teems, her Children fail
Of Limbs, Form, Figure, Features, Head or Tail;
Nay, though ſhe licks the Ruins, all her Cares
Scarce mend the Lumps, and bring them but to Bears.

Ye Country Vicars, when you preach in Town
A Turn at *Paul*'s, to pay your Journey down,
If you would ſhun the Sneer of every Prig,
Lay by the little Band, and ruſty Wig:
But yet be ſure, your proper Language know,
Nor talk as born within the Sound of *Bow*.
Speak not the Phraſe that *Drury-lane* affords,
Nor from '*Change-alley* ſteal a Cant of Words.
Coachmen will criticiſe your Style, nay further,
Porters will bring it in for *Wilful Murder*;
The Dregs of the Canaille will look aſkew
To hear the Language of the Town from you;
Nay, my Lord May'r, with Merriment poſſeſt,
Will break his Nap, and laugh among the reſt,
And jog the Aldermen to hear the Jeſt,
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE

THE

CELEBRATED SONG

OF THE

All-Souls MALLARD.

GRIFFIN, Buſtard, Turkey, Capon,
Let other hungry Mortals gape on;
And on the Bones their Stomach fall hard,
But let All-Souls Men have their MALLARD.
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
It was a ſwapping, ſwapping MALLARD.

The *Romans* once admir'd a *Gander*
More than they did their chief Commander:
Becauſe he ſav'd, if ſome don't fool us,
The Place that's call'd from th' *Head of Tolus*.
Oh! by the Blood, &c.

The Poets feign'd *Jove* turn'd a Swan,
But let them prove it, if they can:
As for our Proof 'tis not at all hard,
For it was a ſwapping, ſwapping MALLARD.
Oh! by the Blood, &c.

Swapping he was from Bill to Eye;
Swapping he was from Wing to Thigh;
His ſwapping Tool of Generation
Out-ſwapped all the wing'd Creation:
Oh! by the Blood, &c.

Therefore let us ſing and dance a Galliard,
To the Remembrance of the MALLARD:
And as the MALLARD dives in Pool,
Let us dabble, dive, and duck in Bowl.
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
Oh! by the Blood of King Edward,
It was a ſwapping, ſwapping MALLARD.

S O N G,

In Honour of the Celebration of the Boar's Head,

At Queen's College, Oxford.

Tam Marti quam Mercurio. D.r Harrison

I Sing not of Roman or Grecian mad Games,
The Pythian, Olympic, and ſuch like hard Names;
Your Patience awhile with Submiſſion I beg,
I ſtrive but to honour the Feaſt of Coll. Reg.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

No Thracian Brawls at our Rites ere prevail,
We temper our Mirth with plain ſober mild Ale;
The Tricks of old Circe deter us from Wine;
Though we honour a Boar, we won't make ourſelves Swine. Derry down, &c.

Great Milo was famous for ſlaying his Ox,
Yet he prov'd but an Aſs in cleaving of Blocks:
But we had a Hero for all Things was fit,
Our Motto diſplays both his Valour and Wit.
Derry down, &c.

Stout Hercules labour'd, and look'd mighty big,
When he ſlew the half-ſtarv'd Erymanthian Pig,
But we can relate ſuch a Stratagem taken,
That the ſtouteſt of Boars, could not *ſave his own Bacon.*
Derry down, &c.

So dreadful this briſtle-back'd Foe did appear,
You'd have ſworn he had got the wrong *Pig by the Ear.*
But inſtead of avoiding the Mouth of the Beaſt,
He ramm'd in a Volume, and cry'd—*Græcum eſt.*
Derry down, &c.

In this gallant Action ſuch Fortitude ſhewn is,
As proves him no Coward, nor tender Adonis;
No Armour but Logic; by which we may find
That Logic's the Bulwark of Body and Mind.
Derry down, &c.

Ye Squires that fear neither Hills nor rough Rocks,
And think you're full wiſe when you outwit a Fox;
Enrich your poor Brains, and expoſe them no more,
Learn Greek, and ſeek Glory from hunting the Boar.
Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAM *on an* EPIGRAM.

J. Warton.

I.

ONE Day in *Chriſt-Church* Meadows walking,
Of Poetry, and ſuch Things talking,
Says *Ralph*, a merry Wag,
An EPIGRAM, if right and good,
In all its Circumſtances ſhou'd
Be like a *Jelly-Bag*.

II.

Your Simile, I own, is new,
But how do'ſt make it out, quoth *Hugh?*
Quoth *Ralph*, I'll tell thee, Friend;
Make it at Top both wide and fit
To hold a Budget-full of Wit,
And point it at the End *.

* *N. B.* This *Epigram* is printed from the original *Manuſcript*, preſerved in the ARCHIVES of the Jelly-Bag Society.

A N

EPISTLE *to Mr.* ROBERT LOWTH,

In Imitation of HORACE, Book ii. Epiſt. 19.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

'TIS ſaid, dear Sir, no Poets pleaſe the Town;
Who drink mere Water, though from *Helicon*:
For in cold Blood they ſeldom boldly think:
Their Rhymes are more inſipid than their Drink.
Not great *Apollo* could the Train inſpire,
Till generous *Bacchus* help'd to fan the Fire.

Warm'd

Warm'd by two Gods at once, they drink and write,
Rhyme all the Day, and fuddle all the Night.
Homer, ſays *Horace*, nods in many a Place,
But hints, he nodded oftner o'er the Glaſs.
Inſpir'd with Wine old *Ennius* ſung and thought,
With the ſame Spirit, that his Heroes fought:
And we from *Johnſon*'s Tavern-laws divine
That Bard was no great Enemy to Wine.
'Twas from the Bottle *King* deriv'd his Wit,
Drank till he could not talk, and then he writ.
Let no coif'd Serjeant touch the ſacred Juice,
But leave it to the Bards for better Uſe:
Let the grave Judges too the Glaſs forbear,
Who never ſing and dance but once a Year.
This Truth once known, our Poets take the Hint,
Get drunk or mad, and then get into Print:
To raiſe their Flames indulge the mellow Fit,
And loſe their Senſes in the Search of Wit:
And when with Claret fir'd they take the Pen,
Swear they can write, becauſe they drink, like *Ben*.
Such mimick *Swift* or *Prior* to their Coſt,
For in the raſh Attempt the Fools are loſt.
When once a Genius breaks through common Rules,
He leads an Herd of imitating Fools.
If *Pope*, the Prince of Poets, ſick a-bed,
O'er ſteaming Coffee bends his aching Head,

The Fools in public o'er the fragrant Draught
Incline thoſe Heads, that never ach'd or thought.
This muſt provoke his Mirth, or his Diſdain,
Cure his Complaint, —— or make him ſick again.
I too, like them, the Poet's Path purſue,
And keep great *Flaccus* ever in my View;
But in a diſtant View — yet what I write,
In theſe looſe Sheets, muſt never ſee the Light;
Epiſtles, Odes, and twenty Trifles more,
Things that are born and die in Half an Hour.
What! you muſt dedicate, ſays ſneering *Spence*,
This Year ſome new Performance to the Prince:
Though Money is your Scorn, no doubt in Time,
You hope to gain ſome vacant Stall by Rhyme;
Like other Poets, were the Truth but known,
You too admire whatever is your own.
Theſe wiſe Remarks my Modeſty confound,
While the Laugh riſes, and the Mirth goes round;
Vex'd at the Jeſt, yet glad to ſhun a Fray,
I whiſk into my Coach, and drive away.

THE

THE

LOWNGER.

I Riſe about nine, get to Breakfaſt by ten,
Blow a Tune on my Flute, or perhaps make a Pen;
Read a Play 'till eleven, or cock my lac'd Hat;
Then ſtep to my Neighbour's, till Dinner, to chat.
Dinner over, to *Tom*'s, or to *James*'s I go,
The News of the Town ſo impatient to know;
While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum Race,
That talk of their Modes, their Ellipſes, and Space,
The Seat of the Soul, and new Syſtems on high,
In Holes, as abſtruſe as their Myſteries, lye.

From

From the Coffee-houſe then I to Tennis away,
And at five I poſt back to my College to pray:
I ſup before eight, and ſecure from all Duns,
Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns*;
Where in Punch or good Claret my Sorrows I drown,
And toſs off a Bowl "To the beſt in the Town:"
At One in the Morning, I call what's to pay,
Then Home to my College I ſtagger away,
Thus I tope all the Night, as I trifle all Day.

EPIGRAM, *written by an* EXCISEMAN,

And addreſſed to a young Lady, who was courted at the ſame Time by an APOTHECARY.

J. Warton.

WHAT though the Doctor boaſts to fit
Your *Mortar* to his *Peſtle*;
Are not my *Inches* every whit
As good to *gage* your *Veſſel?*

ON

AN

EPISTLE *to Mr.* SPENCE,

When Tutor to Lord MIDDLESEX.

In Imitation of HORACE, Book i. Epiſt. 18.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

SPENCE, with a Friend you paſs the Hours away
In pointed Jokes, yet innocently gay:
You ever differ'd from a Flatterer more,
Than a chaſte Lady from a flaunting Whore.

'Tis

'Tis true you rallied every Fault you found,
But gently tickled, while you cur'd the Wound:
Unlike the paultry Poets of the Town,
Rogues who expoſe themſelves for Half a Crown;
And ſtill impoſe on ev'ry Soul they meet
Rudeneſs for Senſe, and Ribaldry for Wit:
Who, tho' half-ſtarv'd, in ſpite of Time and Place,
Repeat their Rhymes, tho' Dinner ſtays for Grace:
And as their Poverty their Dreſſes fit,
They think of courſe a Sloven is a Wit:
But Senſe (a Truth theſe Coxcombs ne'er ſuſpect)
Lies juſt 'twixt Affectation and Neglect.

One Step, ſtill lower, if you condeſcend,
To the mean Wretch, the great Man's humble Friend,
That moving Shade, that Pendant at his Ear,
That two-legg'd Dog, ſtill pawing on the Peer.
Studying his Looks, and watching at the Board,
He gapes to catch the Droppings of my Lord;
And tickled to the Soul at ev'ry Joke,
Like a preſs'd Watch, repeats what t'other ſpoke:
Echo to Nonſenſe! ſuch a Scene to hear!
'Tis juſt like *Punch* and his Interpreter.

On Trifles ſome are earneſtly abſurd,
You'll think the World depends on ev'ry Word.—

What

What, is not ev'ry Mortal free to ſpeak?
I'll give my Reaſons, tho' I break my Neck —
And what's the Queſtion? — if it ſhines or rains,
Whether 'tis twelve or fifteen Miles to *Staines*.

The Wretch reduc'd to Rags by ev'ry Vice,
Pride, Projects, Races, Miſtreſſes, and Dice,
The rich Rogue ſhuns, tho' full as bad as he,
And knows a Quarrel is good Huſbandry.

'Tis ſtrange, cries Peter, you are out of Pelf,
I'm ſure I thought you wiſer than myſelf;
Yet gives him nothing — but Advice too late,
Retrench, or rather mortgage your Eſtate,
I can advance the Sum, — 'tis beſt for both, —
But henceforth cut your Coat to match your Cloth.

A Miniſter, in mere Revenge and Sport,
Shall give his Foe a paultry Place at Court.
The Dupe for ev'ry royal Birth-day buys
New Horſes, Coaches, Cloaths, and Liveries;
Plies at the Levee, and diſtinguiſh'd there
Lives on the Royal Whiſper for a Year;
His Wenches ſhine in Bruſſels and Brocade;
And now the Wretch, ridiculouſly mad,
Draws on his Banker, mortgages and fails,
Then to the Country runs away from Jails:

There

There ruin'd by the Court he ſells a Vote
To the next Burgeſs, as of old he bought;
Rubs down the Steeds which once his Chariot bore,
Or ſweeps the Town which once he *ſerv'd* before.

But, by this roving Meteor led, I tend
Beyond my Theme, forgetful of my Friend.
Then take Advice; I preach not out of Time,
When good Lord Middleſex is bent on Rhyme.

Their Humour check'd, or Inclination croſt,
Sometimes the Friendſhip of the Great is loſt.
Unleſs call'd out to wench, be ſure comply,
Hunt when he hunts, and lay the Fathers by:
For your Reward you gain his Love, and dine
On the beſt Ven'ſon and the beſt French Wine:
Nor to Lord ****** make the Obſervation,
How the twelve Peers have anſwer'd their Creation,
Nor in your Wine or Wrath betray your Truſt,
Be ſilent ſtill, and obſtinately juſt:
Explore no Secrets, draw no Characters,
For Echo will repeat, and Walls have Ears:
Nor let a buſy Fool a Secret know,
A Secret gripes him till he lets it go:
Words are like Bullets, and we wiſh in vain,
When once diſcharg'd, to call them back again.

 **** Defend,

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Defend, dear *Spence*, the honeſt and the civil,
But to cry up a Raſcal —— that's the Devil.
Who guards a good Man's Character, 'tis known,
At the ſame Time protects and guards his own.
For as with Houſes, 'tis with People's Names,
A Shed may ſet a Palace all on Flames;
The Fire neglected on the Cottage preys,
But mounts at laſt into a general Blaze.

'Tis a fine Thing, ſome think, a Lord to know;
I wiſh his Tradeſmen could but think ſo too.
He gives his Word —— then all your Hopes are gone:
He gives his Honour —— then you're quite undone.
His and ſome Women's Love the ſame are found,
You raſhly board a Fireſhip and are drown'd.

Moſt Folks ſo partial to themſelves are grown,
They hate a Temper diff'ring from their own.
The grave abhor the gay, the gay the ſad,
And Formaliſts pronounce the witty mad:
The Sot, who drinks ſix Bottles in a Place,
Swears at the Flinchers who refuſe their Glaſs.
Would you not paſs for an ill-natur'd Man,
Comply with ev'ry Humour that you can.

Pope

Pope will inſtruct you how to paſs away
Your Time like him, and never loſe a Day;
From Hopes or Fears your Quiet to defend,
To all Mankind as to yourſelf a Friend,
And ſacred from the World, retir'd, unknown,
To lead a Life with Morals like his own.

When to delicious *Pimperne* I retire,
What greater Bliſs, my *Spence*, can I deſire?
Contented there my eaſy Hours I ſpend
With Maps, Globes, Books, my Bottle and a Friend.
There can I live upon my Income ſtill,
E'en though the Houſe ſhould paſs the Quakers Bill:
Yet to my Share ſhould ſome good Prebend fall,
I think myſelf of Size to fill a Stall.
For Life or Wealth let Heav'n my Lot aſſign,
A firm and even Soul ſhall ſtill be mine.

MORNING. *An* ODE.

The Author confined to College.

Scribimus inclusi. - - - - - PERS. Sat. 1. V. 13.

ONCE more the vernal Sun's ambrosial Beams
The Fields, as with a purple Robe adorn:
Charwell, thy sedgy Banks, and glist'ring Streams
All laugh and sing at mild Approach of Morn;
Thro' the deep Groves I hear the chaunting Birds,
And thro' the clover'd Vale the various-lowing Herds.

Up mounts the Mower from his lowly Thatch,
Well pleas'd the Progress of the Spring to mark,
The fragrant Breath of Breezes pure to catch,
And startle from her Couch the early Lark;
More genuine Pleasure sooths his tranquil Breast,
Than high-thron'd Kings can boast, in eastern Glory dress't.

The pensive Poet through the Green-wood steals
Or treads the willow'd Marge of murm'ring Brook;
Or climbs the steep Ascent of airy Hills;
There sits him down beneath a branching Oak,
Whence various Scenes, and Prospects wide below,
Still teach his musing Mind with Fancies high to glow.

But

But I nor with the Day awake to Bliſs,
(Inelegant to me fair Nature's Face,
A Blank the Beauty of the Morning is,
And Grief and Darkneſs all for Light and Grace;)
Nor bright the Sun, nor green the Meads appear,
Nor Colour charms mine Eye, nor Melody mine Ear.

Me, void of Elegance and Manners mild,
With leaden Rod, ſtern Diſcipline reſtrains;
Stiff Pedantry, of learned Pride the Child,
My roving Genius binds in Gothic Chains;
Nor can the cloyſter'd Muſe expand her Wing,
Nor bid theſe twilight Roofs with her gay Carols ring.

On Miſs POLLY FOOTE's

Unexpected Arrival at OXFORD,

And ſpeedy Flight from thence, 1758.

LONG had fair *Venus* and her Son
Diſtreſs' *Minerva*'s darling Town
With Perſecution jealous;
Of Belles ſo ſcanty was her Choice,
She ſcarce could furniſh Toaſts for Boys,
Or Wives for humbler *Fellows*.

Yet *Pallas* all their Spleen defy'd,
And prudently the Loſs ſupply'd
Of ſuch precarious Bliſſes:
Hence were her Sons more ſtudious grown:
Her Diſcipline went ſmoother on,
'Mid Troops of homely Miſſes.

Cupid, who late had ſeen the Place,
Found they had quite miſtook the Caſe,
That Books would grow in Faſhion,
That dazzling Eyes and blooming Cheeks,
Could only tame thoſe hardy *Greeks*,
And bring them to Submiſſion.

Then ſwift as Thought he flew to Town,
And *Polly* ſtraight is order'd down;
The Champion of Beauty;
For well his Godſhip did deviſe,
That *Polly*'s Charms and *Polly*'s Eyes
Would be alert on Duty.

She came, and with each Grace complete,
From a *Venetian* Window's Height
Her Battery ſhe play'd:
The fatal Slaughter who can tell,
What Troops of gazing Students fell,
Stretch'd o'er the ſmooth *Parade?*

Sage

Sage Folios, now a muſty Heap,
In Chains and learned Darkneſs ſleep,
All Logick's turn'd to Folly;
Each Student takes his Cap and Gown,
And runs through ev'ry Street in Town,
To catch a Look at *Polly*.

Who now can pedant Rules endure? —
" Go Boy, and bid the beſt Friſeur,
" At Six preciſe be wi' me;"
My Hair in Wires exact and nice,
I'll trim my Cap to ſmalleſt Size,
That *Polly* ſure may ſee me.

Nay e'en the Don his Pipe foregoes,
That Friend to Wiſdom and Repoſe,
Leſt *Polly* be offended;
And *Galen*'s ſageſt Sons will leave,
To dangle Hours at *Polly*'s Sleeve,
Their Patients unattended.

See Churches are forſaken too,
If *Polly* does not grace a Pew,
To keep grave Heads from ſleeping:
Mad *H-tch-nſonians* rave in vain,
The ſad deſerted Seats remain
For 'Prentice Boys to weep in.

Cupid, who ſtood at *Polly*'s Side
Incog, and every Shaft ſupplied,
Laugh'd with inſulting Malice,
To ſee how ſure each Arrow flew,
How at each killing Glance ſhe flew
Some fav'rite Son of *Pallas*.

Then to *Jove*'s Court he wing'd his Way,
To tell the Triumphs of the Day,
And publiſh *Polly*'s Glory;
But *Pallas* had that Morn been there,
And humbly ſought of *Jove* to hear
The Hardſhips of her Story.

" That all her Sons were Rebels grown,
" No Books were read, no Rules were known;
" Her fav'rite Seat was undone:"
Her Plea was heard, 'twas *Jove*'s Decree
That *Iris* ſhould next Week convey
Fair *Polly* back to *London*.

The CUSHION PLOT.

Discovered by Dr. SHAW.

By H. B. Esq;

WHEN *Gaby* Possession had got of the HALL,
He took a Survey of the Chapel and All,
Since that, like the rest, was just ready to fall.
Which nobody can deny.

And first he began to examine the Chest,
Where he found an old *Cushion* which gave him distaste;
The first of the Kind that e'er *troubled his Rest.*
Which nobody, &c.

Two Letters of Gold on this Cushion were rear'd;
Two Letters of Gold once by *Gaby* rever'd,
But now, what was Loyalty, Treason appear'd:
Which nobody, &c.

" *J. R.* (quoth the Don, in Soliloquy bass)
" See the Works of this damnable Jacobite Race!
" We'll out with the *J*, and put *G* in it's Place:"
Which nobody, &c.

And now to erase these Letters so rich,
For Scissars and Bodkin his Fingers did itch,
For Converts in Politics go *thorough-stitch.*
Which nobody, &c.

The Thing was almost as soon done as said,
Poor *J* was depos'd, and *G* reign'd in his stead;
Such a quick Revolution sure never was read!
Which nobody, &c.

Then hey for Preferment — But how did he ſtare,
When convinc'd and aſham'd of not being aware,
That *J* ſtood for * JEMMET, for RAYMOND the *R.*
Which nobody, &c.

Then beware all ye Parents, from hence I adviſe,
How ye chuſe Chriſtian Names for the Babes ye baptize,
For if *Gaby* dont like 'em he'll pick out their *J*'s.
Which nobody can deny.

On LOPPING New-College LIME TREES.

WHILOM a Row of ſaucy Limes,
Planted, I ween, in luckleſs Times,
By ſome ill-favour'd Burſar;
Like Upſtarts vain, grew proud and tall,
And boldly perk'd it o'er the Wall,
No Trees look'd ever fiercer.

But late for ſundry Crimes arraign'd,
(Whether ſome ſtripling Shrubs complain'd
Theſe Rogues preſum'd to ſlight 'em,
Or whether they were heard to prate
Of ſome ſad Yew's untimely Fate,
That once grew over-right 'em:

* The Benefactor who gave the Cuſhion.

Or

Or if by Chance their Heads they ſhook,
When tow'rds the Church they turn'd a Look,
And mourn'd the ſad Conditions
Of poor St. *Peter*'s * num'rous Dead,
That to their Graves were daily led,
Since ſome Folks turn'd Phyſicians).

Whate'er the Cauſe, ſome angry Pow'r
Reſolv'd their daring Tops to low'r:
His murd'rous Mates aſſembled:
Oh! as the mangling Crew appears,
Arm'd with Ax, Hatchet, Saw, and Sheers,
How ev'ry *Dryad* trembled.

Sore Cauſe, for ne'er in Grove of Oak
Did ſpendthrift Heir's unpity'd Stroke,
Such Butchery exhibit;
Each Arm they maim'd, each Head they topt,
Nor ever left a Limb unlopt,
To make the Dogs a Gibbet.

So looks the poor diſmember'd Tar,
Who late was Thunderbolt of War,
But fall'n in barb'rous Clutches;
From mangling Hoſpital turn'd out,
Maim'd, halt, and naked, limps about,
To beg with Stumps and Crutches.

* The Church of St. *Peter* in the Eaſt, at *Oxford*.

Oh!

Oh! how the ſad ſucceeding Year,
Will each kind Stranger's pitying Tear,
Our wond'rous Change bemoan;
To ſee each Tree, once green and tall,
A ſhapeleſs Block become; and all
Our Hedge-rows turn'd to Stone.

But we, bleſt Minions, all our Days
Shall baſk in *Phœbus'* warmeſt Rays,
No Shade can now controul us:
And ſhould he chance to overheat us,
He by the ſame good Hand can treat us,
With gentle Purge to cool us.

EPIGRAM.

ON AN

OXFORD TOAST,

With fine Eyes, *and a bad* Voice.

LUCETTA's Charms our Hearts ſurpriſe
At once with Love and Wonder;
She bear's Jove's *Lightning* in her *Eyes*,
But in her *Voice* his *Thunder*.

A BALLAD,

A BALLAD,

To the Tune of—To you fair Ladies now at Land.

Occaſioned by a late Copy of Verſes on Miſs BRICKENDEN'S *going to* Newnham *by Water; in which were the following Lines:*

" The lofty Trees of Newnham's pendent Wood,
" To meet her ſeem to ruſh into the Flood;
" Peep o'er their Fellows Heads to view the Fair
" Whoſe Name upon their wounded Barks they bear.
" Repreſs your amorous Haſte; the lovely Maid
" In *Perſon* deigns to cheer the gloomy Shade."

WHILST you my charming Anna reign,
Of ev'ry Muſe the Theme;
Whoſe Preſence decks with Flowers the Plain,
With Pride ſwells Iſis' Stream;
May I preſume you'll lend an Ear,
To me, your humble Sonneteer? —— *Fa, la.*

But leſt, my Fair, you think me cold,
Cry piſh, and call me rude;
Or think that I dare be ſo bold,
My Paſſion to intrude;
It is not for myſelf I ſue,
'Tis for *ſome Trees that die for you.* —— *Fa, la.*

Since

Since late on Iſis' ſilver Flood
Your fatal Form was ſeen,
Some luckleſs *Oaks* of *Newnham Wood*,
Till then full freſh and green,
No more their verdant Honours ſpread,
But ſigh for you, and hang their Head. —— *Fa, la.*

'Tis ſaid, that with a Look moſt queer,
The Dotards peeping ſtood;
No Prieſt with more laſcivious Leer,
Confeſſing Nun e'er view'd;
Nay that they *ruſh'd into the Flood.* ——
Were e'er ſuch am'rous *Sticks of Wood?* —— *Fa, la.*

How then can all your num'rous Band
Of Lovers not deſpair:
When *Hearts of Oak* could not withſtand
A Face ſo wond'rous fair?
Since in your Breaſt no Pity's found,
Tho' Lovers hang, and *Trees are drown'd.* —— *Fa, la.*

In Pity to your Wit, reſtrain
The Lightning of your Eyes;
Since at each Glance upon the Plain,
Some bleeding *Foreſt* dies:
If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
You'll ruin our *poetic Shade.* —— *Fa, la.*

Well

Well might the Poet's am'rous Song
Stile you the public Care;
For all our Country 'Squires e'er long,
Will dread the paſſing Fair.
Think what will good Lord *Harcourt* do,
Now *Newnham Woods* are fir'd by you! — *Fa, la.*

On a BEAUTY *with* ILL QUALITIES.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd
A beauteous Face and ugly Mind;
In vain the faultleſs Features ſtrike,
When Soul and Body are unlike;
Pity thoſe ſnowy Breaſts ſhould hide
Deceit, and Avarice, and Pride!

So in rich Jars from *China* brought,
With glowing Colours gayly wrought,
Oftimes the ſubtle Spider dwells,
With ſecret Venom bloated ſwells,
Weaves all his fatal Nets within,
As unſuſpected, as unſeen.

A SONG *of* SIMILIES.

By the Reverend Dr. BACON.

I'VE THOUGHT; the fair *Clariſſa* cries:
What is it like, Sir? — Like your Eyes.
'Tis like a Chair — 'Tis like a Key —
'Tis like a Purge — 'Tis like a Flea —
'Tis like a Beggar — like the Sun —
'Tis like the Dutch — 'Tis like the Moon —
'Tis like a Kilderkin of Ale —
'Tis like a Doctor — like a Whale.

Why are my Eyes, Sir, like a SWORD?
For that's the Thought upon my Word. ——
Ah! witneſs ev'ry Pang I feel;
The Deaths they give their Likeneſs tell.

A Sword is like a Chair, you'll find,
Becauſe 'tis *moſt an end behind.*
'Tis like a Key, for 'twill undo one;
'Tis like a Purge, for 'twill run through one.
'Tis like a Flea, and Reaſon good,
'Tis often drawing human Blood.
Why like a Beggar you ſhall hear,
'Tis often borne before the Mayor.

'Tis

'Tis like the Sun becauſe 'tis gilt,
Beſides it travels in a *Belt*.
'Tis like the Dutch we plainly ſee,
Becauſe that State, whenever we
A Puſh for our own Int'reſt make,
Does inſtantly our Sides forſake.
The Moon — Why when all's ſaid and done,
A Sword is very like the Moon:
For if his Majeſty, (God bleſs him)
When County Sheriff comes t' addreſs him,
Is pleas'd his Favours to beſtow
On him before him kneeling low,
This o'er his Shoulders glitters bright,
And gives the Glory to the Knight. [*Night.*]
'Tis like a Kilderkin, no Doubt,
For 'tis not long in drawing out.
'Tis like a Doctor, for who will
Diſpute a Doctor's Pow'r to kill?
But why a Sword is like a Whale,
Is no ſuch eaſy Thing to tell.
But ſince all Swords are Swords, d'ye ſee,
Why let it then a Backſword be:
Which, if well us'd, will ſeldom fail
To raiſe up ſomewhat like a *Whale*.

The SNIPE.

An HUMOUROUS BALLAD.

By the Same.

Tune, —*Abbot of Canterbury.*

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that true,
A Story that's diſmal, yet comical too;
It is of a Friar, who ſome People think,
Tho' as ſweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

This Friar would often go out with his Gun,
And tho' no great Markſman, he thought himſelf one;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miſs Aim,
Still ſomething but never himſelf was to blame.
Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young Peter, a Friend of the Friar's,
With Legs arm'd with Leather, for fear of the Briars,
Went out with him once, tho' it ſignifies not
Where he hired his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.
Derry down, &c.

Away theſe two trudg'd it, o'er Hills and o'er Dales,
They popt at the Partridges, frighten'd the Quails;
But, to tell you the Truth, no great Miſchief was done,
Save ſpoiling the Proverb, *as ſure as a Gun.*
Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the Way,
In open Defiance, as if he would say,
" If only the Friar and Peter are there,
" I'll fly where I list, there's no Reason to fear."
Derry down, &c.

Tho' little thought he that his Death was so nigh,
Yet Peter by Chance fetch'd him down from on high;
His Shot was ramm'd down with a Journal, I wist,
The first Time he charg'd so improper with *Mist*.
Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
As — I beg your Acceptance — Oh! no Sir, indeed —
I beg that you would Sir, — for both wisely knew,
That one Snipe could ne'er be a Supper for two.
Derry down, &c.

What the Friar declin'd in a most civil Sort,
Peter slipt in his Pocket; the De'el take him for't!
But were the Truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
He oft-times had found a longer *Bill* there.
Derry down, &c.

Hid in his Pocket the Snipe safely lay,
While a Week did pass over his Head, and a Day,
Till the Ropes for a Toast too offensive were grown,
And were smelt out by ev'ry Nose but his own.
Derry down, &c.

The Friar look'd wholeſome it muſt be agreed,
So no one could ſay, whence the Stink ſhould proceed;
Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one could ſay,
'Tis certain he brought it and took it away.

Derry down, &c.

At Sight of the Friar began the Perfume,
And ſcarce he appear'd but he ſcented the Room:
Snuff-boxes were held in the higheſt Eſteem,
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in it was call'd this and that;
In his Room 'twas a Cloſe-ſtool, or elſe a dead Rat;
In the Fields where he walk'd for ſome Carrion 'twas gueſt;
'Twas a Fart at the *Angel*, and paſs'd for a Jeſt.

Derry down, &c.

At length the Suſpicion fell thick on poor Tray,
Till he took to his Heels and with Speed ran away;
Thought the Friar poor Tray I'll remember thee ſoon,
If I live to grow ſweet I will give thee a Bone.

Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor Tray was moſt highly abus'd,
And if any, himſelf, thus deſerv'd to be us'd:
For 'twas certainly he, whom elſe could he think;
'Twas certainly he that muſt make all the Stink.

Derry down, &c.

So

So when he came Home he ſat down on his Bed,
His Elbow at Diſtance ſupported his Head;
His Body long while like a Pendulum went;
But all he could do did not alter the Scent.
Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd he got up and pull'd off his Cloaths,
He peep'd in his Breeches and ſmelt to his Hoſe,
And the very next Morning freſh Cloaths he put on,
All, all but a Waiſtcoat, for he had but one.
Derry down, &c.

But changing his Cloaths did not alter the Caſe,
And ſo he ſtunk on for three Weeks and three Days;
Till to ſend for a Doctor he thought it moſt meet;
For tho' he was not, yet his Life it was ſweet.
Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulſe in a Trice;
Then crept at a Diſtance to give his Advice:
But ſweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do,
For inſtead of one Stink this only made two.
Derry down, &c.

The Friar oft-times to his Glaſs would repair,
But to Death he was frighten'd whene'er he came there;
His Eyes were ſo ſunk, and he look'd ſo aghaſt,
He verily thought he was ſtinking his laſt.
Derry down, &c.

So for Credit he haſtens to burn all his Proſe,
And into the Fire his Verſes he throws;
When ſearching his Pockets to make up the Pile,
He found out the *Snipe*, that had ſtunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you will now think him wholſome again,
Since his Waiſtcoat diſcovers the Cauſe of his Pain:
To conclude, the poor Friar intreats you to note,
That you might have been ſweet had you been in his Coat. Derry down, &c.

EPIGRAM in MARTIAL.

Literally *Tranſlated.*

CAllidus impoſuit nuper mihi Caupo Ravennæ;
Cum peterem *mixtum*, vendidit ille *merum*.

TRANSLATION.

A Landlord at *Bath* put upon me a queer Hum;
I aſk'd him for *Punch*—— and the Dog gave me *mere Rum*.

TABLE TALK.

Written in the Year 1745.

By Mr. KIDGELL of HERTFORD COLLEGE.

---- Votum, Timor, Ira, Voluptas,
Gaudia, Discursus, nostri, Farrago Libelli.
JUVENAL.

WHEN lovely *Cælia* had resign'd
The dear Delights of Womankind,
And could, without Reluctance, see
The Powers of Talk-inspiring Tea,
Imperial in its last Decay ——
Glad Mrs. *Betty*'s harmless Prey:
When all the Fountains that supply
The Pools of rich *Quadrille* were dry,
And each promiscuous Fish was seen
Stretch'd on the Pearl-bespangled *Green*;
When *Phœbus* had consign'd his Pow'r
To a mild *Evening*'s cooler Hour,
And lent the Jewels of his Light
T' adorn the *Empress of the Night*,
'Twas solemnly agreed upon
By *Mary* Cook, and Butler *John*, ——

That Supper in the Parlour ſhou'd be
With Expedition vaſt as cou'd be;
For Maſter with Delay was hungry,
And Miſtreſs with Impatience angry.
Swift as the Word the Cloth was laid,
And all was huſh'd while Grace was ſaid,
When Silence once again gave Way
To bring *Diſcourſe* again in play.

" But, Sir, if theſe Accounts are true,
The *Dutch* have mighty Things in View;
The *Auſtrians* —— I admire *French-Beans*,
Dear Ma'em, above all Sorts of Greens, ——
They ſay the *Pruſſian* Schemes are quaſh'd ——
Oh Ma'em, 'tis admirably haſh'd ——
Some Pepper —— and I hear *Argyle* ——
A little Vinegar and Oil ——
But that, perhaps, is all a Jeſt, Sir ——
Ma'em, which you pleaſe — which you like beſt Sir —
I think green Peas —— if underſtood
The *Grand Duke*'s Schemes —— are lovely good —
Mix'd, Mr. *John* —— will humble *France* ——
Sir, your good Health —— but that's a Chance —
Miſs *Harriot*'s vaſtly grown, Ma'em —— why,
So her Papa thinks —— Mrs. *Fry*
Is out of Patience —— Ma'em a Piece
Of Sturgeon —— with her *little* Niece,

They're

They're both Year's Children — *John*, ſome Bread —
But *Harriot's taller* by the Head.
She came from School, ſtay, let me ſee,
I think 'twas —— Almond Flummery,
Venture to taſte it, Mr. *Sear* ———
The Night that *Garrick* play'd King *Lear*.
Oh, I remember! —— Deareſt Ma'em, let
Me help you —— when he acted *Hamlet*
My Siſter *Aſhburnham* had on
Her Pink and Silver —— Hark'ee, *John* ——
And ſome rude Rabble from the Gallery ——
The Soup taſtes delicate of Celery ———
Threw God knows what upon her Sleeve ——
She's got it out, Ma'em, I perceive. ——
Oh, no, Ma'em, ſhe was forc'd to buy
(Your humble Servant, Dr. *Dry*)
A whole new Breadth —— we had ſuch Sport ——
Of Mrs. *Vokes* in *Old Round Court*.
Dear Mrs. *Chatwell*, have you heard ——
To me a Teal's a better Bird ———
How Mrs. *Branche*'s Cauſe goes on?
A little Water, Mr. *John* ———
O! Mrs. *Branche!* I can't abide her ——
Pray, Mr. *James*, a Glaſs of Cyder.
Some ſay —— a little Butter mix'd
With Capers —— ſhe is ſo unfix'd,

She can't —— eats moſt delightful in it ——
Continue in a Mind one Minute. ———
No! Carp, Ma'em, is —— and ſo we ſee ——
Above all Sorts of Fiſh to me ———
A Triflingneſs —— you knew *Tom*'s Wife ——
In every Action of her Life ———
Tom Branche's Wife I knew —— another
Potatoe if you pleaſe —— and Mother.
His Mother —— Mr. *Oldham* ſpeaks,
John, don't you hear? —— within three Weeks
After —— Theſe Eggs I always poach ———
Was overturn'd in *York* Stage-Coach ———
And Mrs. *Mixon*, as for her ———
Miſs, your good Health, Ma'em, your's, good Sir, —
She went to *Perth* —— poor Soul, it cry'd,
And ran to me —— and there ſhe dy'd ———
Poor little Soul! Ma'em, ſome of thoſe ———
And did it hurt its little Noſe! ———
Yes, Ma'em, it bled —— I chuſe a Wing,
Sir, you are quite —— like any Thing.
But Doctor, if the noble Duke ———
Take out that Skew'r there to the Cook ———
Shou'd trounce Monſieur, I'm bold to ſay ——
A little Sweet-Bread, Mrs. *Day* ———
That 'tis impoſſible the *Dutch* ———
Ma'em, if you pleaſe, not quite ſo much ——

Refuſe t' aſſiſt —— Yes, Ma'em, but Spices
Improve it vaſtly —— at this Criſis. ———
Good gracious! He's a dreadful Jobſter ——
Ma'em, I prefer one Inch of Lobſter ———
He piec'd my Habit all in Dabs ———
At any Time to twenty Crabs ———
Oh! I'd forgot —— they're lovely Rabbits,
Dear Ma'em! —— but now you mention Habits,
Miſs *Drawbridge*—Your good Health, Miſs *Perkin* —
Has got the fearful'ſt, frightful'ſt Jerkin,
It looks ſo tarniſh'd and ſo old ———
Miſs *Jewkes*, I hope you've caught no Cold ——
No, not at all, Ma'em — Fetch the Cheeſe in ——
Snuff always did ſet me a ſneezing ———
The Aſſociation's form'd we hear ———
John, mix a little Ale and Beer ———
Why, really, Ma'em — your Health, Miſs *Bayes* —
Folks talk on't many different Ways ———
Tho' 'tis a Caſe that I'm no Judge in ———
Ma'em, I'm prodigious fond of Gudgeon ———
But apt to prate —— they're fine ſtew'd Pears ——
At ſuch a Juncture of Affairs.
Dear Ma'em, you've heard how 'Squire *Codling* —
My Daughter *Ford* admires a Codling ———
It rain'd ſo dreadful cou'd not go,
He and Miſs *James*, and Mrs. *Sloe*,

So

So far as *Tewkſbury* laſt Week ——
Sure, *John*, you heard Miſs *Idle* ſpeak!
You ſaw Miſs *Drawbridge*, Ma'em, laſt *Sunday*?
Yes, Ma'em, I did; and Mrs. *Munday*
Had loſt her Parrot —— Pray, Ma'em, how?
I really, Ma'em, can't tell, I vow ——
I pity'd the poor Creature's Fate ——
Give Mrs. *Dykes* a China Plate ——
But poor Miſs *Drawbridge* will run wild ——
No, Ma'em, our Cream is always boil'd ——
For our Part, Ma'em, I can't but ſay
We all —— make Haſte and take away ——
Are mighty fond of Slip-ſlops —— bring
The Wine and Fruits — Ma'em, *Church* and *King* —
Miſs, ſhall I help you? Sir, I beg ——
Sir, there's enough —— Ma'em, Siſter *Peg*
Is well, but *George* has hurt his Leg:
My Aunt was in a vehement Fright ——
His left Leg, Ma'em — No, Ma'em, his right ——
Poor Maſter *Gregory!* —— Ma'em, I hope ——
No, Ma'em, he's with my Uncle *Cope*,
And is as lively and as briſk
As —— Ma'em do you chuſe a Game at Whiſk?

SIMILE,

SIMILE,

From PHÆDRA and HYPPOLITUS.

SO when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her Arms:
His idle Horn on fragrant Myrtles hung,
His Arrows ſcatter'd, and his Bow unſtrung.
Obſcure in Coverts lay his dreaming Hounds,
And bay'd the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds;
For nobler Sports he quits the ſavage Fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields.

The Same PARODIED.

SO when bright Abigail reſign'd her Charms,
The happy Curate languiſh'd in her Arms:
His unbruſh'd Beaver on the Floor was toſs'd;
His Notes were ſcatter'd, and his Bible loſt.
In Alehouſe hid this dreaming Clerk was found,
And rear'd the fancy'd Stave with feeble Sound:
For nobler Sheets his Concordance he leaves,
And all the Parſon to the Lover gives.

VERSES

ON THE

Expected Arrival of Queen CHARLOTTE,

In an EPISTLE to a FRIEND, 1761.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

Containing the *Sentiments*, *Images*, *Metaphors*, *Machinery*, *Similies*, *Alluſions*, and all other Poetical *Decorations*, of the OXFORD VERSES, which were to appear on that auſpicious Occaſion.

YES—every hopeful Son of Rhyme
Will ſurely ſeize this happy Time,
Vault upon Pegaſus's Back,
Now grown an Academick Hack,
And ſing the Beauties of a Queen,
(Whom, by the bye, he has not ſeen;)
Will ſwear her Eyes are black as Jet,
Her Teeth are Pearls in Coral ſet;
Will tell us that the Roſe has lent
Her Cheek its Bloom, her Lips its Scent,
That Philomel breaks off her Song,
And liſtens to her ſweeter Tongue;

That

That Venus and the Graces join'd
To form this Phœnix of her Kind,
And Pallas undertook to ſtore
Her Mind with Wiſdom's chiefeſt Lore:
Thus form'd, Jove iſſues a Decree
That GEORGE's Conſort ſhe ſhall be:
Then Cupid (for what Match is made
By Poets without Cupid's Aid?)
Picks out the ſwifteſt of his Darts,
And pierces inſtant both their Hearts.

Your fearful Proſe-men here might doubt
How beſt to bring this Match about,
For Winds and Waves are ill-bred Things,
And little care for Queens and Kings;
But as the Gods aſſembled ſtand,
And wait each youthful Bard's Command,
All fancy'd Dangers they deride,
Of boiſt'rous Winds, and ſwelling Tide;
Neptune is call'd to wait upon her,
And Sea-Nymphs are her Maids of Honour;
Whilſt we, inſtead of eaſtern Gales,
With Vows and Praiſes fill the Sails,
And when, with due poetic Care
They ſafely land the Royal Fair,
They catch the happy Simile,
Of Venus riſing from the Sea.

Soon

Soon as ſhe moves, the Hill and Vale,
Reſponſive tell the joyful Tale;
And Wonder holds th' enraptur'd Throng
To ſee the Goddeſs paſs along;
The bowing Foreſts all adore her,
And Flow'rs ſpontaneous ſpring before her,
Where you and I all Day might travel,
And meet with nought but Sand and Gravel;
But Poets have a piercing Eye,
And many pretty Things can ſpy,
Which neither you nor I can ſee,
But then the Fault's in you and me.
The King aſtoniſh'd muſt appear,
And find that Fame has wrong'd his Dear;
Then Hymen, like a Biſhop, ſtands,
To join the Lovers' plighted Hands;
Apollo and the Muſes wait,
The nuptial Song to celebrate.
But I, who rarely ſpend my Time
In paying Court or ſpinning Rhyme;
Who cannot from the high Abodes,
Call down, at Will, a Troop of Gods;
Muſt in the plain proſaick Way,
The Wiſhes of my Soul convey.
May Heaven our Monarch's Choice approve,
May he be bleſt with mutual Love,

And be as happy with his Queen,
As with my Chloe I have been;
When wand'ring through the Beechen Grove,
She ſweetly ſmil'd and talk'd of Love!
And oh! that he may live to ſee
A Son as wiſe and good as he;
And may his Conſort grace the Throne
With Virtues equal to his own!
Our courtly Bards will needs be telling,
That ſhe's like Venus or like Helen;
I wiſh that ſhe may prove as fair
As Egremont and Pembroke are;
For tho' by Sages 'tis confeſt,
That Beauty's but a Toy at beſt;
Yet, 'tis methinks, in married Life,
A pretty Douceur with a Wife:
And may the Minutes as they fly,
Strengthen ſtill the nuptial Tye,
While Hand in Hand thro' Life they go,
'Till Love ſhall into Friendſhip grow;
For tho' theſe Bleſſings rarely wait
On regal Pomp, and tinſel'd State,
Yet Happineſs is Virtue's Lot,
Alike in Palace and in Cot:
'Tis true, the grave Affairs of State,
With little Folks have little Weight;

Yet I confeſs my Patriot Heart
In Britain's Welfare bears its Part;
With Tranſport glows at GEORGE's Name,
And triumphs in its Country's Fame:
With hourly Pleaſure I can ſit
And talk of *Granby*, *Hawk*, and *Pitt*;
And whilſt I praiſe the Good and Brave,
Diſdain the Coward and the Knave.
At Growth of Taxes others fret,
And ſhudder at the Nation's Debt;
I ne'er the fancied Ills bemoan,
No Debts diſturb me, but my own.
What! tho' our Coffers ſink, our Trade
Repairs the Breach which War has made;
And if Expences now run high,
Our Minds muſt with our Means comply.
Thus far my Politicks extend,
And here my warmeſt Wiſhes end,
May Merit flouriſh, Faction ceaſe,
And I and Europe live in Peace!

ODE to CRITICISM.*

By Mr. WODHULL.

Mutemus Clypeos, DANAUMQUE *Insignia* NOBIS
Aptemus. Dolus, an Virtus, quis in Hoste requirit? VIRGIL.

I.

HAIL, mighty Goddess, whom of yore,
Where fam'd Cimmeria boasts her tenfold Gloom,
In those deep Caverns, from her lab'ring Womb
Imperial Dulness bore.
At the Signal of thy Birth,
O'er the Rue-besprinkled Earth,
Slowly sullen Spleen advances,
Sneering Laughter joins the Dances,
Swift from her Den exulting Envy springs,
New trims her faded Torch, and sharpens all her Stings.

II.

Farewel, ye Visions light and vain,
The Delian Grove, with its enchanted Rill,
The cloven Summits of Parnassus' Hill,
Chimeras of the Brain.

* This Poem appeared soon after the Publication of the *Oxford* Verses on the Death of his late Majesty.

No more ſuch Follies I purſue ———
Thee, ſober-veſted Queen, I woo;
Thy propitious Help imploring,
As by Midnight Taper poring,
With ſtudious Care I mark ſome faulty Line,
Then curſe the Theban Harp, or *Homer*'s Work divine.

III.

Here in my hateful, loneſome Cell,
While Darkneſs ſpreads her murky Veil around,
When Pains corode, and ſtormy Paſſions wound,
With thee I wiſh to dwell.
Tho' *Apollo* bids deſpair,
Nor a Muſe regards my Pray'r;
Still with ever conſtant Kindneſs,
Thou wilt ſooth my votive Blindneſs;
I feel, I feel the maddening Influence reigns,
The black Bile ruſhes on, and revels in my Veins.

IV.

Borne on the rapid Wings of Thought,
E'en now I ſeem, in thy extenſive Shade,
Where baleful Yew's o'ercome the ſickening Glade,
To quaff the plenteous Draught,
And behold thy Realms compriſe
Learned, Ignorant, and Wiſe,
All alike with hot Devotion,
Swallowing thy embitter'd Potion.

Fearleſs

Fearleſs I take my ſelf-commiſſion'd Stand,
To wield thy ruthleſs Sword with unrelenting Hand.

V.

Hear then, O hear my fond Requeſt,
Whether in poor *Verona*'s hapleſs State,
Thou mourn'ſt thy *Scaliger*'s neglected Fate,
With Anguiſh-laden Breaſt.
Or with Rapture lov'ſt to view
Sourly ſmiling each *Review*;
Quickly haſte to my Embraces,
Come, O come, in all thy Graces,
Where tuneful *Oxford hails* thy *juſt* Domain,
Where at thy Shrine attend her delegated Train.

VI.

How ſhall I paint thy heavenly Charms!
In what high Praiſe my ardent Suit addreſs!
Or how the glowing Flame ſhall I expreſs
Which now my Boſom warms;
How deſcribe the mazy Road,
Leading to thy bleſt Abode!
Where thou ſit'ſt in State preſiding,
Us ignoble Rhimers guiding
To where the Banks of *Lethe*'s ſilent Wave,
Before our paſſive Steps diſcloſe an early Grave.

VII.

Yet ſhall my feeble Lays preſume,
Rapt in ideal Extacies, to trace
The winning Features of thy lovely Face,
And its primeval Bloom.
Thou, a *Silver ſlipper'd* Nymph *,
Lightly tread'ſt the *dimply* Lymph,
With dank Sedge thy Treſſes wreathing,
Modulated Meaſures breathing;
A *Coral Crown* thy *Bright Brow binds*, I ween,
And down devolves thy *Sweeping Stole of Gloſſy Green*.

VIII.

Oft, in nocturnal Serenade,
Anxious I wake my Lyre's diſcordant Strings,
Till the reſponſive Echo loudly rings
With thee, immortal Maid!
Ah! perchance my Hopes are vain ——
Canſt thou then with harſh Diſdain,

* Alluding to the following Lines in *Warton's* TRIUMPH OF ISIS.

And from the Wave aroſe its guardian Queen,
Known by her ſweeping Stole of gloſſy Green;
While in the coral Crown that bound her Brow,
Was wove the Delphic Laurel's verdant Bough.
As the ſmooth Surface of the dimply Flood,
The Silver-ſlippered ISIS lightly trod.

Spurn

Spurn my too officious Duty,
Self-enamour'd of thy Beauty;
And close thy stern, inexorable Heart,
Slighting the Vow sincere, which wants the Gloss of Art.

IX.

Hence, idle Fears —— thou still art kind;
Low at thy Footstool bends my trembling Knee;
I sue, O Goddess, and I sue to thee,
To thy Behests resign'd.
No rejected Votary's Moans
Taint the Air with feverish Groans.
Where we rest, thy Charms enjoying,
Ever tasted, never cloying,
Widely thou pour'st thy all-diffusive Rays,
Instant our kindling Souls with Fire congenial blaze,

X.

In *Rhedycina*'s favour'd Seat,
Where richest Verse thy smould'ring Altar feeds,
With him some chosen Sage obedient leads,
To give Thee Homage meet.
False Surmises, hidden Flaws,
Old Grammarians crabbed Laws;
At thy Impulse while elated,
By thy Pleasure he unsated,
With his fell Pen from thy Tribunal bends,
As on the mangled Lines the frequent Blot descends.

XI.

When Autumn brought the lowering Year,
Fair *Iſis* mingled with *Britannia*'s Woe;
Meanwhile thou taught'ſt her Claſſic Plaints to flow
O'er *George*'s Grief-ſtrain'd Bier.
How ſhe mourn'd the Monarch dead,
Father of his Country fled,
Ill befits my trite Narration ——
I in leſs exalted Station,
Stupidly nod o'er Poeſy ſo fine,
Stretch'd on the lifeleſs Couch of Indolence ſupine.

XII.

That Part to Thee we conſecrate
Of the huge *Wreath* forſooth, *which all the Nine,*
*With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine.**
A Fricaſſee of State!
'Twould make a Breakfaſt for a King;
Or ſhould he feaſt on no ſuch Thing
As See-ſaw Flattery, and his Spirit
Be cooly touch'd with ſo much Merit;

* Alluding to the following Lines in the concluding Copy of the Oxford Verses above-mentioned, written by the Poetry Profeſſor.

- - - - - - - - - deign to view
This ample Wreath, which all th' aſſembled Nine
With Skill united have conſpir'd to twine.

If

If he endure the Song with Look ſiniſter,
The Plan will ſuit at leaſt a Patriot-Miniſter.

XIII.

Full many a Youth, whoſe opening Shoot
Teem'd with Poetic Foliage, o'er whoſe Head
Caſtalian Dews the gracious Muſe has ſhed,
And promis'd riper Fruit;
Such the firm Decrees of Fate,
Such the Shortneſs of his Date,
With the Troop of Phantoms nameleſs,
In that pious Volume fameleſs,
Where the triumphant Clouds of Smoke aſpire,
Sinks in Oblivion's Arms on the funereal Pyre.

XIV.

Far from the Terrors of thy Reign,
Curb'd by thy Frown, audacious Genius flies;
Or, if he impotently dares to riſe,
Is levell'd to the Plain:
Nought avails his magic Art
To avert thy vengeful Dart;
And his inſolent empriſing;
Thou his vaunting Pow'r deſpiſing,
Eager his blaſted Glories to confound,
Strik'ſt him a breathleſs Corſe, unpitying, to the Ground.

When

XV.

When † *Swinging Slow with Sweepy Sway,*
In one ſame conſtant Tenor run our Rhimes,
Like the ſweet Muſick of unvaried Chimes,
In diſtant due Delay;
Then our Vows thou deign'ſt to hear
With a condeſcending Ear.
Aid, O Goddeſs, aid my Numbers,
Let me *ſhare* thy *Sweeteſt Slumbers,*
While from this Quill, as all along I doze,
In Apathy diſcreet the ſtumbling Stanza flows.

† See WARTON's *Pleaſures of Melancholy*, a Poem.

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

J. Warton.

I.

A Well-known Vaſe of ſovraign Uſe I ſing,
Pleaſing to Young and Old, and *Jordan* hight.
The lovely Queen, and eke the haughty King
Snatch up this Veſſel in the murky Night;
Ne lives there poor, ne lives there wealthy Wight,
But uſes it in mantle brown or green;
Sometimes it ſtands array'd in gloſſy white;
And eft in mighty Dortours may be ſeen
Of China's fragile Earth, with azure Flowrets ſheen.

II.

The Virgin comely as the dewy Roſe,
Here gently ſheds the ſoftly-whiſp'ring Rill;
The Frannion, who ne Shame ne Bluſhing knows,
At once the Potter's gloſſy Vaſe does fill;
It whizzes like the Waters from a Mill.
Here frouzy Houſewives clear their loaded Reins;
The Beef-fed Juſtice, who fat Ale doth ſwill,
Graſps the round-handled Jar, and tries, and ſtrains,
While ſlowly dribbling down the ſcanty Water drains.

The

III.

The Dame of Fraunce ſhall without Shame convey
This ready Needment to its proper Place;
Yet ſhall the Daughters of the Lond of Fay
Learn better Amenaunce and decent Grace;
Warm Bluſhes lend a Beauty to their Face,
For Virtue's comely Tints their Cheeks adorn;
Thus o'er the diſtant Hillocks you may trace
The purple Beamings of the infant Morn:
Sweet are our blooming Maids —— the ſweeteſt Creatures born.

IV.

None but their Huſbands or their Lovers true
They truſt with Management of their Affairs;
Nor even theſe their Privacy may view,
When the ſoft Beavies ſeek the Bow'r by Pairs:
Then from the Sight accoy'd, like tim'rous Hares,
From Mate or Bellamour alike they fly;
Think not, good Swain, that theſe are ſcornful Airs,
Think not for Hate they ſhun thine am'rous Eye,
Soon ſhall the Fair return, nor done thee, Youth, to dye.

V.

While Belgic Frows acroſs a Charcoal Stove
(Repleniſh'd like the Veſtal's laſting Fire)
Bren for whole Years, and ſcorch the Parts of Love,
No longer Parts that can Delight inſpire,

Erſt

Erſt Cave of Bliſs, now monumental Pyre;
O Britiſh Maid, for ever clean and neat,
For whom I aye will wake my ſimple Lyre,
With double Care preſerve that dun Retreat,
Fair Venus' myſtic Bow'r, Dan Cupid's feather'd Seat.

VI.

So may your Hours ſoft-ſliding ſteal away,
Unknown to gnarring Slander and to Bale,
O'er Seas of Bliſs Peace guides her Gondelay,
Ne bitter Dole impeſt the paſſing Gale.
O ſweeter than the Lilies of the Dale,
In your ſoft Breaſts the Fruits of Joyance grow.
Ne fell Deſpair be here with Viſage pale,
Brave be the Youth for whom your Boſoms glow,
Ne other Joy but you the faithful Striplings know.

An Excellent BALLAD.

To the Tune of *Chevy-Chace.*

WHilome there dwelt near *Buckingham*,
That famous Country Town,
At a known Place, hight *Whaddon Chace*,
A Squire of odd Renown. ——

A Druid's sacred Form he bore,
His Robes a Girdle bound:
Deep vers'd he was in antient Lore,
In Customs old, profound.

A Stick torn from that hallow'd Tree,
Where *Chaucer* us'd to sit,
And tell his Tales with leering Glee,
Supports his tott'ring Feet.

High on a Hill his Mansion stood,
But gloomy dark within;
Here mangled Books, as Bones and Blood
Lie in a Giant's Den.

Crude, undigested, half-devour'd,
On groaning Shelves they're thrown;
Such Manuscripts no Eye could read,
Nor Hand write — but his own.

No

No Prophet He, like Sydrophel,
Could future Times explore;
But what had happen'd, he could tell,
Five hundred Years and more.

A walking Alm'nack he appears,
Stept from ſome mouldy Wall,
Worn out of Uſe thro' Duſt and Years,
Like Scutcheons in his Hall.

His Boots were made of that Cow's Hide,
By *Guy of Warwick* ſlain;
Time's choiceſt Gifts, aye to abide
Among the choſen Train.

Who firſt receiv'd the precious Boon,
We're at a Loſs to learn,
By *Spelman*, *Cambden*, *Dugdale*, worn,
And then they came to *Hearne*.

Hearne, ſtrutted in them for awhile;
And then, as lawful Heir,
Brown claim'd and ſeiz'd the precious Spoil,
The Spoil of many a Year.

His Car himſelf he did provide,
To ſtand in double Stead;
That it ſhould carry him alive,
And bury him when dead.

By rusty Coins old Kings he'd trace,
And know their Air and Mien:
King *Alfred* he knew well by Face,
Tho' *George* he ne'er had seen.

This Wight th' outside of Churches lov'd,
Almost unto a Sin;
Spires Gothic of more Use he prov'd
Than Pulpits are within.

Of use, no doubt, when high in Air,
A wand'ring Bird they'll rest,
Or with a Bramin's holy Care,
Make Lodgments for its Nest.

Ye Jackdaws, that are us'd to talk,
Like us of human Race,
When nigh you see *Brown Willis* walk,
Loud chatter forth his Praise.

Whene'er the fatal Day shall come,
For come, alas! it must,
When this good 'Squire must stay at home,
And turn to antique Dust;

The solemn Dirge, ye Owls, prepare,
Ye Bats, more hoarsly screak;
Croak, all ye Ravens, round the Bier,
And all ye Church-mice, squeak!

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN The POET and his SERVANT.

In Imitation of HORACE, Sat. ix. Book ii.

By the late Mr. CHRISTOPHER PITT.

Serv. SIR,—I've long waited, in my Turn, to have
A Word with you—but I'm your humble Slave.

Poet. What Knave is that? my Rascal!

Servant. Sir, 'tis I,
No Knave, nor Rascal, but your trusty *Guy*.

Poet. Well, as your Wages still are due, I'll bear
Your damn'd Impertinence, this Time of Year.

Serv. Some Folks are drunk one Day, and some for ever,
And some, like *W******, but twelve Years together.
Old *Evremond*, renown'd for Wit and Dirt,
Would change his Living, oft'ner than his Shirt;
Roar with the Rakes of State a Month, and come
To starve another in his Hole at Home.
So rov'd wild *Buckingham*, the publick Jest,
Now some Inn-holder's, now a Monarch's Guest;

His Life and Politicks of ev'ry Shape,
This Hour a *Roman*, and the next an Ape.
The Gout in ev'ry Limb from ev'ry Vice,
Poor *N****** hir'd a Boy to throw the Dice.
Some wench forever; — and their Sins in thoſe
By Cuſtom ſit as eaſy as their Clothes.
Some fly like Pendulums from Good to Evil,
And in that Point are madder than the Devil:
For they ——

Poet. To what will theſe wiſe Maxims tend?
And where, ſweet Sir, will your Reflections end?

Serv. In you.

Poet. In me, you Knave, make out your Charge.

Serv. You praiſe low living, but you live at large.
Perhaps you ſcarce believe the Rules you teach,
Or find it hard to practiſe what you preach.
Scarce have you paid one idle Journey down,
But without Bus'neſs you're again in Town.
If none invite you, Sir, abroad to roam,
Then — Lord, what Pleaſure 'tis to read at home!
And ſip your two Half-pints with great Delight
Of Beer at Noon, and muddled Port at Night.
From *Encombe*, *John* comes thund'ring at the Door,
With — Sir, my Maſter begs you to come o'er,
To paſs the tedious Hours, theſe Winter Nights;
Not that he dreads Invaſions, Rogues, or Sprites.—

Strait

Strait for your two beſt Wigs aloud you call,
This ſtiff in Buckle, that not curl'd at all.
And where the Devil are the Spurs? you cry,
And Pox! what Blockhead laid the Buſkins by?
On your old batter'd Mare you'll needs be gone,
(No matter whether on four Legs or none)
Splaſh, plunge, and ſtumble, as you ſcour the Heath,
All ſwear at *Morden* 'tis on Life and Death:
As fierce through *Wareham* Streets you ſcamper on,
Raiſe all the Dogs and Voters in the Town;
Then fly for ſix long dirty Miles as bad,
That *Corfe* and *Kingſton* Gentry think you mad.
And all this furious Riding is to prove
Your high Reſpect, it ſeems, and eager Love:
And yet that mighty Honour to obtain,
Banks, *Shaftſbury*, *Dodington*, may ſend in vain.
Before you go, we curſe the Noiſe you make,
And bleſs the Moment that you turn your Back.
Meantime your Flock, depriv'd of heav'nly Food,
As we of carnal, ſtarve and ſtray abroad:
Left to your Care by Providence in vain,
You leave them all to Providence again.
As for myſelf, I own it to your Face,
I love good Eating,—— and I take my Glaſs:
But ſure 'tis ſtrange, dear Sir, that one ſhould be
In you Amuſement, but a Crime in me.

All this is bare refining on a Name,
To make a Difference where the Fault's the ſame.
My Father ſold me to your Service here,
For this fine Livery, and four Pounds a Year.
A Livery you ſhould wear as well as I,
And this I'll prove, — but lay your Cudgel by.
You ſerve your Paſſions. Thus, without a Jeſt,
Both are but Fellow-ſervants at the beſt.
Yourſelf, good Sir, are play'd by your Deſires,
A meer tall Poppet dancing on the Wires.

Poet. Who at this Rate of talking can be free?

Serv. The brave, wiſe, honeſt Man, and only he:
All elſe are Slaves alike, the World around,
Kings on the Throne, and Beggars on the Ground.
He, Sir, is Proof to Grandeur, Pride, or Pelf,
And (greater ſtill) is Maſter of himſelf:
Not to and fro' by Fears and Factions hurl'd,
But looſe to all the Intereſts of the World:
And while the World turns round, entire and whole
He keeps the ſacred Tenour of his Soul;
In every Turn of Fortune ſtill the ſame,
As Gold unchang'd, or brighter from the Flame:
Collected in himſelf, with godlike Pride,
He ſees the Darts of Envy glance aſide;
And fix'd like *Atlas*, while the Tempeſts blow,
Smiles at the idle Storms that roar below.

One

One such you know, a Layman to your Shame,
And yet the Honour of your Blood and Name.
If you can such a Character maintain,
You too are free,—and I'm your Slave again.
But when in *Brun*'s feign'd Battles you delight
More than myself to see two Drunkards fight,
Fool, Rogue, Sot, Blockhead, or such Names are mine,
Yours are a Connoisseur, or deep Divine.
I'm chid for loving a luxurious Bit,
The sacred Prize of Learning, Worth, and Wit:
And yet some sell their Lands these Bits to buy;
Then pray who suffers most from Luxury!
I'm chid, 'tis true; but then I pawn no Plate,
I seal no Bonds, I mortgage no Estate.
Besides high Living, Sir, must wear you out
With Surfeits, Qualms, a Fever, or the Gout.
By some new Pleasures are you still engross'd,
And when you save an Hour you think it lost.
To Sports, Plays, Races, from your Books you run,
And like all Company except your own.
You hunt, drink, sleep, or (idler still) you rhyme:
Why?—but to banish Thought, and murder Time.
And yet that Thought which you discharge in vain,
Like a foul-loaded Piece, recoils again.

Poet. Tom, fetch a Cane, a Whip, a Club, a Stone. —
Servant. For What?
Poet. A Sword, a Piſtol, or a Gun.
I'll ſhoot the Dog.
Serv. Lord, who would be a Wit?
He's in a mad, or in a rhyming Fit.
Poet. Fly, fly, you Raſcal, for your Spade and Fork;
For once I'll ſet your lazy Bones to work.
Fly, or I'll ſend you back without a Groat
To the bleak Mountains where you firſt were caught.

EPIGRAM,

On the Rev. Mr. Hanbury's PLANTATIONS *and* MUSIC MEETING, *at* Church-Langton, *in* Leiceſterſhire.

SO ſweet thy *Strain*, ſo thick thy *Shade*,
The pleas'd Spectator ſees
The Miracle once more diſplay'd
Of *Orpheus* and his *Trees*.

THE

THE

LAW-STUDENT.

To George Colman, A. M. of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Quid tibi cum Cirrhâ? quid cum Permessidos undâ?
Romanum proprius divitiusque Forum est. MARTIAL.

NOW Christ-Church left, and fixt at Lincoln's Inn,
Th' important Studies of the Law begin.
Now groan the Shelves beneath th' unusual Charge
Of Records, Statutes, and Reports at large.
Each classic Author seeks his peaceful Nook,
And modest Virgil yields his Place to *Coke*,
No more, ye Bards, for vain Precedence hope,
But even *Jacob* take the Lead of *Pope!*

While the pil'd Shelves sink down on one another,
And each huge Folio has it's cumb'rous Brother,
While, arm'd with these, the Student views with Awe
His Rooms become the Magazine of Law,
Say whence so few succeed? where thousands aim,
So few e'er reach the promis'd Goal of Fame?
Say, why *Cæcilius* quits the gainful Trade
For Regimentals, Sword, and smart Cockade?

Or *Sextus* why his firſt Profeſſion leaves
For narrower Band, plain Shirt, and pudding Sleeves?

The Depth of Law aſks Study, Thought and Care?
Shall we ſeek theſe in rich *Alonzo*'s Heir?
Such Diligence, alas! is ſeldom found
In the briſk Heir to forty thouſand Pound.
Wealth, that excuſes Folly, Sloth creates,
Few, who can ſpend, e'er learn to get Eſtates.
What is to him dry Caſe, or dull Report,
Who ſtudies Faſhions at the Inns of Court;
And proves that Thing of Emptineſs and Show,
That Mungrel, half-form'd Thing, a Temple-Beau?
Obſerve him daily ſauntring up and down,
In purple Slippers, and in ſilken Gown;
Laſt Night's Debauch, his Morning Converſation,
The Coming, all his Evening Preparation.

By Law let others toil to gain Renown!
Florio's a Gentleman, a Man o'th' Town.
He nor Courts, Clients, or the Law regarding,
Hurries from Nando's down to Covent-Garden.
Yet he's a Scholar; — mark him in the Pit
With Critic Catcall ſound the Stops of Wit!
Supreme at George's he harangues the Throng,
Cenſor of Style from Tragedy to Song:

Him ev'ry Witling views with ſecret Awe,
Deep in the Drama, ſhallow in the Law.

Others there are, who, indolent and vain,
Contemn the Science they can ne'er attain:
Who write and read, but all by Fits and Starts,
And varniſh Folly with the Name of Parts;
Truſt on to Genius, for they ſcorn to pore,
'Till e'en that little Genius is no more.

Knowledge in Law Care only can attain,
Where Honour's purchas'd at the Price of Pain.
If, loit'ring, up the Aſcent you ceaſe to climb,
No Starts of Labour can redeem the Time.
Induſtrious Study wins by ſlow Degrees,
True Sons of *Coke* can ne'er be Sons of Eaſe.

There are, whom Love of Poetry has ſmit,
Who, blind to Intereſt, arrant Dupes to Wit,
Have wander'd devious in the pleaſing Road,
With Attic Flowers and Claſſic Wreaths beſtrew'd:
Wedded to Verſe, embrac'd the Muſe for Life,
And ta'en, like modern Bucks, their Whores to Wife.
Where'er the Muſe uſurps deſpotic Sway,
All other Studies muſt of Force give Way.
Int'reſt in vain puts in her prudent Claim,
Nonſuited by the pow'rful Plea of Fame.

As well you might weigh Lead againſt a Feather,
As ever jumble Wit and Law together.
On *Littleton*, *Coke* gravely thus Remarks,
(Remember this, ye rhyming Temple Sparks!)
" In all our Author's Tenures, be it noted,
" This is the fourth Time any Verſe is quoted."
Which, 'gainſt the Muſe and Verſe, may well imply
What Lawyers call a *Noli Proſequi*.

Quit then, dear *George*, O quit the barren Field,
Which neither Profit nor Reward can yield!
What tho' the ſprightly Scene, well acted, draws
From unpack'd Engliſhmen, unbrib'd Applauſe,
Some monthly Grub, ſome *Dennis* of the Age,
In print cries Shame on the degen'rate Stage *.
If haply *Churchill* ſtrive, with generous Aim,
To fan the Sparks of Genius to a Flame;
If all UNASK'D, UNKNOWING, and UNKNOWN,
By noting thy Deſert, he prove his own;
Envy ſhall ſtrait to *Hamilton*'s Repair,
And vent her Spleen, and Gall, and Venom there,

* Alluding to certain diſingenuous and illiberal Criticiſms in the *Critical Review*; wherein the *Jealous Wife*, a Comedy, and the Author of that Play, as well as his Friends, were at different Times attacked, with equal Virulence and Inſolence.

Thee

Thee, and thy Works, and all thy Friends decry,
And boldly print and publiſh a rank Lie,
Swear your own Hand the flatt'ring Likeneſs drew,
Swear your own Breath Fame's partial Trumpet blew.

Well I remember oft your Friends have ſaid,
(Friends whom the ſureſt Maxims ever led)
Turn Parſon, *Colman*, that's the Way to thrive;
Your Parſons are the happieſt Men alive.
Judges, there are but Twelve, and never more,
But Stalls untold, and Biſhops, Twenty-four.
Of Pride and Claret, Sloth and Ven'ſon full,
Yon Prelate mark, Right Reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good Man, need penſive Vigils keep
To preach his Audience once a Week to ſleep;
On rich Preferments battens at his Eaſe,
Nor ſweats for Tithes, as Lawyers toil for Fees.

Thus they advis'd. I know thee better far;
And cry, ſtick cloſe, dear *Colman*, to the Bar!
If Genius warm thee, where can Genius call
For nobler Action than in yonder Hall?
'Tis not enough each Morn, on Term's Approach,
To club your legal Three-pence for a Coach;
Then at the Hall to take your ſilent Stand,
With Ink-horn and long Note-book in your Hand,

Marking

Marking grave Serjeants cite each wiſe Report,
And noting down ſage Dictums from the Court,
With overwhelming Brow, and Law-learn'd Face,
The Index of your Book of Common-place.

Theſe are mere Drudges, that can only plod,
And tread the Path their dull Forefathers trod,
Doom'd thro' Law's Maze, without a Clue, to range,
From *ſecond Vernon* down to *ſecond Strange*.
Do Thou uplift thine Eyes to happier Wits;
Dulneſs no longer on the Woolpack ſits;
No longer on the drawling, droniſh Herd,
Are the firſt Honours of the Law conferr'd;
But they, whoſe Fame Reward's due Tribute draws,
Whoſe active Merit challenges Applauſe,
Like glorious Beacons, are ſet high to view,
To mark the Paths which Genius ſhou'd purſue.

O for thy Spirit, *Manſfield!* at thy Name
What Boſom glows not with an active Flame?
Alone from Jargon born to reſcue Law,
From Precedent, grave Hum, and formal Saw!
To ſtrip Chican'ry of its vain Pretence,
And marry Common Law to Common Senſe!

Pratt! on thy Lips Perſuaſion ever hung!
Engliſh falls, pure as Manna, from thy Tongue:

On

On thy Voice Truth may reſt, and on thy Plea
Unerring *Henley* found the juſt Decree.

Henley! than whom to *Hardwicke's* well-rais'd Fame,
No worthier Second Royal GEORGE cou'd name:
No Lawyer of Prerogative: no Tool
Faſhion'd in black Corruption's pliant School;
Form'd, 'twixt the People and the Crown to ſtand,
And hold the Scales of Right with even Hand!

True to our Hopes, and equal to his Birth,
See, ſee in *Yorke* the Force of lineal Worth;
But why their ſev'ral Merits need I tell?
Why on each honour'd Sage's Praiſes dwell?
Wilmot how well his Place, or *Foſter* fills?
Or ſhrew'd Senſe beaming from the Eye of *Willes?*

Such, while thou ſee'ſt the public Care engage,
Their Fame increaſing with increaſing Age,
Rais'd by true Genius, bred in *Phœbus'* School,
Whoſe Warmth of Soul ſound Judgment knew to cool;
—With ſuch illuſtrious Proofs before your Eyes,
Think not, my Friend, you've too much Wit to riſe;
Think of the Bench, the Coif, long Robe, and Fee,
And leave the Preſs to *Churchill*, and to *Me*.

THE

MOUSE AND OYSTER.

WHEN Midnight's ſable Veil o'erſpread the Plain,
When Bats and Fairies, Mice and *Morpheus* reign,
A bold undaunted Mouſe that long defy'd
The various Stratagems that *Kate* had try'd,
His deſtin'd Doom receiv'd; for ſoon or late
Both Mice and Monarchs muſt ſubmit to Fate.

Oft was the Moon with Silver Luſtre crown'd,
Since the nocturnal Pirate march'd his Round;
Soon as his Foe, the Sun, had took his Flight,
Trips forth the little Champion of the Night;
With cautious Tread, ſecure from fell Miſhap,
Of Puſs, of Poiſons or tremendous Trap,
Still at the Head of his rapacious Clan,
He ſkipt from Shelf to Shelf, from Pan to Pan;
With Noſe ſagacious ſmoak'd the baited Gin,
Wary and conſcious of the Snare within:
Now feaſts on rich Variety of Meats,
And oft in Cheeſe his own Apartments eats;
Regales on Floods of Cream, Ragouts, and Cakes,
Of all the Dainties of the Day partakes:

Now

Now ſtorms rich Conſerves with voluptuous Taſte,
And ſaps the tender Tenements of Paſte.
As yet unharm'd the Epicure patroll'd,
And fearleſs o'er his ſilent Suburbs ſtroll'd;
Luxurious Nights in pleaſing Plunder paſs'd,
Nor dreamt that this was doom'd to be his laſt.
For now the Time — the deſtin'd Time was ſent;
So Fate ordain'd — and who can Fate prevent?
Thick Shades once more had veil'd the haunted Houſe,
Once more from Coverts bolts th' adventrous Mouſe,
Lighting in evil Hour in Queſt of Prey,
Where in a Groupe th' avenging Oyſter lay:
A Fiſh commiſſion'd from the watry Throng,
With Ligament of ſcaly Armour ſtrong;
Lay with expanded Jaws, and gaping Shell,
(But who the ſad Cataſtrophe can tell?)
The dainty Mouſe, ſtill craving ſome new Diſh,
Enters the gloomy Manſions of the Fiſh;
With Beard exploring, and with luſcious Lip,
He longs the Pickle of the Seas to ſip.
Rous'd by his Tuſks, the elaſtic Oyſter fell,
Caught cloſe the Catiff's Head in watry Cell;
In vain the Victim labours to get free,
From Durance hard, and dread Captivity:
Lock'd in the cloſe Embrace, enſnar'd he lies,
In Pill'ry ſafe, pants, ſtruggles, ſqueaks, and dies.

Thus

Thus the juſt Fate of his own Crimes he meets,
Like Rakes expiring in deſtructive Sweets.
Now placed on high, the Maſter views the Prize,
And hails the Conqueſt with exulting Eyes!
And when beneath ſedate he ſits and ſmoaks,
And cracks his Nuts, his Bottles, or his Jokes,
His Tale he tells to grace the Chriſtmas Pye,
And to the trophy'd Relicks points on high.

TRANSLATION of an antient EPITAPH,
In the Cloyſters of *Wincheſter College*.

EPITAPH.

CLauſus Johannes jacet hic ſub marmore Clarkus,
Qui fuit hic quondam Preſbyter et Socius.
In terrâ Roſeos ſolitus ſtillare Liquores,
In cœlo vivis nunc quoque gaudet Aquis.

TRANSLATION.

Clarkson BEneath this Stone lies ſhut up in the Dark,
A Fellow and a Prieſt, yclept *John Clark:*
With *earthly Roſe-water* he did delight ye,
But now he deals in *heavenly Aqua-vitæ*.

THE

THE NEW-YEAR'S-GIFT.

Preſented with a Pair of

SILK STOCKINGS,

To Miſs Bell Cooke, of *Eton*.

I.

TO pleaſe the Fair, in courtly Lays
The Poet plays his Part,
One tenders Snuff, another Praiſe,
A *Tooth-pick* or a *Heart*.

II.

Alike They all, to gain their End
Peculiar Arts diſcloſe,
While I, ſubmiſſive, only ſend
An *humble Pair of Hoſe*.

III.

Long may they guard from Cold and Harm,
The ſnowy Legs that wear 'em,
And kindly ſpread their Influence warm
To every Thing that's near 'em.

IV.

But let it not be faulty deem'd,
Nor move your Indignation,
If I a little partial ſeem
In Gift or Commendation.

V.

Each fair Perfection to diſplay
Would far exceed my Charter;
My modeſt Muſe muſt never ſtray
Above the Knee or Garter.

VI.

And who did e'er a Baſis view
So worthy to be prais'd?
Or from ſo fair Foundation knew
So fine a Fabrick rais'd?

VII.

Thou learned Leech, ſage **** ſay,
Since ſpite of Drugs and Plaiſters,
You now can talk the live-long Day
Of Pillars and Pilaſters;

VIII.

You that for Hours have rov'd about,
Thro' Halls and Colonades,
And ſcarce would deign to tread on aught
But Arches and Arcades;

IX.

Did you in all your mazy Round
Two nobler Pillars view?
What yielding Marble e'er was found
So exquiſitely true?

X.

The ſwelling Dome with ſtately Show
May many Fancies pleaſe;
I view, content, what lies below
The Cornice and the Frieze.

XI.

The beauteous Twins, ſo fair, ſo round,
That bear the noble Pile,
Muſt ſure proceed from *Venus' Mount*,
Or from * *Cythera's Iſle*.

XII.

Propitious Fates, preſerve 'em ſafe;
And keep 'em ſnug together,
And grant they may the Malice brave
Of Man as well as Weather.

* Two Places from whence the Ancients brought Materials for their moſt noble Structures.

XIII.

From luckleſs Love, or Rancour baſe,
May never Ill attend 'em;
And grant, whatever be the Caſe,
That I may ſtill defend 'em.

XIV.

By gentle, gen'rous Love, 'tis true,
They never can miſcarry;
Nor Damage come, nor Loſs enſue,
From honeſt, harmleſs *Harry*.

XV.

But ſhould a Knight of greater Heat
Precipitate invade,
Believe me, *Bell*, they then may need
Some ſeaſonable Aid.

XVI.

O may I ever be at Hand
From ev'ry Harm to ſcreen 'em,
Then, *Samſon-like*, I'll take my Stand,
And live or die between 'em.

EXALTATION:

OR, THE SIGNATURE of LOVE.

A DESCRIPTIVE PASTORAL.

In the *Modern* Style.

BEneath the Shadows of a glimmering Oak,
Where conſcious Meads in ſoft Deluſion broke,
And ancient Murmurs, tremblingly awake,
Repel the neighbouring Coolneſs of the Brake;
Two Swains, reclining, ſooth'd th' enamour'd Tongue,
And thus with fragrant Vows, their Pipes they ſtrung.

STREPHON.

In every Grove the various Floods combine;
A thouſand Beauties baſk upon the Line;
The ſolemn Breezes emulate the Day;
But Chloe is the Subject of my Lay.

CORYDON.

Let Thunder, ſick'ning, ſmile upon the Ground,
And mazy Beams reflect a dawning Sound;
Let lofty Echoes on Meanders throng;
But Phillis is the Burden of my Song.

STREPHON.

Chloe's to me more fair than azure Sight;
More ſoft than Heifers melting into Light:
O come, ye Swains, and leave th' enamel'd Morn;
The moſſy Garlands rival your Return.

CORYDON.

My Phillis, wond'ring, ſtrives the Heat to pierce,
And ſmiles precarious through the gay Reverſe:
Ye Hills and Dales that cheer the verdant Sand,
Bear me where Ages float at her Command.

STREPHON.

My Love, regardleſs of the vernal Main,
Like Honey bluſhing, variegates my Pain;
And, like the Bee, ſhe ſmooths the mantled Green;
Soft as the Starts, and as the Hills ſerene.

CORYDON.

My Love is like the rural Seats above;
The Canopy of Fate is like my Love;
My Love is like the Deep, in Purple dreſt,
And all Ambroſia warbles in her Breaſt.

STREPHON.

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
What Thing is that, by Kings expell'd the Lake,
Whoſe airy Footſteps faded as they grew,
Produc'd in Silence, yet alive in blue?

CORYDON.

CORYDON.

Firſt tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine,
What Thing is that ſo daringly divine,
By Reaſon feather'd, and by Nature preſt,
Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unbleſt?

MENALCAS.

Enough, enough —— O Shepherds, your Delay
Retards the fleecy Partners of the Spray;
See, from yon Cloud impending Mirrors riſe;
See how the Vallies wanton in the Skies!
From Wave to Wave reluctant Shades appear,
Revolving Swans proclaim the Welkin near,
And aid the breathing Surface of the Year.

EXTEMPORE LETTER

From Captain THOMAS*, at BERNERA, to Captain PRICE, at FORT AUGUSTUS.

Written juſt before ſigning the Peace of Aix la Chapelle.

"COME, *Thomas*, give us t'other Sonnet,"
Dear Captain, pray reflect upon it:
Was ever ſo abſurd a Thing,
What, at the Pole, to bid me ſing?

* Formerly Student of Ch. Ch. Oxford.

Alas! ſearch all thoſe Mountains round,
There's no Thalia to be found;
And Fancy, Child of ſouthern Skies,
Averſe the ſullen Region flies ———

I ſcribble Verſes? why you know,
I left the Muſes long ago;
Deſerted all the tuneful Band,
To right the Files, and ſtudy *Bland.*

Indeed in Youth's fantaſtic Prime
Miſled, I wander'd into Rhyme,
And am'rous Sonnets penn'd in plenty,
On ev'ry Nymph, from twelve to twenty.
Compar'd to Roſes and to Lilies
The Cheeks of *Chloe* and of *Phillis*;
With all the Cant you'll find in many
A ſtill-born modern Miſcellany.
My Lines, how proud was I to ſee 'em,
Steal into *Dodſley*'s New Muſeum:
Or in a Letter Fair and Clean
Committed to the Magazine.
Our Follies change; that Whim is o'er,
The Bagatelles delight no more.
Know by theſe Preſents that in fine
I quit all Commerce with the Nine!

Love-Strains, and all poetic Matters,
Lampoons, Epiſtles, Odes, and Satires,
The Toys and Trifles I diſcard,
And leave the Bays to Poet *Ward**.

No, now to Politicks confin'd
I give up all the buſy Mind.
Curious, each Pamphlet I peruſe,
And ſip my Coffee o'er the News;
But apropos, for laſt Courant
Pray thank the Lady Gouvernante.
But what's this Rumour in the Mail
From *Aix* — pho, what is't, *la Chapelle?*
A Peace unites the jarring Pow'rs,
And ev'ry Trade will thrive but our's.
" Farewell, as wrong'd *Othello* ſaid,
" The plumed Troops, and neighing Steed."
The Troops, alas! more Havock there
A Peace will make, than all the War.
What Crowds of Heroes, in a Day,
Reduc'd to ſtarve on Half their Pay!
From *Lowendahl* 'twould Pity meet,
And *Saxe* himſelf might weep to ſee't.
Already Fancy's active Power
Fore-runs the near approaching Hour.

* An Officer in the ſame Regiment.

Methinks

Methinks (curs'd Chance) the fatal Stroke
I feel, and ſeem already broke:
The Park I ſaunter up and down,
Or ſit upon a Bench alone.
Sneaking and ſad — le juſte portrait
D'un pouvre Capitaine Reformé;
My Wig, which ſhun'd each ruder Wind,
Toupee'd before, and bagg'd behind,
Which *John* was us'd, with niceſt Art,
To comb, and taught the Curls to part,
Loſt the Belle-air, the jaunty Pride,
Now lank, depends on either Side.
My Hat, grown white and ruſtick o'er,
Once bien trouſsé with Galon d'Or.
My Coat diſtain'd with Duſt and Rain,
And all my Figure quite Campaign.
J'habillé fine with tarniſh'd Lace,
And Hunger pictur'd in my Face;
Tavern or Coffee-houſe unwilling
To give me Credit for a Shilling;
Forbid by ev'ry ſcornful Belle,
The Precincts of the gay Ruelle.
My Vows, tho' breath'd in ev'ry Ear,
Not e'en a Chambermaid will hear;
No Silver in my Purſe to pay
For Opera Ticket, or the Play.

No Meſſage ſent to bid me come
A Fortnight after to a Drum.
No Viſits or receiv'd or paid;
No Ball, Ridotto, Maſquerade.
All penſive, heartleſs, and chagrin,
I ſit devoted Prey to Spleen.

To you, dear *Price*, indulgent Heav'n
A gentler, happier Lot has giv'n;
To you has dealt, with bounteous Hands,
Palladian Seats, and fruitful Lands.
Then in my Sorrows have the Grace
To take ſome Pity of my Caſe,
And, as you know the Times are hard,
Send a ſpruce Valet with a Card;
Your Compliments —— and beg I'd dine,
And taſte your Mutton and your Wine;
You'll find moſt punctual and obſervant,
Your moſt oblig'd and humble Servant.

NEW-MARKET:

A SATIRE.

Πουλυπονος ἱππεια,
Ος ἑμολες αιανη
Ταδε γᾳ. Sophocl. Elect. 508.

HIS Country's Hope, when now the blooming Heir,
Has loſt the Parent's or the Guardian's Care;
Fond to poſſeſs, yet eager to deſtroy,
Of each vain Youth, ſay, what's the darling Joy?

Of

Of each rash Frolic what the Source and End,
His sole and first Ambition what? —— to spend.
Some 'Squires to *Gallia*'s Cooks devoted Dupes,
Whole Manors melt in Sauce, or drown in Soups:
Another doats on Fiddlers, till he sees
His Hills no longer crown'd with tow'ring Trees;
Convinc'd too late that modern Strains can *move*,
Like those of antient *Greece*, th' obedient Grove:
In headless Statues rich, and useless Urns,
Marmoreo from the classic Tour returns. ——
But would ye learn, ye leisure-loving 'Squires,
How best ye may disgrace your prudent Sires;
How sooneſt soar to fashionable Shame,
Be damn'd at once to Ruin —— and to Fame;
By Hands of Grooms ambitious to be crown'd,
O greatly dare to tread *Olympic* Ground!
What Dreams of Conquest flush'd *Hilario*'s Breast,
When the good Knight at last retir'd to Rest!
Behold the Youth with new-felt Rapture mark
Each pleasing Prospect of the spacious Park:
That Park, where Beauties undisguis'd engage,
Those Beauties less the Work of Art than Age;
In simple State where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable Dress of ancient Years;
Where all the Charms of Chance with Order meet
The Rude, the Gay, the Graceful, and the Great.

Here

Here aged Oaks uprear their Branches hoar,
And form dark Groves, which *Druids* might adore;
With meeting Boughs, and deepening to the View,
Here ſhoots the broad umbrageous Avenue:
Here various Trees compoſe a chequer'd Scene,
Glowing in gay Diverſities of Green:
There the full Stream thro' intermingling Glades
Shines a broad Lake, or falls in deep Caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle Copſe, or beechen Lawn,
To chear with Sun or Shade the bounding Fawn.
And ſee the good old Seat, whoſe *Gothic* Tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted Bow'rs;
Whoſe rafter'd Hall the crowding Tenants fed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily Bread;
Where creſted Knights with peerleſs Damſels join'd,
At high and ſolemn Feſtivals have din'd;
Preſenting oft fair Virtue's ſhining Taſk;
In myſtic Pageantries, and moral Maſk.
But vain all antient Praiſe, or Boaſt of Birth;
Vain all the Palms of old heroic Worth!
At once a Bankrupt, and a proſperous Heir,
Hilario bets, — Park, Houſe, diſſolve in Air.
With antique Armour hung, his trophied Rooms
Deſcend to Gameſters, Proſtitutes, and Grooms.
He ſees his ſteel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the Lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,

All

All the fair Series of the whiſker'd Race,
Whoſe pictur'd Forms the ſtately Gallery grace;
Debas'd, abus'd, the Price of ill-got Gold,
To deck ſome Tavern vile, at Auctions ſold.
The Pariſh wonders at th' unopening Door,
The Chimnies blaze, the Tables groan no more.
Thick Weeds around th' untrodden Courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial Scene in Silence lies.
Himſelf, the Loſs politely to repair,
Turns Athieſt, Fiddler, Highwayman, or Play'r.
At length, the Scorn, the Shame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to *rub* the Steeds that once he *rode*.

Ye rival Youths, your golden Hopes how vain,
Your Dreams of Thouſands on the liſted Plain!
Not more fantaſtic *Sancho*'s airy Courſe,
When madly mounted on the magic Horſe *,
He pierc'd Heav'ns opening Spheres with dazzled Eyes,
And ſeem'd to ſoar in viſionary Skies.
Nor leſs, I ween, precarious is the Meed,
Of young Adventurers on the Muſe's Steed;
For Poets have, like you, their deſtin'd Round,
And Ours is but a *Race* on *claſſic Ground*.

Long Time, the Child of patrimonial Eaſe,
Hippolitus had carv'd Sirloins in Peace:

* *Clavileno.* See *Don Quixote*, B. ii. Chap. 41.

Had

Had quaff'd ſecure, unvex'd by Toil or Wife,
The mild *October* of a private Life:
Long liv'd with calm domeſtic Conqueſts crown'd,
And kill'd his Game on ſafe paternal Ground:
And, deaf to Honour's or Ambition's Call,
With rural Spoils adorn'd his hoary Hall.
As bland he puff'd the Pipe o'er weekly News
His Boſom kindles with ſublimer Views.
Lo there, thy Triumphs, *Taaffe*, thy Palms, *Portmore!*
Tempt him to ſtake his Lands and treaſur'd Store.
Like a new Bruiſer on *Broughtonic* Sand,
Amid the Liſts our Hero takes his Stand;
Suck'd by the Sharper, to the Peer a Prey,
He rolls his Eyes that "witneſs huge Diſmay;"
When lo! the Chance of one inglorious Heat,
Strips him of genial Cheer, and ſnug Retreat.
How awkward now he bears Diſgrace and Dirt,
Nor knows the *Poor*'s laſt Refuge, to be *pert*.——
The ſhiftleſs Beggar bears of Ills the worſt,
At once with *Dulneſs* and with *Hunger* curſt.
And feels the taſteleſs Breaſt *Equeſtrian* Fires?
And dwells ſuch mighty Rage in graver *'Squires?*
In all Attempts, but for their Country, bold,
Britain, thy CONSCRIPT COUNSELLORS behold;
(For ſome perhaps, by Fortune favour'd yet,
May gain a Borough, from a lucky Bet,)

Smit

Smit with the Love of the *laconic* Boot,
The Cap, and Wig ſuccinct, the ſilken Suit,
Mere modern *Phaetons*, uſurp the Rein,
And ſcour in rival Race the tempting Plain.
See, ſide by ſide, his Jockey and Sir *John*
Diſcuſs th' important Point —— of *Six to One*.
For oh! the boaſted Privilege how dear,
How great the Pride, to *gain* a Jockey's *Ear!* ——
See, like a routed Hoſt, with headlong Pace,
Thy *Members* pour amid the mingling *Race!*
All aſk, what Crouds the Tumult could produce ——
Is *Bedlam*, or the *Commons* all broke looſe?
Their Way nor Reaſon guides, nor Caution checks,
Proud on a *high-bred Thing* to riſque their Necks. ——
Thy *Sages* hear, amid th' admiring Croud
Adjudge the *Stakes*, moſt eloquently loud:
With critic Skill, o'er dubious *Bets* preſide,
The low Diſpute, or kindle, or decide:
All empty Wiſdom, and judicious Prate,
Of *diſtanc'd* Horſes gravely fix the Fate:
And with paternal Care unwearied watch
O'er the *nice Conduct* of a daring *Match*.

Meantime, no more the mimic Patriots riſe,
To guard *Britannia*'s Honour, warm and wiſe:
No more in Senates dare aſſert her Laws,
Nor pour the bold Debate in Freedom's Cauſe:

Neglect the Counſels of a ſinking Land,
And know no *Roſtrum*, but *New-Market's Stand*.
Is this the Band of Civil Chiefs deſign'd
On *England*'s Weal to fix the pondering Mind?
Who, while their Country's Rights are ſet to Sale,
Quit *Europe's Ballance* for the *Jockey's Scale*.
O ſay, when leaſt their ſapient Schemes are croſt,
Or when a Nation, or a *Match* is loſt?
Who *Dams* and *Sires* with more Exactneſs trace,
Than of their *Country's Kings* the ſacred Race:
Think *London Journies* are the worſt of Ills;
Subſcribe to *Articles*, inſtead of *Bills*:
Strangers to all our *Annaliſts* relate,
Theirs are the *Memoirs* of th' *Equeſtrian* State:
Who loſt to *Albion*'s paſt and preſent Views,
HEBER *, thy *Chronicles* alone peruſe.
Go on, brave Youths, till in ſome future Age,
Whips ſhall become the *Senatorial Badge*;
Till *England* ſee her thronging Senators
Meet all at *Weſtminſter*, in Boots and Spurs;
See the whole *Houſe*, with mutual Frenzy mad,
Her Patriots all in Leathern Breeches clad:
Of *Bets*, not *Taxes*, learnedly debate,
And guide with equal Reins a *Steed* or *State*.

* Author of *an Hiſtorical* LIST *of the Running Horſes*, &c.

How

How would a virtuous * *Houhnhym* neigh Diſdain,
To ſee his Brethren brook th' imperious Rein;
Bear Slavery's wanton Whip, or galling Goad,
Smoak through the Glebe, or trace the deſtin'd Road;
And robb'd of † Manhood by the murderous Knife,
Suſtain each ſordid Toil of ſervile Life.
Yet oh! what Rage would touch his generous Mind,
To ſee his Sons of more than human Kind;
A Kind, with each exalted Virtue bleſt,
Each gentler Feeling of the liberal Breaſt,
Afford Diverſion to that Monſter baſe,
That meaneſt Spawn of Man's Half-monkey Race;
In whom Pride, Avarice, Ignorance, conſpire,
That hated Animal, a *Yahoo-Squire*.

How are the THERONS of theſe modern Days,
Chang'd from thoſe Chiefs who toil'd for *Grecian* bays;
Who fir'd with genuine Glory's ſacred Luſt,
Whirl'd the ſwift Axle through the *Pythian* Duſt.
Theirs was the *Piſan* Olive's blooming Spray,
Theirs was the *Theban* Bard's recording Lay.
What though the Grooms of *Greece* ne'er *took the Odds*?
They won no *Bets* — but then they ſoar'd to *Gods*;
And more an *Hiero*'s Palm, a *Pindar*'s Ode,
Than all th' united *Plates* of GEORGE beſtow'd.

* *Vid.* GULLIVER's Travels. Voyage to the *Houhnhyms*.
† A Copy in the HARLEIAN Library reads HORSE-HOOD.

Greece! how I kindle at thy magic Name,
Feel all thy Warmth, and catch the kindred Flame.
Thy Scenes ſublime, and awful Viſions riſe,
In ancient Pride before my muſing Eyes.
Here *Sparta*'s Sons in mute Attention hang,
While juſt *Lycurgus* pours the mild Harangue;
There *Xerxes*' Hoſts, all pale with deadly Fear,
Shrink at her fated ‡ Hero's flaſhing Spear.
Here hung with many a Lyre of ſilver String,
The laureate Alleys of *Iliſſus* Spring:
And lo, where rapt in Beauty's heavenly Dream
Hoar *Plato* walks his oliv'd *Academe.* ——

Yet ah! no more the Land of Arts and Arms,
Delights with Wiſdom, or with Virtue warms.
Lo! the ſtern *Turk*, with more than *Vandal* Rage,
Has blaſted all the Wreaths of ancient Age:
No more her Groves by Fancy's Feet are trod,
Each Attic Grace has left the lov'd Abode.
Fall'n is fair *Greece!* by Luxury's pleaſing Bane
Seduc'd, ſhe drags a barbarous foreign Chain.
Britannia watch! O trim thy withering Bays,
Remember thou haſt rivall'd *Grecia*'s Praiſe,
Great Nurſe of Works divine! Yet oh! beware
Leſt thou the Fate of *Greece*, my Country, ſhare.

‡ Leonidas.

Recall

Recall thy wonted Worth with conſcious Pride,
Thou too haſt ſeen a *Solon* in a *Hyde*;
Haſt bade thine *Edwards* and thine *Henries* rear
With *Spartan* Fortitude the *Britiſh* Spear;
Alike has ſeen thy Sons deſerve the Meed
Or of the moral or the martial Deed.

EPITAPH

To the pie-houſe *Memory of* NELL BATCHELOR, *an Oxford Pye-Woman.*

I.

HERE deep in the Duſt,
The mouldy old Cruſt,
Of *Nell Batchelor* lately was ſhoven;
Who was ſkill'd in the Arts
Of Pies, Puddings, and Tarts,
And knew ev'ry Uſe of the Oven.

II.

When ſhe'd liv'd long enough,
She made her laſt Puff,
A Puff by her Huſband much prais'd;
Now here ſhe doth lie,
And makes a dirt Pye,
In hopes that her Cruſt will be rais'd.

THE

CASTLE BARBER's SOLILOQUY.

Written in the late WAR.

I Who with ſuch Succeſs — alas! till
The War came on — have *ſhav'd* the *Caſtle*;
Who *by the Noſe*, with Hand unſhaken,
The *boldeſt Heroes* oft have *taken*;
In humble Strain, am doom'd to mourn
My Fortune chang'd, and State forlorn!

My

My *Soap* ſcarce ventures into Froth,
My *Razors* ruſt in idle Sloth!
WISDOM*! to you my Verſe appeals;
You ſhare the Griefs your *Barber* feels:
Scarce comes a *Student* once a whole Age,
To ſtock your deſolated *College*.
Our Trade how ill an Army ſuits!
This comes of picking up *Recruits*.
Loſt is the *Robber*'s Occupation,
No *Robbing* thrives — but of the *Nation*:
For hardy Necks no *Rope* is twiſted,
And e'en the *Hangman*'s ſelf is *liſted*.——
Thy Publiſhers, O mighty *Jackſon*!
With ſcarce a ſcanty Coat their Backs on,
Warning to Youth no longer teach,
Nor *live* upon a *Dying Speech*.
In Caſſock clad, for want of Breeches,
No more the *Caſtle-Chaplain* preaches.
Oh! were our Troops but ſafely landed,
And every Regiment diſbanded!
They'd make, I truſt, a new Campaign
On *Henley*'s Hill, or *Campſield*'s Plain:
Deſtin'd at Home, in peaceful State,
By me *freſh-ſhav'd*, to meet their Fate!

* The Governor of *Oxford Caſtle*.

Regard, ye Juſtices of Peace!
The CASTLE BARBER's piteous Caſe:
And kindly make ſome ſnug Addition,
To better his diſtreſt Condition.
Not that I mean, by ſuch Expreſſions,
To *ſhave* your *Worſhips* at the *Seſſions*;
Or would, with vain Preſumption big,
Aſpire to *comb* the *Judge's Wig*: ——
Far leſs ambitious Thoughts are mine,
Far humbler Hopes my Views confine. ——
Then think not that I aſk amiſs;
My ſmall Requeſt is only this,
That I, by Leave of LEIGH or PARDO,
May, with the CASTLE —*ſhave* BOCARDO.
Thus, as at *Jeſus* oft I've heard,
Rough Servitors in *Wales* preferr'd,
The *Joneſes*, *Morgans*, and *Ap-Rices*,
Keep *Fiddles* with their BENEFICES.

IMITATION of HORACE.

Iccí, beatis nunc Arabum invides
Gazis, &c. L. I. Ode xxix.

SO you, my Friend, at laſt are caught——
Where could you get ſo ſtrange a Thought,
In Mind and Body found?
All meaner Studies you reſign,
Your whole Ambition now to ſhine
The Beau of the Beau-monde.

Say, gallant Youth, what well-known Name
Shall ſpread the Triumphs of your Fame
Through all the Realms of *Drury*?
How will you ſtrike the gaping Cit?
What Tavern ſhall record your Wit?
What Watchmen mourn your Fury?

What ſprightly Imp of *Gallic* Breed
Shall have the Culture of your Head,
(I mean the outward Part)
Form'd by his Parent's early Care
To range in niceſt Curls the Hair,
And wield the Puff with Art?

No more let Mortals toil in vain,
By wife Conjecture to explain
What rolling Time will bring:
Thames to his Source may upwards flow,
Or *Garrick* fix Feet high may grow,
Or Witches thrive at *Tring*:

Since you each better Promife break,
Once fam'd for Slov'nlinefs and *Greek*,
Now turn'd a very *Paris*,
For Lace and Velvet quit your Gown,
The STAGYRITE for Mr. Town *;
For *Drury-Lane* St. MARY'S.

S O N G.

GIVE Ear, and a comical Story I'll tell,
'Tis of an old Doctor you know very well,
Who, tho' grave as a Saint, got as drunk as all Hell.
Tol de rol, lol, &c.

It was on a Sunday, as all have agreed;
For the Doctor he held it a Part of his Creed,
That the better the Day, the better the Deed.

* Author of the CONNOISSEUR.

He

He ſat, and he drank, and he toaſted old Cripſey,
But he never ſuſpected he e'er ſhould grow tipſey,
He bung'd *cum ſeipſo* 'till he was not *ſeipſe*.

And when he had gotten as drunk as ten Bears,
He put on his Surplice, and ſtagger'd down Stairs,
Tho' not able to ſpeak, yet reſolv'd to read Pray'rs.

To the Deſk then he came, and bow'd low on each Side,
I will riſe and will go to my Father, he cry'd;
But ſtumbled and prov'd that he damnably lied.

To the Pſalms then he got, but would you know how,
He ſpew'd on King *David*, and likely I trow,
For he was as drunk as was *David*'s old Sow.

To the Collects he got then, with much Heſitation,
While the Audience all were in great Expectation,
Inſtead of a Pray'r came an Ejaculation.

And now with reſpect to the Gown and the Band,
How bravely muſt flouriſh the Church of this Land,
Supported by Pillars not able to ſtand!

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

ON

PARKER HALL,

Born and Executed at OXFORD.

Carton. HERE lies PARKER HALL, and what is more rariſh,
He was born, bred, and hang'd in St. Thomas's Pariſh.

EPIGRAM,

Occaſioned by Part of St. Mary's Church, *in* Oxford, *being converted into a* LAW SCHOOL.

Paper. YES, yes, you may rail at the *Pope* as you pleaſe,
But truſt me that *Miracles* never will *ceaſe*.
See here — an Event, that no *Mortal* ſuſpected!
See LAW and DIVINITY cloſely *connected!*
Which proves the old *Proverb* long reckon'd ſo odd,
That "the *neareſt* the CHURCH the *fartheſt* from GOD."

VERSES

OF THE

OXFORD NEWSMEN,

FROM THE

Year 1754 to the Year 1772.

The greater part, if not all of them
T. Warton

THE
OXFORD NEWSMAN's VERSES,
For the Year 1754.

HAIL to this joyful Seaſon of the Year,
Welcome alike to Ploughman and to Peer!
The buſy Houſewife with Domeſtic Cares
The ſweet Plumb-porridge and the Pie prepares:
Delicious Draughts the flowing Bowls afford,
And the fat Sur-Loin ſmokes upon the Board.
Now while your Hearts with generous Joys run o'er,
The neat-clad 'Prentice trips from Door to Door:
And can Ye to their Hands a Gift refuſe,
Who comb your Perukes, or japan your Shoes?
Now too, inſpir'd with Hopes of a Reward,
The BELLMAN ſpurns at Proſe, and ſoars a Bard:
While his ſlow Bell at Midnight Hour he chimes,
Streets, Lanes, and Allies ring with lofty Rhymes.
Shall not we NEWSMEN then, known Men of Letters,
Turn Poets at this Time to pleaſe our Betters?
Yet do not deem your Servants vainly bold,
Since many a Tale of others we have told,
If once in Verſe our Merits we unfold.

In

In Froſt, in Snow, in Tempeſt, and in Rain,
Up the ſteep Hill, and o'er the miry Plain,
Patient we trudge; nor e'er the Toils refuſe,
Sweltering with Noon-day Suns to bring you News.
Our weekly Sheets each Circumſtance relate,
And ſhew of Jews and ‡ Marriages the Fate.
From Us you learn what France and Spain deviſe,
From Us what Murders, Fires, Rapes, Robberies,
Who wed, is born, is chriſten'd, or who dies.
This common Praiſe with others We inherit,
But We may plead to You ſuperiour Merit.
The various Feuds of Interest † Old and New,
And who the *Green* upholds, and who the *Blue*,
We only can inform you; cautious ſteering
In the vaſt Ocean of Electioneering.

Masters! howe'er inclin'd to our Petition,
Or *Green*, or *Blue*, oh! make not Oppoſition.
We join no Party, praiſe not or revile,
Nor e'er perplex our Brains about the ‖ Style.
Reward our Labours, and but grant our Boon,
We ſhall not think that CHRISTMAS comes too ſoon.

‡ Alluding to the Jew and Marriage Bills, which paſſed the preceding Seſſion. The firſt of theſe proved ſo unpopular as to be immediately repealed.

† The great Conteſt in Oxfordſhire was at this Time depending; — and the Parties were reſpectively diſtinguiſhed by Old and New Interest, or *Greens* and *Blues*.

‖ The Alteration of the *Style* had lately been under the Conſideration of Parliament.

VERSES, For the Year 1755.

THE hallow'd Seaſon and the joyful Time,
In which I us'd to greet you all with Rhyme,
Is now return'd —— to crown the Expectation,
Of thoſe who follow the Mercurial Station:
Your Bounty then, which freely you impart,
Lives a whole Twelve-month in a grateful Heart;
Quickens our Steps and makes us faſter go,
And pay with Diligence what you beſtow:
When Something of Importance 'tis we bring,
Your Goodneſs gives to every Heel a Wing:
Not Winds or Waters can impede our Way;
Nor even Earthquakes can prolong our Stay.
Though *thoſe*, we muſt confeſs, are *dreadful* Things!
And *LISBON*'s Deſolation ‡ upward brings.
LISBON! that ſhone about ſome two Months ſince,
Th' imperial City of a potent Prince;
But now —— no more. Her Palaces are laid
As low as Earth, and almoſt Atoms made.
Turrets that lately dar'd to brave the Sky,
Now undiſtinguiſh'd with the Rubbiſh lye,
And can't pretend with Cottages to vie.

‡ The dreadful Earthquake at Liſbon.

May Heaven defend us from ſuch Evils *Here!*
And puniſh Sin a little leſs ſevere.
And, if we may extend a *Newſman*'s Prayers,——
Confound the † *FRENCH*, and all their falſe Affairs!
That by *next Chriſtmas* we may Carols ſing,
To Peace and Plenty, Conqueſt and *Our KING.*

VERSES, For the Year 1756.

AS longing Bridegrooms (join'd to heav'nly Fair)
Think Moments Months; each Minute a long Year;
Wiſh the Day ſpent, to make Exchange of Hearts,
When *Colin* kindly mutual Love imparts;
Thanks the kind Gods who gave him *Phebe* fair,
Since all his Happineſs is centered *There:*
—— So long'd your NEWS-MAN for this joyous Tide
(For which Geeſe ſuffer, and the Pigs have cry'd)
That he may to his Cuſtomers rehearſe,
In very humble, very home-ſpun Verſe,
How the wild *Indians*, Savages forlorn!
(*Virginia*'s Curſe, that ever ſuch were born)
How they make Head! — our Settlements diſturb!
Till *Britain*'s rouz'd, their Inſolence to curb.

† A War with France was now commenced.

But

But mark th' Event —— See *Waſhington* advance!
And *Winſlow* ‖ too! —— that *Other Foe to France!*
— How *They Attack!* — Make a Retreat *more wiſe!*
And, PATIENT wait —— GREAT BRITAIN's *Known Supplies.*

But what, good Sirs! ſays honeſt *Ferdinando?*
The *Braveſt Men* can do — but what they can do;
All This was done — And, farther be it known,
If nought we've *gain'd*, we *hope* to ſave our own.

On *Home Affairs* I'll not ſay much,
(My Paper † gives 'em all a Touch)
There you will find who's *out*, or *in*;
When the Houſe riſes; when it ſits again:
When Madam brings a darling Son;
At Court — how *neatly* Things are done!
Who wants a Place, and *who* a Penſion,
(But theſe are Things I ſcarce dare mention)
How ſome Folks riſe, whilſt others fall;
Your *Newſman* brings Account of All:
Nor ſhall the *Patriot* be forgot,
The Man *who ſits*; or *who ſits not*:
Advice in *This* is worth my Care;
— I hope you'll LIKE *the Bill of Fare.*

‖ Our Commanders in America, at this Time.

† Oxford Journal.

But e'er I end, I beg you'll think
How far I've walk'd, with little Drink;
How bad the Roads! How cold the Weather!
Two greater Ills can't meet together:
Yet pleaſe to let me taſte your Bounty,
As heretofore, my Friend I'll count ye:
Then travel on (nor fear Diſaſters)
Till *CHRIST MAS* next, to ſerve my Maſters.

VERSES, For the Year 1757.

WE NEWS-MEN, laſt Week (you'd have laugh'd had you ſeen us)
Met together theſe Verſes to make up between us:
For we, like the Bellman, you know at this Seaſon
Muſt addreſs you in Verſe, though without Rhyme or Reaſon.
Quoth * *Lochard*—for *Lochard*, (perhaps you mayn't know it)
When inſpired by Ale, is a very good Poet——
" Shall we be dumb, while other Newſmen ſing
" The glorious Deeds of *Pruſſia*'s mighty King?
" Shall we be dumb, when all who carry News.
" For || RAIKES or POCOCK, will this Subject chuſe:

* A very ſingular Character, as a Newſman.

|| Printers of the *Glouceſter* and *Reading* Papers.

As

" As how in *Germany* he got the Day;
" As how the King of *Poland* ran away.
" Shall we be dumb, when ſpite of General BLAKENEY,
" MINORCA, || O MINORCA! —— *French* have taken ye?
" And ſhall not we lament the Price of Grain,
" We that have Mouths to eat, — and to complain?"

Thus *Lochard* ſpoke in high heroic Rhymes:
Quoth another —— " But why muſt we talk of the Times?
" The Subject is ſtale, and our Verſe only ſhews
" What *JACKSON* each Week has ſaid better in Proſe.
" To move the kind Hearts of our Maſters and Miſtreſſes.
" Let us talk of our own, not the National Diſtreſſes."

Then judge, my Miſtreſſes, my Maſters, judge,
What Hardſhips We endure, who patient trudge,
Through Wind and Wet, with ſcarce a Coat our Backs on,
To bring you JOURNALS every Week from *JACKSON*.

|| General Blakeney commanded at Minorca, when that Place was taken by the French in the Year 1756.

Weeks *Fifty-one* without a Gift we've reckon'd:
O don't refuſe us in the *Fifty-ſecond!*
To your good Healths, who let us have the Chink;
We Newſmen, as in Duty bound, ſhall drink.

VERSES, For the Year 1758.

ANOTHER Halfpenny upon NEWS-PAPERS!
Faith, 'twas enough to give us all the Vapours.
Our Maſter JACKSON vow'd it was a Sin,
And Nobody would take his Paper in.
To raiſe the Price he thought it was not right,
And he himſelf *not get a Farthing by't* ‖.
Some Folks, he fear'd, would make it a Pretence
To leave his Journal off, and ſave their Pence.
And yet he hop'd, you would not think it dear:
It is but *Two and Two-pence* in a *Year*.
Thanks to his Care, (and ours too, let me add)
We have as many Maſters, as we had:
Nay more, if you'll believe't — and where's the Wonder?
In Times ſo full of Battles, Blood, and Plunder!
You Country Folks, that live ſo far from Town,
And have no *London Papers* ſent you down,

‖ An Act had juſt taken place for doubling the Duty on News-Papers.

Without

Without our JOURNAL never would have known
What's done in other Nations, and our own.
We told you, when our Fleet firſt fought the Main,
O Shame to ENGLAND! and came back again:
What the *Gazette* itſelf did never mention,
We told you of the *Hanover Convention* *.
O for a Muſe from OXFORD, whilſt I ſing
The glorious Deeds of PRUSSIA's Mighty King!
To tell the wond'rous Battles he has won:
But hold — this is too lofty — I have done. ——
Though Maſter print his Papers ev'ry Week,
Did We not bring them, You would be to ſeek.
Think then, O think what Hardſhips we do bear,
What Toils we undergo throughout the Year,
With Pleaſure we reflect on Troubles paſt,
And now rejoice, that CHRISTMAS comes at laſt.

VERSES, For the Year 1759.

LET *common* NEWSMEN common *Strains* indite,
Alas! poor Souls, where ſhould they learn to write?
But we of OXFORD boaſt ſuperior Knowledge,
Where Learning flows from every Hall and College.

* The Convention of *Cloſter Seven*, in the Electorate of *Hanover*; in Conſequence of which the late Duke of Cumberland took Umbrage, and quitted the Army.

Scholars indeed we know not, but are known
To moſt of thoſe that wait upon the Gown:
All vers'd in Arts, and deeply read in Books,
Bedmakers, *Butlers*, *Manciples*, and *Cooks*:
Oh could we learn from hence the happy Art,
To touch with Pity every Reader's Heart!
Now while each Journeyman and 'Prentice flocks,
For annual Favours, and a *Chriſtmas-Box*,
We beg the ſame; attempting to repay
Our Maſters Bounties with an humble Lay:
Tho' paid in empty *Rhymes* the *Coin* excuſe,
No better *Coin* is current with the Muſe.
Each vaſt Event our varied Page ſupplies,
The *Fall of* PRINCES, or the *Riſe of* PIES:
Patriots and *Squires* learn here with little Coſt
Or when a KINGDOM, or a MATCH is loſt;
Both Sexes here approv'd Receipts peruſe,
Hence BELLES may *clean their Teeth*, — or BEAUX their *Shoes*.
From us inform'd, BRITANNIA'S *Farmers* tell
How LOUISBOURG * by *Britiſh Thunder* fell;
'Tis we that ſound to all the Trump of Fame,
And Babes liſp *Amherſt*'s and *Boſcawen*'s Name:

* Taken by General *Wolfe*.

The

The *Clerk* and *Sexton* ENGLAND's NAVY boaſt,
Denouncing Ruin to the *Gallic* Coaſt;
Glad Traders ſee the Fate of SENEGAL,
And CLIVE's new *Nabob* given to BENGAL;
Pruſſia's great Prince with Bumpers deep they hail,
While every Village quaffs it's *Chriſtmas Ale:*
All the four Quarters of the Globe conſpire
Our News to fill, and raiſe Your Glory higher;
While you ſit pleas'd each Enterprize to ſcan,
Which ARMS can execute, or PITT can plan.

VERSES, For the Year 1760.

THINK of the PALMS, my Maſters dear!
That crown this memorable Year!
Come fill the Glaſs, my Hearts of Gold,
To BRITAIN's *Heroes* briſk and bold;
While into Rhyme I ſtrive to turn all
The fam'd Events of many a JOURNAL.
FRANCE feeds her Sons on meager Soup,
'Twas hence they loſt their *Guardaloup:*
What tho' they dreſs ſo fine and ja'nty?
They could not keep *Marigalante.*
Their Forts in *Afric* could not repel
The Thunder of undaunted *Keppel;*

Brave

Brave Commodore! how we adore ye
For giving us Succeſs at *Goree*.
Ticonderoga, and *Niagara*,
Make each true *Briton* ſing *O rare a!*
I truſt the Taking of *Crown-Point*
Has put *French* Courage out of Joint.
Can we forget the timely Check
WOLFE gave the Scoundrels at ‡ *Quebec?* ——
That Name has ſtopp'd my glad Career, ——
Your faithful *Newſman* drops a Tear! ——
But other Triumphs ſtill remain,
And rouze to Glee my Rhymes again.
On *Minden*'s Plains, ye meek *Mounſeers!*
Remember *Kingsley*'s Grenadiers.
You vainly thought to *ballarag* us
With your fine Squadron off *Cape Lagos*;
But when *Boſcawen* came, † *La Clue*
Sheer'd off, and look'd confounded blue.
† *Conflans*, all Cowardice and Puff,
Hop'd to demoliſh hardy *Duff*;
But ſoon unlook'd for Guns o'er-aw'd him,
HAWKE darted forth, and nobly *claw'd* him.

‡ Before this Place fell the brave *Wolfe*; yet with the Satisfaction of firſt hearing that his Troops were victorious. — The other Places here enumerated were Conqueſts of the preceding Year.

† The French Admirals.

And

And now their vaunted FORMIDABLE
Lies Captive to a *Britiſh* Cable.
Would you demand the glorious Cauſe
Whence *Britain* every Trophy draws?
You need not puzzle long your Wit; ——
FAME, from her Trumpet, anſwers —— PITT.

VERSES, For the Year 1761.

WHILE each true *Briton* drops a Tear
On GEORGE's* melancholy Bier,
Shall not we loyal Newſmen ſhew
Some Mark ſincere of ſocial Woe?
We that on Paper Wings on high
Have taught his Victories to fly,
Outſtripping e'en Imagination
To ſpread glad Tidings through the Nation;
When CANADA was made our own,
When PRUSSIA's Arms had conquer'd *Daun*;
Whene'er on Land we've Victors been,
Or gather'd Laurels on the Main.
Thus though we juſtly boaſt of Merit,
We cannot ſhew a proper Spirit,

* GEORGE II. died in October 1760.

Unleſs

Unleſs th' exhilarating Bowl
Conſpires to warm the drooping Soul:
And drinking renders us unable
To cloath ourſelves in Coats of Sable:
Therefore, good Sirs, or Whig or Tory,
We beg to lay our Caſe before ye;
And above all our worthy Maſters
We firſt addreſs the Pariſh Paſtors,
To give a caſt-off Suit for Mourning,
Of which we'll pay th' Expence of Turning;
So ſhall we Newſmen catch the Mode,
Nor trudge in Rags along the Road
As heretofore: — Hence Snow and Rain
Aſſault our hardy Limbs in vain.
And now, while ev'ry Table's found
With choiceſt Chriſtmas Dainties crown'd,
While you enjoy with wiſhful Eyes,
The rich Plumb-Pudding, Beef, and Pies,
Once more let's ſhare your gen'rous Treat,
With Money make our Purſe replete,
We'll bleſs the Bounty you afford,
And hail the Reign of GEORGE the Third.

VERSES, For the Year 1762.

WHILE JACKSON tells in Weekly Proſe
How *Britain* triumphs o'er her Foes;
Your NEWSMAN comes, in Annual Rhymes
To paint the Glories of the Times:
And ſure (nor think my Plan a low Whim)
Each Paragragh would make a *Poem*.

Firſt then, a foaming Tankard bring,
Sacred to GEORGE our youthful King;
Nor o'er your Newſman's Pipe and Pot,
Shall faireſt CHARLOTTE be forgot;
Than whom (God bleſs them!) more renown'd
A princely Pair were never crown'd!
Had I, poor Newſman, but been able
To ſee them dine at *Lord May'r*'s Table,
I'm ſure I ſhould have ſtrove and thruſt hard
To carry off a ſingle Cuſtard. ———
Come, all inferior Heroes ſtand by,
For here's a Health to glorious *Granby*:
Whoſe Cannons make moſt noble Harmony
Amongſt the poor *Mounſeers* in *Jarmony*:
But if his Name won't make ye ſmile,
Think of our Trophies at *Belleiſle*.

The

The *French*, from *Breſt*, about invading
Are always puffing and parading;
Thoſe *Puffs* are all too weak, I doubt,
To *blow* their half-mann'd Navy *out*.
Come, let each *Engliſhman* be merry
At our ſubduing *Pondicherry*,
Whoſe Forts awhile ſtood ſhilly-ſhally,
'Till *Coote* was found too tough for *Lally*.
Sure, it deſerves of Punch a Sneaker,
To drink our Fleet at *Martineaker*;
Which, if 'tis took, we hope to tip ye
The News of conquering *Miſſiſippi*.
Then ſoon all Threats of War will vaniſh
From Fleets and Armies, *French* or *Spaniſh*.
Such are the Conqueſts *England* won
In the fam'd Year of Sixty-One.
'Twas then ſhe triumph'd, as ſhe ought;
For, ſent by PITT, her Heroes fought!

VERSES, For the Year 1763.

THE Peace is made at laſt —— *Heigh-ho!*
The Folks above *would* have it ſo!
Sure they were mov'd with ſtrange Vagaries,
To ſign ſo ſoon PRELIMI-NARIES.
'Tis mighty odd the Parliament
Should not petition *Our* Conſent.

We

We were in hopes, ſince KEPPEL's Thunder
Had got the haughty *Spaniards* under,
That ſome new Conqueſt would arrive
To make us hungry NEWS-MEN thrive;
And that another *Siege* wou'd come,
To clothe our ſqualling Brats at Home.

But ſince upon our COLUMNS FOUR
We grave new Victories no more;
Since now *Blockades*, *Capitulations*,
Fleets, *Countermarches*, *Camps*, *Invaſions*,
By Sea, by Land, with many a Drub,
Amuſe no more the Weekly Club:
We muſt attempt to entertain
Your Fancies in another Strain: ——
Our Troops at *Portſmouth* ſafely landed,
And every Regiment diſbanded;
Thoſe Sons of *Mars* on HOUNSLOW's Plain
Will make, I truſt, a *new Campaign*:
Hence we new Paragraphs ſhall fetch
And ſhew you that great *General*, KETCH,
Leading his Heroes on to die
Without one Shrug, or Feature Wry.
We'll ſhew you many a *Country Village*
Left naked to the Soldier's *Pillage*;
Inſtead of *Towns*, where GRANBY thunder'd,
We ſhall exhibit —— *Henroofts* plunder'd: ——
Look ſharp good Women, to your *Geeſe!* ——
Theſe are the bleſt Effects of *Peace!*

In

In ſhort, whatever Paragragh
Shall make you cry, or make you laugh;
'Tis your's to make your *Newſman* happy,
This Chiſtmas, with a Cup of Nappy.

VERSES, For the Year 1764.

MY MASTERS all, we MEN of NEWS
Once more preſent our Yearly *Muſe*;
Who tells you, with her uſual Lore,
What to expect in SIXTY-FOUR.

What tho' with Trumpets, Drums, and Guns,
Your Ears no more our *Journal* ſtuns,
We now ſhall ope a new *Campaign*,
New bloody Wars —— on *Britain*'s Plain;
Big with the Riots and the Routs
Of thoſe fam'd *Chiefs* —— the INS and OUTS:
Shall ſhew you more ſurpriſing Tricks
Of *Ambuſcades* in Politicks;
Th' *Attack*, *Retreat*, and *Countermarch*,
Of many a Politician arch.
But whether *Engliſhman* or *Scot*
Should be Prime-Miniſter or not;
Whether our Paper pleas'd you moſt
When PITT victorious *rul'd the Roaſt*;

Whether

Whether we beſt ſhall ſhew our Duty
In drinking WILKES — or drinking BUTE t' ye;
Tho' much is ſaid on either Side,
We take not on us to decide:
We NEWSMEN are of neither Party,
Alone for *England*'s Welfare hearty;
Impartial we record the *Fall*
Of *Rogues* and *Robbers* — *Great* and *Small:*
Nor BRITONS *North*, nor *South*, are We:
Our *Cauſe* is GEORGE and LIBERTY.
The *Bellman*, with his annual Rhyme,
Your Favour gains, this *Chriſtmas* Time;
And ſure you'll own, if Truth you tell,
In *Verſe* we NEWSMEN *bear the Bell.*

VERSES, For the Year 1765.

HARD Times indeed! — We Men of News,
Who here preſent our *Yearly Muſe*,
Once hop'd our Poetry to raiſe,
When PEACE had ſent us happier Days;
For PEACE, we thought, wou'd in her Train
Bring Plenty back to *Britain*'s Plain. ——
A *Peace* d'ye call it? — Sure 'tis worſe
Than even War's ſevereſt Curſe.

What's the Advantage hence we reap?
Say, has it made *Proviſions* cheap?
Scarce can we now *afford* to meet,
And ſhare our annual *Sheep's Head Treat.*
Theſe Troubles are a grievous Tax on
The *Publiſhers* of Maſter JACKSON.
Oh had we NEWSMEN rul'd the Helm,
While *Vict'ry* bleſt this happy Realm,
Nor Spaniſh *Dons*, nor French *Mounſeers*,
Had left all Parties by the Ears: ——
Our Peace had ſtill been nam'd with Glory,
By growling *Whig*, and ranting *Tory*: ——
Not that we deem it meet to boaſt,
Yet did we NEWSMEN *rule the Roaſt*,
We'd ſhew our Skill in Reformation,
Throughout the *Markets* of the Nation.
Meanwhile then, make *us Stateſmen* happy
This Chriſtmas with a Cup of Nappy:
Bring forth your Punch, your Strong, and Stale,
The ſhiv'ring NEWSMAN's ſure Regale:
Nor let the Authors of theſe Rhymes
Find your *Hearts — harder* than the TIMES.

VERSES,

VERSES, For the Year 1766.

WHERE CAPTAIN JOLLY's *House of Lords*
At Eve a ſnug Retreat affords,
Amid the Clouds of many a Pipe,
Porter our Drink, our Supper Tripe,
Like ſolemn Miniſters of State
We NEWSMEN held a grand Debate,
How beſt, this Year, to entertain
The Public with a Chriſtmas Strain;
How beſt to tell our noble Maſters
Of all our Dangers and Diſtaſters:
Each, o'er his Pint, propos'd his Plan;
And thus the Conſultation ran.

Says *Bob*, a Politician bold,
" I think our Griefs might beſt be told
" By ſhewing, to the Nation's Ruin,
" What Miſchief Folks above are brewing:
" On Us theſe Ills are ſure to fall,
" We helpleſs NEWSMEN feel 'em all!
" *Encloſures*, and the *Cyder-Tax*,
" Have half already broke our Backs;
" While all our future Hopes are vaniſh'd
" Now WILLIAM's dead, and WILKES is baniſh'd."

Says *Sam*, —— " My Lads —— our Pots, let's
fill 'em ——
" And now you mention brave Duke WILL'EM,
" Suppoſe, to better our Condition,
" The Country Parſons we petition,
" To give us, if they'll *bear* the Turning,
" Their caſt-off Coats to make us Mourning."
Says *Teague*, " Ay now by *Jaſus*, *Honey*,
" If by your *Varſes* you'd get Money,
" Pray tell our Cuſtomers, altho'
" 'Tis what *already* they muſt know,
" That *Corn* is ſo *extramely* dear,
" Our *Ale* is quite become *Small Beer* : —
" Sooner than thus I'll ſpend my Penny,
" I'll join the *White-Boys* at *Kilkenny* ;
" Rather, while ſuch Diſtreſſes wait us,
" I'd ſtarve on *unexcis'd Potatoes*."
While thus, uncertain what to ſay,
We paſs'd the tedious Hours away,
And whiff'd our Pipes, and turn'd our Caxons,
Pop comes a *Devil* in from JACKSON's,
And threw theſe *Lines* before us down,
Sent by ſome Poet of the *Gown*,
Who, tho' a Member of the *Varſity*,
Pities us in theſe Times of Scarcity.
" My Maſters kind, whom choiceſt Liquors bleſs,
" Reward your NEWSMAN's well-deſign'd Addreſs !

" Oh

" Oh think, how ill we fare, how oft we faſt,
" To whom *Sheeps-trotters* are a rich Repaſt!
" Regard our Wants, who travel cold and wet,
" To crown your Breakfaſts with a Week's Gazette!
" Who, while the Snows deſcend, the Tempeſt roars,
" Convey the Fate of Nations to your Doors! ——
" Though JACKSON's weekly Pen our Paper frame,
" To us he owes One-Half of all his Fame;
" We lend a Hand to lift him to the Skies,
" And on our *Wings* abroad his JOURNAL flies."

VERSES, For the Year 1767.

DISMAL the News, which JACKSON's yearly Bard
Each circling Chriſtmas brings, — " *The Times . . are hard.*"
There was a Time when *Granby*'s Grenadiers
Trimm'd the lac'd Jackets of the French Mounſeers;
When every Week produc'd ſome lucky Hitt,
And all our Paragraphs were plann'd by *Pitt*.
We Newſmen *drank* — as England's Heroes *fought*,
While every Victory procur'd — a *Pot*.
Abroad, we conquer'd France, and humbled Spain,
At Home, rich Harveſts crown'd the laughing Plain.

Then ran in Numbers free the *Newſman's Verſes*,
Blythe were our Hearts, and full our Leathern Purſes.
But now, no more the Stream of Plenty flows,
No more new Conqueſts warm the Newſman's Noſe.
Our ſhatter'd Cottages admit the Rain,
Our Infants ſtretch their Hands for Bread in vain.
All Hope is fled, our Families are undone;
Proviſions all are carry'd up to *London*;
Our copious Granaries *Diſtillers* thin,
Who raiſe our *Bread* — but do not cheapen *Gin*.
Th' Effects of *Exportation* ſtill we rue; —
I wiſh th' *Exporters* were *exported* too!
In every Pot-houſe is unpaid our Score;
And generous *Captain* JOLLY ticks no more!
Yet ſtill in Store ſome Happineſs remains,
Some Triumphs that may grace theſe annual Strains.
Miſfortunes paſt no longer I repeat ——
GEORGE has declar'd — that we again ſhall *eat*.
Sweet *Willhelminy*, ſpite of Wind and Tide,
Of Denmark's Monarch ſhines the blooming Bride:
She's gone! — but there's another in her Stead,
For of a Princeſs Charlotte's brought-to-bed: —
Oh, cou'd I but have had one ſingle Sup,
One ſingle *Sniff*, at Charlotte's *Caudle-Cup!* —
I hear — *God bleſs it* — 'tis a charming Girl,
So here's her Health in Half a Pint of Purl.

But much I fear, this Rhyme-exhauſted Song
Has kept you from your Chriſtmas Cheer too long.—
Our poor Endeavours view with gracious Eye,
And bake theſe Lines beneath a CHRISTMAS-PIE!

VERSES, For the Year 1768.

STILL ſhall the *Newſman*'s annual Rhimes
Complain of *Taxes* and the *Times?*
Each Year our COPIES ſhall we make on
The Price of *Butter*, *Bread*, and *Bacon?*
Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs of Verſe!
A happier Subject I rehearſe.
Farewell Diſtreſs, and gloomy Cares!
A merrier Theme my Muſe prepares.
For lo! to ſave us, on a ſudden,
In ſhape of Porter, Beef, and Pudding,
Though late, ELECTIONEERING comes!——
Strike up, ye Trumpets, and ye Drums!
At length we change our wonted Note,
And feaſt, all Winter, on a Vote.
Sure, Canvaſſing was never hotter!
But whether *Harcourt*, *Nares*, or *Cotter* †,

† Candidates for the City of *Oxford*.

At this grand Criſis will ſucceed,
We *Freemen* have not yet decreed.——
Methinks, with Mirth your Sides are ſhaking,
To hear *Us* talk of *Member-Making!*
Yet know, that *We* direct the State;
On *Us* depends the Nation's Fate.—
What though ſome *Doctor*'s caſt-off Wig
O'erſhades my Pate, not worth a Fig;
My whole Apparel in Decay;
My Beard unſhav'd — on *New-Year's Day*;
In me behold, (the Land's Protector)
A *Freeman*, *Newſman*, and *Elector!*
Though cold, and all unſhod, my Toes:—
My Breaſt for *Britain*'s Freedom glows:—
Though turn'd, by Poverty, my Coat,
It ne'er was turn'd to give a Vote.

Meantime, howe'er improv'd our Fate is
By jovial Cups, each Evening, *gratis*;
Forget not, 'midſt your *Chriſtmas* Cheer,
The Cuſtoms of the coming Year:——
In anſwer to this ſhort EPISTLE,
Your Tankard ſend, to wet our Whiſtle!

VERSES,

VERSES, For the Year 1769.

WE *Men* of *News*, in former Days,
Had glorious Subjects for our Lays:
The *Mutton-Pies* * of witty BEN
Employ'd, each Year, our conſtant Pen;
And oft our *Chriſtmas Carol* ſung
The joint Renown of JOLLY YOUNG.—
Such were the Newſman's Strains of yore!
But *Mutton-Pies* are now no more:
And (Theme too high for humble Writer)
Lo! CAPTAIN JOLLY keeps the *Mitre*.
Meantime, our Soldiers and Commanders
Sent us brave Paragraphs from *Flanders*;
And oft our *Tars*, for Conqueſt eager,
Prov'd Beef ſuperior to Soup-meagre:
While into Rhyme we ſtrove to turn all
The fam'd Events of many a JOURNAL.
Our Poets too, ne'er known to flinch,
Who help'd us often at a Pinch,
(Though briſk and merry once as *Griggs*)
Are now grave *Dons* in grizzle Wigs.—

* See p. 17, et ſeq.

And

And is there now no rising WIT
With Love of Verse and Porter smit?
No *Freshman* intimate with JACKSON
Whom we may lay this annual Tax on?
Ah! what, my MASTERS, can we do,
Our *Subjects* lost, and *Poets* too! —
Subjects there are, I grant ye, still,
But all above our grey-goose Quill:
The Visit of the *Royal Dane* *,
The Travels of the *Northern Thane* ‖,
Queen CHARLOTTE's happy *Lying-in*,
The Trophies of triumphant GLYNN §,
Our *Patron* WILKES, in Durance vile,
Demand a more exalted Stile. ——
What then, to close our Song, remains?
But that, in unambitious Strains,
We send a Wish, that jovial Cheer
May usher in the coming Year;
That Peace and Plenty both agree
To make us honest, rich, and free:
To wipe away (as heretofore)
The *Nation*'s and the *Newsman*'s Score:
That Fortune's fairest Rays may shine
To gild the Dawn of SIXTY-NINE.

* King of *Denmark*. ‖ Lord Bute. § Elected.

VERSES,

VERSES, For the Year 1770.

AS now *Petitions* are in Faſhion
With the firſt Patriots of the Nation;
In Spirit high, in Pocket low,
We *Patriots* of the *Butcher-Row*,
Thus, like our Betters, aſk Redreſs
For high and mighty *Grievances*,
Real, tho' penn'd in Rhyme, as thoſe
Which oft our JOURNAL gives in Proſe: —
" Ye rural Squires, ſo plump and ſleek,
" Who ſtudy — JACKSON, once a Week;
" While now your hoſpitable Board
" With cold Sirloin is amply ſtor'd,
" And old October, nutmeg'd nice,
" Send us a Tankard and a Slice!
" Ye Country Parſons, ſtand our Friends,
" While now the driving Sleet deſcends!
" Give us your antiquated Canes,
" To help us through the miry Lanes;
" Or with a ruſty Grizzle-Wig
" This Chriſtmas deign our Pates to rig.
" Ye noble Gem'men of the *Gown*,
" View not our *Verſes* with a Frown!

" But

" But, in return for *quick Diſpatches*,
" Invite us to your Buttery-Hatches!
" Ye too, whoſe Houſes are ſo handy,
" For Coffee, Tea, Rum, Wine, and Brandy;
" Pride of fair Oxford's gawdy Streets,
" You too our Strain ſubmiſſive greets!
" Hear *Horſeman*, *Spindlow*, *King*, and *Harper!* * —
" The Weather ſure was never ſharper: —
" Matron of Matrons, MARTHA BAGGS!
" Dram your poor *Newſman* clad in Rags!
" Dire Miſchiefs Folks above are brewing,
" The *Nation*'s — and the *Newſman*'s Ruin: —
" 'Tis Your's our Sorrows to remove;
" And if thus generous ye prove,
" For Friends ſo good we're bound to pray
" Till — next returns a *New Year's Day!*"
" *Giv'n at our melancholy Cavern,*
" *The Cellar of the* SHEEP'S-HEAD TAVERN."

VERSES, For the Year 1771.

DElicious News — *A War with Spain!*
New Rapture fires our Chriſtmas Strain.
Behold, to ſtrike each *Briton*'s Eyes,
What bright victorious Scenes ariſe!

* Keepers of noted Coffee-Houſes in *Oxford*.

What

What Paragraphs of *Engliſh* Glory
Will Maſter JACKSON ſet before ye!
The Governor of *Buenos Ayres*
Shall dearly pay for his Vagaries;
For whether *North*, or whether *Chatham*,
Shall rule the Roaſt, we muſt have-at-'em:
Galloons — *Havannah* — *Porto Bello*, —
Ere long, will make the Nation mellow: ——
Our late trite Themes we view with Scorn,
Bellas the bold, and Parſon *Horne*:
Nor more, through many a tedious Winter,
The Triumphs of the Patriot *Squinter*,
The *Ins* and *Outs*, with Cant eternal,
Shall croud each Column of our JOURNAL. —
After a dreary Seaſon paſt,
Our Turn to live is come at laſt:
Gen'rals, and *Admirals*, and *Jews*,
Contractors, *Printers*, MEN OF NEWS,
All thrive by *War*, and line their Pockets,
And leave the Works of *Peace* to Blockheads.
But ſtay, my Muſe, this haſty Fit —
The War is not declar'd as yet:
And we, though now ſo blythe we ſing,
May all be *preſs'd* to ſerve the King!
Therefore, meantime, our MASTERS dear,
Produce your hoſpitable Cheer: —

While

While we, with much ſincere Delight,
(Whether we publiſh *News* — or fight)
Like *England*'s undegenerate Sons,
Will drink — *Confuſion to the* DONS!

VERSES, For the Year 1772.

WHILE We full ſadly labour through the Winter,
How nobly thrives our JOURNAL's honour'd Printer!
A lucky Dog, and born to ſave his Bacon,
Behold, the *King's-head Tavern* he has taken!
There with *new Almanacks* he cuts a Flaſh,
And lines with many a *Mag.* th' extended Saſh.
What though, as if the Houſe had ſtill a Sign,
His Cellar's ſtor'd with Brandy, Rum, and Wine,
In ſuch rich Draughts our Cares We ſeldom drown —
He keeps them — for his *Authors* of the *Gown*.
Correctors, Puffers, Paragraph-compoſers,
Scribblers, and Scribes, your Poets and your Proſers,
Lo, theſe (ſo croſs of human Things the Fate is!)
Each Eve frequent our Maſter's TAVERN *gratis:*
While We who lend his JOURNAL Wings to ſoar,
Higher than Journal ever flew before,
Our Spirits down, our Wigs without a Curl,
Can ſcarce procure a ſcanty Pint of Purl.

Yet

Yet ſtill ſome Hopes of future Luck remain
In ſtore — Methinks I ſpy a War with *Spain*.
JACKSON! too long thy Journal has been full
Of Jews, of Ducheſſes, of *Wilkes* and *Bull*;
And ſure, although I think he ſeems to tune us,
We've had enough of that ſly Raſcal *Jun'us*:
A War wou'd give new Spirit to our Paper,
And make our *Maſter* and his *Newſmen* caper.
But let us look at Home — and Fortune there
A more propitious Aſpect ſeems to wear:
The *Paving-Act* though many a Poor Man rues,
It brings ſome Comfort to us *Men of News*:
Rare Tidings for the Wretch whoſe lingering Score
Remains unpaid — BOCARDO * is no more!
Nor more, where many a *Publiſher* has ſtood,
The PILLORY * uprears its Yoke of Wood:
Nay ev'n the STOCKS, * where, having quaff'd our Fill,
We ſate in State, have left the *City-hill*:
To crown the Whole, and what you all muſt know,
The HANGMAN was enliſted long ago †.
Yet ah! mid real Sorrows and Vexations,
How vain are all ſuch flattering Conſolations!

* The City Goal, &c. taken down by the *Oxford* Paving Act.
† See p. 183.

Can

Can *Hopes* of happier Times our Wants remove?
A *preſent* Help can *Expectation* prove?
Therefore, my Maſters, your Relief afford,
Nor ſhut the *Newſman* from your *Chriſtmas* Board!
Your Bounty yet was never known to fail us,
Come then, as uſual, dram us, punch us, ale us;
And, not averſe to this our Song's Deſign,
At leaſt permit us once a Year to DINE.

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